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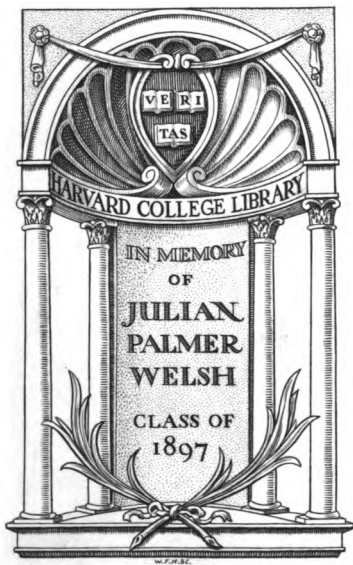
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THE MAID OF ATHENS,

# SONGS OF IRELAND, AND OTHER LANDS.



SOLDIERS' DREAM.

D. & J. SADLER & CO., 31 Barclay Street.



# **SONGS OF IRELAND**

**AND**

## **OTHER LANDS;**

**BEING**

**A COLLECTION OF THE MOST POPULAR**

## **IRISH, SENTIMENTAL**

**AND**

## **COMIC SONGS.**

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**New York:**

**D. & J. SADLER & CO., 31 BARCLAY STREET.**

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**Vincent L. Dill, Stereotypes.**

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# THE EMERALD SONGSTER.

---

## THE VIGIL OF THE SHAN VAN VOCHT.

[Written some twenty-three years ago by an intimate friend of Thomas Davis, and one of the earliest writers in the cause of an uncompromising nationality.]

'T is a glorious moonlight night,  
Thought the *Shan van Vocht* ;  
'T is a glorious moonlight night,  
Said the *Shan van Vocht* :  
So 't were best to take a stroll,  
Where the foaming billows roll,  
In soft murmurs to my soul,  
Said the *Shan van Vocht*.

So she went down to the shore,  
Did the *Shan van Vocht*,  
And she heard the billows roar,  
Did the *Shan van Vocht* ;

~~~~~  
And she thought upon the time,  
When in youth's so glorious prime,  
All nature seemed sublime  
To the *Shan van Vocht*.

Oh ! who was once so fair  
As the *Shan van Vocht* ?  
So blithe and free from care,  
As the *Shan van Vocht* ?  
How glorious was her youth !  
How grand her love and truth !  
The bitterer now the ruth  
Of the *Shan van Vocht* !

Oh ! fearful grew the form  
Of the *Shan van Vocht* !  
Like a transfigured storm  
Stood the *Shan van Vocht* !  
While the intermingled tide  
Of agony and pride,  
With pangs intensified,  
Thrilled the *Shan van Vocht*

For like a tongue of flame,  
To the *Shan van Vocht*,  
Was the vision of her shame  
To the *Shan van Vocht* !

---

Like a fierce avenging flame,  
Embracing all her frame,  
Was the vision of her shame  
To the *Shan van Vocht* !

The sad sea carolled wild  
To the *Shan van Vocht* !  
And the west wind breathed all mild  
On the *Shan van Vocht* !  
The waves they sang their psalm,  
The west wind brought its balm ;  
But nought the grief could calm  
Of the *Shan van Vocht* !

And thus the live-long night  
Grieved the *Shan van Vocht*,  
While moon and sea shone bright  
On the *Shan van Vocht* ;  
Till at length, at break of day,  
She knelt her down to pray,  
Then homeward took her way,  
Did the *Shan van Vocht*.

What thoughts the dawn awoke  
In the *Shan van Vocht*,  
As the sunrise slowly broke  
On the *Shan van Vocht* ;

Whether terror and despair  
Fled from the morning air,  
And hope was new-born there,  
For the *Shan van Vocht*—

None know. Still sad and dumb  
Is the *Shan van Vocht*,  
But 'tis thought a time will come  
When the *Shan van Vocht*,  
New ramparted with truth,  
New glorified with youth,  
No more can be, in sooth,  
Called the *Shan van Vocht*.

---

### TIPPERARY RECRUITING SONG.

#### STREET BALLAD.

'T is now we'd want to be wary, boys,  
The recruiters are out in Tipperary,  
boys ;  
If they offer a glass, we'll wink as we  
pass—  
We're ould birds for chaff in Tipper-  
ary, boys.

Then hurrah for the gallant Tipperary  
boys,

Although we 're "cross and contrairy,"  
boys,  
The never a one will handle a gun,  
Except for the Green and Tipperary,  
boys.

Now mind what John Bull did here,  
my boys,  
In the days of our famine and fear, my  
boys :  
He burned and sacked, he plundered  
and racked,  
Ould Ireland of Irish to clear, my boys.

Now Bull wants to pillage and rob, my  
boys,  
And put the proceeds in his fob, my  
boys ;  
But let each Irish blade just stick to  
his trade,  
And let Bull do his own dirty job, my  
boys.

So never to 'list be in haste, my boys,  
Or a glass of drugged whiskey to taste,  
my boys ;  
If to India you 'll go, 'tis to grief and  
to woe,

~~~~~  
And to rot and to die like a beast, my  
boys.

But now he is beat for men, my boys,  
His army is getting so thin, my boys,  
With the fever and ague, the sword and  
the plague,  
Oh ! the devil a fear that he 'll win, my  
boys.

Then mind not the robbing ould schem-  
er, boys,  
Though he says that he 's richer than  
Damer, boys,  
Though he bully and roar, his power is  
o'er,  
And his black heart will shortly be  
tamer, boys.

Now is n't Bull peaceful and civil, boys,  
In his mortal distress and his evil, boys ?  
But we 'll cock each caubeen when his  
serjeants are seen,  
And we 'll tell them to go to the devil,  
boys.

Then hurrah for the gallant Tipperary  
boys !



Altho' we' re cross and contrairy, boys,  
The never a one will handle a gun,  
Except for the Green and Tipperary,  
boys.

---

## CAOCH\* THE PIPER.

J. KEEGAN.†

ONE winter's day, long, long ago,  
When I was a little fellow,  
A piper wandered to our door,  
Grey-headed, blind, and yellow—  
And, oh! how glad was my young heart,  
Though earth and sky looked dreary—  
To see the stranger and his dog—  
Poor "Pinch" and Caoch O'Leary.

And when he stowed away his "bag,"  
Crossed-barred with green and yellow,  
I thought and said, "In Ireland's ground  
There 's not so fine a fellow."  
And Fineen Burke, and Shaun Magee,  
And Eily, Kate, and Mary,

\* Pronounced Kay-uch, meaning "The Blind."

† Born of humble parents in the Queen's County,  
in a village by the Nore, died in 1849, about forty  
years of age.

Rushed in, with panting haste to "see"  
And "welcome" Caoch O'Leary.

Oh ! God be with those happy times !  
Oh ! God be with my childhood !  
When I, bare-headed, roamed all day,  
Bird-nesting in the wild-wood—  
I'll not forget those sunny hours,  
However years may vary ;  
I'll not forget my early friends,  
Nor honest Caoch O'Leary.

Poor Caoch, and "Pinch," slept well  
that night,  
And in the morning early,  
He called me up to hear him play  
"The wind that shakes the barley,"  
And then he stroked my flaxen hair,  
And cried—"God mark my deary,"  
And how I wept when he said "fare-  
well,  
And think of Caoch O'Leary."

Well—twenty summers had gone past,  
And June's red sun was sinking,  
When I, a man, sat by my door,  
Of twenty sad things thinking.

A little dog came up the way,  
His gait was slow and weary,  
And at his tail a lame man limped —  
'Twas "Pinch" and Caoch O'Leary !

Old Caoch, but, oh ! how woe-begone !  
His form is bowed and bending,  
His fleshless hands are stiff and wan,  
Ay—Time is even blending  
The colors on his thread-bare "bag"—  
And "Pinch" is twice as hairy  
And "thin-spare" as when first I saw  
Himself and Caoch O'Leary.

"God's blessing here," the wanderer  
cried,  
"Far, far, be hell's black viper ;  
Does any body hereabouts,  
Remember Caoch the Piper ?"  
With swelling heart I grasped his hand :  
The old man murmured "deary ;  
Are you the silky-headed child,  
That loved poor Caoch O'Leary ?"

"Yes, yes," I said, — the wanderer wept  
As if his heart was breaking —  
"And where, *a vic machree*," \* he sobbed,  
\* Son of my heart.

~~~~~  
"Is all the merry-making  
I found here twenty years ago?" —  
"My tale," I sighed, "might weary,  
Enough to say — there's none but me  
To welcome Caoch O'Leary."

"Vo, vo, vo!" the old man cried,  
And wrung his hands in sorrow,  
"Pray let me in *astore machree*,  
And I'll *go home* to-morrow.  
My 'peace is made' — I'll calmly leave  
This world so cold and dreary,  
And you shall keep my pipes and dog,  
And pray for Caoch O'Leary."

With "Pinch" I watched his bed that  
night;  
Next day his wish was granted;  
He died—and Father James was brought,  
And the Requiem Mass was chanted.  
The neighbors came;—we dug his grave,  
Near Eily, Kate, and Mary,  
And there he sleeps his last sweet sleep—  
God rest you! Caoch O'Leary.



## MO CAILIN DONN.

GEORGE SIGERSON.

*(May, 1859.)*

AIR—"The River Roe," or "Irish Molly O."

THE blush is on the flower, and the  
bloom is on the tree,  
And the bonnie, bonnie sweet birds are  
carolling their glee ;  
And the dew's upon the grass are made  
diamonds by the sun,  
All to deck a path of glory for my own  
Cáilin Donn !\*

O, fair she is ! O, rare she is ! O, dear-  
er still to me !

More welcome than the green leaf to  
winter-stricken tree,

More welcome than the blossom to  
the weary, dusty bee,

Is the coming of my true love—my  
own Cáilin Donn !

O, Sycamore ! O, Sycamore ! wave, wave  
your banners green—

Let all your pennons flutter, O, Beech !  
before my queen !

\* Colleen Don, a "brown (haired) girl."

~~~~~  
Ye fleet and honeyed breezes, to kiss her  
hand ye run,  
But my heart has passed before ye to my  
own Cáilin Donn !  
O, fair she is ! &c.

Ring out, ring out, O, Linden ! your  
merry, leafy bells !  
Unveil your brilliant torches, O, Chest-  
nut ! to the dells :  
Strew, strew the glade with splendor, for  
morn—it cometh on !  
O, the morn of all delight to me—my  
own Cáilin Donn !  
O, fair she is ! &c.

She is coming, where we parted, where  
she wanders every day ;  
There's a gay surprise before her who  
thinks me far away !  
O, like hearing bugles triumph when the  
fight of Freedom's won,  
Is the joy around your footsteps—my  
own Cáilin Donn !  
! O, fair she is ! O, rare she is ! O, dear-  
er still to me !  
More welcome than the green leaf to  
winter-stricken tree,

More welcome than the blossom to  
the weary dusty bee,  
Is your coming, O, my true love —  
my own Cáilin Donn!

---

THE GREEN LITTLE SHAMROCK OF  
IRELAND.

ANDREW CHERRY.\*

THERE's a dear little plant that grows in  
our isle,  
'Twas Saint Patrick himself, sure, that  
set it ;  
And the sun of his labor with pleasure  
did smile,  
And with dew from his eye often wet it.  
It thrives through the bog, through the  
brake, through the mireland :  
And he called it the dear little shamrock  
of Ireland.  
The sweet little shamrock, the dear  
little shamrock,  
The sweet little, green little, sham-  
rock of Ireland.

\* Born in Limerick, 1780. Wrote "The Bay of Biscay," and "Tom Moody." Was manager of the London theatre in which Edmund Kean made his first appearance.

~~~~~  
This dear little plant still grows in our  
land,

Fresh and fair as the daughters of Erin,  
Whose smiles can bewitch, whose eyes  
can command,

In each climate that they may appear  
in ;

And shine through the bog, through the  
brake, through the mireland ;

Just like their own dear little shamrock  
of Ireland.

The sweet little shamrock, the dear  
little shamrock,

The sweet little, green little, sham-  
rock of Ireland.

This dear little plant that springs from  
our soil,

When its three little leaves are ex-  
tended,

Denotes from one stalk we together  
should toil,

And ourselves by ourselves be be-  
friended ;

And still through the bog, through the  
brake, through the mireland,

From one root should branch, like the  
shamrock of Ireland.



The sweet little shamrock, the dear  
little shamrock,  
The sweet little, green little, sham-  
rock of Ireland.

---

## THE WIDOW'S MESSAGE TO HER SON.

ELLEN FORRESTER.\*

"REMEMBER, Dennis, all I bade you say;  
Tell him we're well and happy, thank  
the Lord,  
But of our troubles, since he went away,  
You'll mind, avick, and never say a  
word;  
Of cares and troubles, sure, we've  
all our share,  
The finest summer is n't always  
fair.

"Tell him the spotted heifer calved in  
May:  
She died, poor thing; but that you  
need n't mind;  
Nor how the constant rain destroyed the  
hay:

\* Of the County Monaghan—now resident in Man-  
chester; author of "Simple Strains," (Henderson,  
London.)

~~~~~  
But tell him God to us was ever kind,  
And when the fever spread the  
country o'er,  
His mercy kept the 'sickness' from  
our door.

"Be sure you tell him how the neighbors  
came  
And cut the corn and stored it in the  
barn ;  
'T would be as well to mention them by  
name—  
Pat Murphy, Ned M'Cabe, and James  
M'Carn,  
And big Tim Daly from behind the  
hill ;  
But say, agra—Oh, say I missed  
him still.

"They came with ready hands our toil  
to share—  
'T was then I missed him most—my  
own right hand ;  
I felt, although kind hearts were round  
me there,  
The kindest heart beat in a foreign  
land.

~~~~~  
Strong hand ! brave heart ! oh, severed far from me  
By many a weary league of shore  
and sea.

“ And tell him she was with us—he’ll  
know who :  
Mavourneen, has n’t she the winsome  
eyes,  
The darkest, deepest, brightest, bonniest  
blue,  
I ever saw except in summer skies.  
And such black hair ! it is the  
blackest hair  
That ever rippled over neck so fair.

“ Tell him old Pincher fretted many a  
day,  
And moped, poor dog, ’t was well he  
did n’t die,  
Crouched by the roadside how he watched the way,  
And sniffed the travellers as they passed  
him by—  
Hail, rain, or sunshine, sure ’t was  
all the same,  
He listened for the foot that never  
came.

~~~~~  
" Tell him the house is lonesome-like and  
cold,  
The fire itself seems robbed of half its  
light ;  
But, maybe, 't is my eyes are growing  
old,  
And things look dim before my failing  
sight.  
For all that, tell him 't was myself  
that spun  
The shirts you bring, and stitched  
them every one.

" Give him my blessing, morning, noon,  
and night,  
Tell him my prayers are offered for  
his good,  
That he may keep his Maker still in sight,  
And firmly stand, as his brave father  
stood,  
True to his name, his country, and  
his God,  
Faithful at home, and steadfast still  
abroad."



## THE CAILIN DEAS,

AIR—"Colleen da's crootia na mo."\*

THE gold rain of eve was descending,  
Bright purple robed mountain and tree,  
As I through Glenmornein was wending,  
A wanderer from o'er the blue sea.  
'Twas the lap of a west looking mountain,  
Its woody slope bright with the glow,  
Where sang by a murmuring fountain,  
COLLEEN DA'S CROOTIA NA MO.

Dark clouds where a gold tinge reposes  
But picture her brown, wavy hair,  
And her teeth look'd as if in a rose's  
Red bosom a snow-flake gleamed fair,  
As her tones down the green dell went  
ringing,  
The list'ning thrush mimicked them  
low,  
And the brooklet harped soft to the  
singing  
Of COLLEEN DA'S CROOTIA NA MO.

\* "An cailin deas cruidte nam-bo," should be pronounced by the mere English reader as "collyeen dass crootia na mo" — it signifies, "The pretty girl of the milking of cows," or the pretty milkmaid.

~~~~~  
 "At last, o'er thy long night, dear Erin !  
 Dawns the Sun of thy Freedom," sang  
 she ;

"But thy mountaineers still are despair-  
 ing—

Ah, he who mid bondmen was free,  
 Ah, my Diarmid, the Patriot-hearted,  
 Who would fire them with hope for  
 the blow,

Far, Erin ! from thee is he parted,  
 Far from COLLEEN DA'S CROOTIA NA MO.

Her tears, on a sudden, brimmed over,  
 Her voice trembled low and less clear ;  
 To listen, I stepped from my cover,  
 But the bough-rustle broke on her ear ;  
 She started—she reddened—"A Stoir-  
 in ! \*

My Diarmid!—Oh, *can* it be so ?"  
 And I clasped to my glad heart sweet  
 Moirin,  
 The COLLEEN DA'S CROOTIA NA MO.

---

### THE CLADDAGH BOATMAN.

JEREMIAH J. DOWLING.†

I am a Claddagh boatman bold,  
 And humble is my calling,

\* "Vulgo, Asthoreen."

† Of Tipperary.

~~~~~  
From morn to night, from dark to light,  
In Galway Bay I'm trawling ;  
I care not for the great man's frown,  
I ask not for his pity;  
My wants are few, my heart is true,  
I sing a boatman's ditty.

I have a fair and gentle wife,  
Her name is Eily Holway;  
With many a wile, and joke, and smile,  
I won the pride of Galway;  
For twenty years, 'mid hopes and fears,  
With her I've faithful tarried ;  
Her heart to-night is young and light,  
As when we first were married.

I have a son, a gallant boy,  
Unstained by spot or speckle ;  
He pulls and hauls and mends the trawls,  
And mends the other tackle ;  
His mother says, the boy like me,  
Loves truth and hates all blarney —  
The neighbors swear, in Galway Bay  
There's not the like of Barney.

Thank God, I have another child,  
Like Eily, lithe and slender;  
She clasps my knee, and kisses me

With love so true and tender.  
Though oft will rage the howling blast  
Upon the angry water,  
I ne'er complain of wind or rain,  
For I think of my little daughter.

When Sunday brings the hours of rest,  
That sweet reward of labors,  
We cross the fields to early Mass  
And walk home with our neighbors.  
Oh! would the rest of Erin's sons  
Were but like us united ;  
To swear I'm loth, but by my oath,  
Her name should not be slighted.

---

### THE SHAN VAN VOCHT.

CHARLES J. KICKHAM.

THERE are ships upon the sea,  
Says the Shan Van Vocht ;  
There are good ships on the sea,  
Says the Shan Van Vocht,  
Oh they 're sailing o'er the sea,  
From a land where all are free,  
With a freight that's dear to me,  
Says the Shan Van Vocht.

They are coming from the West,  
Says the Shan Van Vocht ;



~~~~~  
And the flag we love the best,  
Says the Shan Van Vocht,  
Waves proudly in the blast,  
And they've nailed it to the mast ;  
Long threat'ning comes at last,  
Says the Shan Van Vocht.

„ 'T was well O'Connell said—  
Says the Shan Van Vocht—  
“ My land when I am dead ”—  
Says the Shan Van Vocht,  
“ A race will tread your plains  
With hot blood in their veins,  
Who will burst your galling chains,”  
Says the Shan Van Vocht.

For these words we love his name,  
Says the Shan Van Vocht,  
And Ireland guards his fame,  
Says the Shan Van Vocht,  
And low her poor heart fell  
The day she heard his knell,  
For she knew he loved her well,  
Says the Shan Van Vocht.

But the good old cause was banned,  
Says the Shan Van Vocht,

By sleek slave and traitor bland,  
Says the Shan Van Vocht.  
Ah, then strayed to foreign strand  
Truth and Valor from our land,  
The stout heart and ready hand,  
Says the Shan Van Vocht.

But with courage undismayed,  
Says the Shan Van Vocht,  
These exiles watched and prayed—  
Says the Shan Van Vocht ;  
For, though trampled to the dust  
Their cause they knew was just,  
And in God they put their trust,  
Says the Shan Van Vocht.

And now, if ye be men,  
Says the Shan Van Vocht,  
We'll have them back again—  
Says the Shan Van Vocht,  
With pike and guns galore,  
And when they touch her shore  
Ireland's free for evermore—  
Says the Shan Van Vocht.



---

**"GOD SAVE IRELAND!"**

**AIR**—Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching.

High upon the gallows tree  
Swung the noble-hearted three,  
By the vengeful tyrant stricken in their  
bloom ;

But they met him face to face,  
With the courage of their race,  
And they went with souls undaunted to  
their doom.

"God save Ireland!" said the heroes;

"God save Ireland!" said they all :

"Whether on the scaffold high

"Or the battle-field we die,

"Oh, what matter, when for Erin  
dear we fall!"

Girt around with cruel foes,  
Still their spirit proudly rose,  
For they thought of hearts that loved  
them, far and near ;

Of the millions true and brave  
O'er the ocean's swelling wave,  
And the friends in holy Ireland ever dear.

"God save Ireland!" said they  
proudly ;

"God save Ireland!" said they all

“ Whether on the scaffold high  
 “ Or the battle-field we die,  
 “ Oh, what matter, when for Erin  
 dear we fall ! ”

Climbed they up the rugged stair,  
 Rung their voices out in prayer,  
 Then with England’s fatal cord around  
 them cast,  
 Close beneath the gallows tree,  
 Kissed like brothers lovingly,  
 True to home and faith and freedom to  
 the last.

“ God save Ireland ! ” prayed they  
 loudly ;

“ God save Ireland ! ” said they  
 all :

“ Whether on the scaffold high  
 “ Or the battle-field we die,  
 “ Oh, what matter, when for Erin  
 dear we fall ! ”

Never till the latest day  
 Shall the memory pass away  
 Of the gallant lives thus given for our  
 land ;  
 But on the cause must go,  
 Amidst joy, or weal, or woe,

Till we've made our isle a nation free and  
grand.

"God save Ireland!" say we  
proudly ;

"God save Ireland!" say we all :

"Whether on the scaffold high

"Or the battle-field we die,

"Oh, what matter, when for Erin  
dear we fall !"

---

### THE OLD RACE.

AIR—Garryowen.

HURRA for the brave old Irish Race  
That fire or sword could not efface,  
That lives and thrives and grows apace  
However its foes assail it—

That point by point, and day by day  
Wins back its rights, and works its way !  
And bursts its bonds—Hurra ! Hurra !  
With a hundred cheers we'll hail it !

What did those foes to the old race do ?  
They wreck'd their country through and  
through,  
They robb'd and stripp'd, they hacked  
and slew,  
They hang'd and burn'd, and drown'd  
them ;

~~~~~  
But vainly spent were storm and shock  
On that deathless seed, that living rock—  
The isle is filled with the brave old stock,  
And they 've worth and wealth around  
them !

When fire and sword had done their  
parts,  
Then tried those foes their baser arts  
By dark degrees to change the hearts  
That never would yield or falter ;  
But now, as in the days of old,  
The Irish heart is native gold,  
Cast in the glorious heaven-made mould,  
No power on earth can alter !

And if good work is yet undone,  
If rights remain yet to be won,  
As sure as the rising of the sun,  
'T will be the same proud story,  
Till ends the strife in Liberty,  
Till stands the race redeemed and free,  
And all the isle from sea to sea  
Is one bright field of glory !



## SONG FROM THE BACKWOODS.

AIR—We'll never get drunk again.

DEEP in Canadian woods we've met,  
From one bright island flown ;  
Great is the land we tread, but yet  
Our hearts are with our own.  
And ere we leave the shanty small,  
While fades the autumn day,  
We'll toast Old Ireland !  
Dear Old Ireland !  
Ireland, boys, Hurra !

We've heard her faults a hundred times,  
The new ones and the old,  
In songs and sermons, rants and rhymes,  
Enlarged some fifty fold.  
But take them all, the great and small,  
And this we've got to say :—  
Here's dear Old Ireland !  
Good Old Ireland !  
Ireland, boys, Hurra !

We know that brave and good men tried  
To snap her rusty chain,  
That patriots suffered, martyrs died,  
And all, 't is said, in vain ;  
But no, boys, no ! a glance will show  
How far they've won their way—

Here's good Old Ireland !  
Loved Old Ireland !  
Ireland, boys, Hurra !

We've seen the wedding and the wake,  
The patron and the fair;  
The stuff they take, the fun they make,  
And the heads they break down there,  
With a loud "hurroo" and a "pillalu,"  
And a thundering "clear the way!"  
Here's gay Old Ireland !  
Dear Old Ireland !  
Ireland, boys, Hurra !

And well we know in the cool gray eyes,  
When the hard day's work is o'er,  
How soft and sweet are the words that  
greet  
The friends who meet once more ;  
With "Mary machree !" and "My  
Pat !" 't is he !"  
And "My own heart night and day !"  
Ah, fond Old Ireland !  
Dear Old Ireland !  
Ireland, boys, Hurra !

And happy and bright are the groups  
that pass



---

From their peaceful homes, for miles  
O'er fields, and roads, and hills, to Mass,  
When Sunday morning smiles !  
And deep the zeal their true hearts feel  
When low they kneel and pray.  
Oh, dear Old Ireland !  
Blest Old Ireland !  
Ireland, boys, Hurra !

But deep in Canadian woods we've met,  
And we never may see again  
The dear old isle where our hearts are  
set,  
And our first fond hopes remain !  
But come, fill up another cup,  
And with every sup let's say—  
Here's loved Old Ireland !  
Good Old Ireland !  
Ireland, boys, Hurra !

---

### I'M VERY HAPPY WHERE I AM.

A PEASANT WOMAN'S SONG. 1864.

DION BOUCICAULT.\*

I'm very happy where I am,  
Far across the say,

\* An Irish-American, author of the popular drama  
"The Colleen Bawn" — from Gerald Griffin's Irish  
novel of "The Collegians."

I'm very happy far from home,  
In North Amerikay.

It's only in the night, when Pat  
Is sleeping by my side,  
I lie awake, and no one knows  
The big tears that I've cried ;

For a little voice, still calls me back  
To my far, far counthrie,  
And nobody can hear it spake,  
Oh ! nobody but me.

There is a little spot of ground  
Behind the chapel wall,  
It's nothing but a tiny mound,  
Without a stone at all ;

It rises like my heart just now,  
It makes a dawny hill ;  
It's from below the voice comes out,  
I cannot kape it still.

Oh ! little voice ; ye call me back  
To my far, far counthrie,  
And nobody can hear ye spake,  
Oh ! nobody but me.

## THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.

AIR—Auld Lang Syne.

Who fears to speak of Ninety-Eight ?  
Who blushes at the name ?  
When cowards mock the patriots' fate,  
Who hangs his head for shame ?  
He's all a knave, or half a slave,  
Who slights his country thus ;  
But a *true* man, like you, man,  
Will fill your glass with us.

We drink the memory of the brave,  
The faithful and the few—  
Some lie far off beyond the wave,  
Some sleep in Ireland, too ;  
All—all are gone—but still lives on  
The fame of those who died ;  
All true men, like you, men,  
Remember them with pride.

Some on the shores of distant lands  
Their weary hearts have laid,  
And by the stranger's heedless hands  
Their lonely graves were made,  
But, though their clay be far away  
Beyond the Atlantic foam—  
In true men, like you, men,  
Their spirit's still at home.

The dust of some is Irish earth ;  
Among their own the rest ;  
And the same land that gave them birth  
Has caught them to her breast ;  
And we will pray that from their clay  
Full many a race may start  
Of true men, like you, men,  
To act as brave a part.

They rose in dark and evil days  
To right their native land ;  
They kindled here a living blaze  
That nothing shall withstand.  
Alas ! that Might can vanquish Right—  
*They* fell and passed away :  
But true men, like you, men,  
Are plenty here to-day.

Then here 's their memory—may it be  
For us a guiding light,  
To cheer our strife for liberty,  
And teach us to unite.  
Through good and ill, be Ireland's still,  
Though sad as theirs, your fate  
And true men be you, men,  
Like those of Ninety-Eight.



AWAKE, AND LIE DREAMING  
NO MORE.

By the Author of "The Deserted College."

AIR—Savourneen Deelliah.

YE great of my country, how long will  
ye slumber?

Spell-bound far remote from her once  
happy shore,

Unmoved by her wrongs and her woes  
without number

Oh! awake then, awake, and lie  
dreaming no more!

Awaken to fame and poor Erin's condi-  
tion;

To heal all her wounds be your noblest  
ambition:

Oh! break off the spell of the foreign  
magician.

Awake, then, awake, and lie dreaming  
no more!

Not the want of green fields nor of count-  
less resources

The sons of sweet Erin have cause to  
deplore,

Nor the want of brave hearts for the  
muster of forces;

~~~~~  
Awake, then, awake, and lie dreaming  
no more ?

A patriot flame and endearing emotion  
Are wanting to bless the sweet isle of  
the ocean ;

Yet Erin is worthy of love and devotion.

Awake, then, awake, and lie dreaming  
no more !

Let Fashion no more, in pursuit of vain  
pleasure,

To far-distant lands in her train draw  
you o'er ;

In your own native isle is the goodliest  
treasure :

Awake, then, awake, and lie dreaming  
no more !

When once love and pride of your coun-  
try ye cherish,

The seeds of disunion and discord shall  
perish,

And Erin, dear Erin, in loveliness flour-  
ish.

Awake, then, awake, and lie dreaming  
no more !



## CLARE'S DRAGOONS.

WHEN, on Ramillies' bloody field,  
The baffled French were forced to yield,  
The victor Saxon backward reeled,  
    Before the charge of Clare's Dragoons.  
The flags we conquered in that fray  
Look lone in Ypres' choir, they say;  
We'll win them company to-day,  
    Or bravely die like Clare's Dragoons.  
Vive la for Ireland's wrongs ;  
    Vive la for Ireland's right ;  
Vive la in battle's throng,  
    For a Spanish steel and sabre bright.

The brave old lord died near the fight ;  
But for each drop he lost that night  
A Saxon cavalier shall bite  
    The dust before Lord Clare's Dragoons.  
For never, when our spears were set,  
And never, when our sabres met,  
Could we the Saxon soldier get  
    To stand the shock of Clare's Dra-  
goons.  
Vive la the new brigade,  
    Vive la the old one too ;  
Vive la the rose shall fade,  
    And the shamrock shine forever new.

~~~~~  
Another Clare is here to lead—  
The worthy son of such a breed ;  
The French expect some famous deed,  
When Clare leads on his bold Dra-  
goons.

Our colonel comes from Brien's race ;  
His wounds are in his breast and face ;  
The *bearna baoghoil* is still his place,  
The foremost of his bold dragoons.  
Vive la, &c., as 2d verse.

There's not a man in squadron here,  
Was ever known to flinch or fear ;  
Though first in charge and last in rear  
Have ever been Lord Clare's Dra-  
goons.

But see, we'll soon have work to do,  
To shame our boasts, or prove them true,  
For hither comes the English crew,  
To sweep away Lord Clare's Dra-  
goons.  
Vive la, &c., as 1st verse.

O comrades, think how Ireland pines  
Her exiled lords, her rifled shrines,  
Her dearest hopes, her ordered lines,  
And bursting charge of Clare's Dra-  
goons.



Then fling your green flag to the sky,  
Be Limerick your battle cry,  
And charge till blood flows fetlock high,  
Around the track of Clare's Dragoons.  
Vive la, &c., as 2d verse.

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## THE WEARING OF THE GREEN

ONE blessing on my native isle !  
One curse upon her foes !  
While yet her skies above me smile,  
Her breeze around me blows :  
Now, never more my cheek be wet ;  
Nor sigh, nor altered mien,  
Tell the dark tyrant I regret  
The Wearing of the Green.

Sweet land ! my parents loved you well ;  
They sleep within your breast ;  
With theirs—for love no words can tell—  
My bones must never rest.  
And lonely must my true love stray,  
That was our village queen,  
When I am banished far away,  
For the Wearing of the Green.

But, Mary, dry that bitter tear,  
'T would break my heart to see :

~~~~~  
And sweetly sleep my parents dear,  
That cannot weep for me.  
I'll think not of my distant tomb,  
Nor seas rolled wide between,  
But watch the hour, that yet will come,  
For the Wearing of the Green.

O, I care not for the thistle,  
And I care not for the rose,  
For when the cold winds whistle  
Neither down nor crimson shows ;  
But like hope to him that's friendless  
Where no gaudy flower is seen,  
By our graves, with love that's endless,  
Waves our own true-hearted Green.

O, sure God's world was wide enough,  
And plentiful for all !  
And ruined cabins were no stuff  
To build a lordly hall ;  
They might have let the poor man live,  
Yet all as lordly been ;  
But heaven its own good time will give  
For the Wearing of the Green.



## MOLLY ASTORE.

As down on Banna's banks I strayed,  
One evening in May,  
The little birds, in blithest notes,  
Made vocal every spray.  
They sung their little tales of love ;  
They sung them o'er and o'er ;  
Ah ! gramachree ma Collanoge,  
Ma Molly astore.

The daisy pied, and all the sweets  
The dawn of nature yields,  
The primrose pale, the violet blue,  
Lay scattered o'er the fields ;  
Such fragrance in the bosom lies  
Of her whom I adore.

Ah, gramachree, &c.

I laid me down upon a bank,  
Bewailing my sad fate,  
That doomed me thus the slave of love,  
And cruel Molly's hate.  
How can she break the honest heart  
That wears her in its core ?

Ah, gramachree, &c.

You said you loved me, Molly dear ;  
Ah ! why did I believe ?  
Yet who could think such tender words  
Were meant but to deceive ?

~~~~~  
That love was all I asked on earth :  
Nay, Heaven could give no more.  
Ah, gramachree, &c.

O, had I all the flocks that graze  
On yonder yellow hill,  
Or lowed for me the num'rous herds  
That yon green pastures fill,  
With her I love I'd gladly share  
My kine and fleecy store.  
Ah, gramachree, &c.

Two turtle doves, above my head,  
Sat courting on a bough ;  
I envied them their happiness,  
To see them bill and coo :  
Such fondness once for me she showed,  
But now, alas ! 't is o'er.  
Ah, gramachree, &c.

Then fare thee well, my Molly dear ;  
Thy loss I e'er shall mourn :  
Whilst life remains in Strephon's heart,  
'T will beat for thee alone.  
Though thou art false, may Heaven on  
thee  
Its choicest blessings pour.  
Ah, gramachree, &c.

## THE FORLORN HOPE.

A SONG OF THE IRISH BRIGADE.

AIR—Gruiskeen Lawn.

LET us lift the green flag high  
Underneath this foreign sky,  
Unrol the verdant volume to the wind.  
As we hasten to the fight  
Let us drink a last good night  
To the beauty which we leave, boy, be-  
hind, behind, behind ;  
To the beauty which we leave, boy, be-  
hind.

Plant it high upon the breach,  
And within the flag-staff's reach ;  
We'll offer it the tribute of our gore.  
Yes ! on that altar high,  
'Spite of tyrants we can die,  
And our spirits to the saints above may  
soar, soar, soar ;  
And our spirits to the saints above may  
soar.

Liberty is gone,  
Now 't is glory leads us on,  
And spangles gloomy slavery's night ;  
If freedom's shattered bark  
Have not foundered i' the dark

~~~~~  
Her wreck must see this beacon bright,  
    bright, bright ;  
Her wreck will see this beacon bright.

Yes ; glory's shining light  
    Must irradiate the night,  
And renew the flaming splendor of the  
    day!  
    And freedom's sinking crew  
    Shall recover hope anew,  
And hail the blazing splendor of this ray,  
    ray, ray ;  
And hail the blazing splendor of this ray.

The green flag on the air,  
    Sons of Erin and despair,  
To the breach in serried column quick  
    advance.

On the summit we may fall :  
    Hand in hand, my comrades all,  
Let us drink a last adieu to merry  
    France, France, France ;  
Let us drink a last adieu to merry  
    France.

To Erin, comrades, too,  
    And her sunny skies of blue,  
A goblet commingled with tears !

~~~~~  
With the *fleur-de-lis* divine,  
The green shamrock shall entwine ;  
But the Ancient\* see the Sun-burst rears  
    rears, rears ;  
The Ancient see the Sun-burst rears.

---

## AILEEN MAVOURNEEN.

He tells me he loves me, and can I be-  
    lieve  
The heart he has won he can wish to  
    deceive,  
Forever and always his sweet words to  
    me,  
Are Aileen Mavourneen, acushlamachree.  
  
Last night when we parted, his gentle  
    good bye,  
A thousand times said, and each time  
    with a sigh,  
And still the same sweet words he whis-  
    pered to me,  
My Aileen Mavourneen, acushlamachree.  
  
The friend of my childhood, the friend  
    of my youth,  
Whose heart is all pure, and whose words  
    are all truth ;

\* Standard bearer.

O, still the same sweet words he whis-  
pered to me,  
My Aileen Mavourneen, acushlamachree.

O, when will the day come, the dear  
happy day,  
That a maiden may hear all a lover can  
say,  
And speak out the words he now whis-  
pers to me,  
My Aileen Mavourneen, acushlamachree.

---

DERMOT ASTHORE.

O, DERMOT ASTHORE, between waking  
and sleeping,  
I heard thy dear voice and wept to its  
lay,  
Every pulse of my heart the sweet meas-  
ure was keeping,  
Till Killarney's wild echoes had borne  
it away.

O, tell me, my love is this my last meet-  
ing?  
Shall we wander no more in Killar-  
ney's green bowers,



To watch the bright sun o'er the dim  
hills retreating,  
And the wild stag at rest in his bed  
of spring flowers?

O, Dermot Asthore, how this fond heart  
would flutter,  
When I met thee by night in the  
shady boreen,  
And heard thine own voice in a soft  
whisper utter  
Those words of endearment — “Ma-  
vourneen Colleen.”

I know we must part, but O, say not  
forever,  
That it may be for years adds enough  
to my pain ;  
But I'll cling to the hope, that though  
now we must sever,  
In some blessed hour I shall meet thee  
again.

---

## THE EXILE OF ERIN.

THERE came to the beach a poor exile  
of Erin,  
The dew on his thin robe was heavy  
and chill :

~~~~~  
For his country he sighed, when at twilight repairing,  
To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill.

But the day-star attracted his eye's sad devotion,  
For it rose on his own native isle of the ocean,  
Where once, in the flow of his youthful emotion,  
He sang the bold anthem of Erin go bragh.

O sad is my fate, said the heart-broken stranger,  
The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee ;  
But I have no refuge from famine and danger :  
A home and country remain not for me !  
Ah ! never again in the green shady bowers,  
Where my forefathers lived, shall I spend the sweet hours,  
Or cover my harp with the wild woven flowers,  
And strike the sweet numbers of Erin go bragh.

O Erin, my country! though sad and  
forsaken,  
In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten  
shore ;  
But alas ! in a far foreign land I awaken,  
And sigh for the friends that can meet  
me no more ;  
And thou, cruel fate, wilt thou never re-  
place me  
In a mansion of peace, where no perils  
can chase me ?  
Ah, never again shall my brothers em-  
brace me !  
They died to defend me, or live to de-  
plore.

Where now is my cabin-door, fast by the  
wildwood ?  
Sister and sire did weep for its fall ;  
Where is the mother, that looked on my  
childhood ?  
And where is my bosom-friend, dearer  
than all ?  
Ah, my sad soul, long abandoned by  
pleasure,  
Why did it dote on a fast-fading treasure?  
Tears, like the rain-drops, may fall with-  
out measure,

~~~~~  
But rapture and beauty they cannot  
recall,

But yet all its fond recollections sup-  
pressing,

One dying wish my lone bosom shall  
draw ;

Erin, an exile bequeaths thee his blessing,

Land of my forefathers, Erin go bragh.

Buried and cold, when my heart stills its  
motion,

Green be thy fields, sweetest isle in the  
ocean,

And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud  
with devotion,

Erin, mavourneen, sweet Erin go bragh.

---

### LAMENT OF THE IRISH EMIGRANT.

COUNTESS OF GIFFORD.

I'm sitting on the stile, Mary,

Where we sat side by side,

On a bright May morning long ago,

When first you were my bride.

The corn was springing fresh and green,

And the lark sang loud and high,

And the red was on your lip, Mary,

And the love light in your eye.

The place is little changed, Mary,  
The day as bright as then ;  
The lark's loud song is in my ear,  
And the corn is green again !  
But I miss the soft clasp of your hand,  
And your breath warm on my cheek,  
And I still keep list'ning for the words  
You never more may speak.

'Tis but a step down yonder lane,  
And the little church stands near ;  
The church where we were wed, Mary,  
I see the spire from here.  
But the graveyard lies between, Mary,  
And my step would break your rest,  
For I've laid you, darling, down to sleep,  
With your baby on your breast.

I'm very lonely now, Mary,  
For the poor make no new friends ;  
But oh ! they love the better far,  
The few our father sends !  
And you were all I had, Mary,  
My blessing and my pride ;  
There's nothing left to care for now,  
Since my poor Mary died !

I'm bidding you a long farewell,  
My Mary, kind and true !  
But I'll not forget you, darling,  
In the land I'm going to !  
They say there's bread and work for all,  
And the sun shines always there ;  
But I'll not forget old Ireland,  
Were it fifty times as fair !

---

### THE BLARNEY.

SAMUEL LOVER.

AIR—"Kate Kearney."

Oh ! did you ne'er hear of the Blarney  
That's found near the banks of Killarney?  
Believe it from me,  
No girl's heart is free,  
Once she hears the sweet sound of the  
Blarney.  
The Blarney's so great a deceiver,  
That a girl thinks you're there tho' you  
leave her ;  
And she never finds out  
All the tricks you're about,  
Till she's quite gone herself with your  
blarney.

~~~~~  
Oh ! say, would you find this same  
Blarney ?

There's a castle not far from Killarney ;  
On the top of its wall  
(But take care you do n't fall)  
There's a stone that contains all this  
blarney.

Like a magnet, its influence such is,  
That attraction it gives all it touches ;  
If you kiss it, they say,  
That from that blessed day  
You may kiss whom you please, with your  
blarney.

---

### THE MEN OF TIPPERARY.

AIR—Nora Orlena.

LET Britain boast her British hosts,  
About them all right little care we ;  
Not British seas, nor British coasts,  
Can match THE MAN OF TIPPERARY.

Tall is his form, his heart is warm  
His spirit light as any fairy ;  
His wrath is fearful as the storm  
That sweeps THE HILLS OF TIPPERARY.

~~~~~  
Let woe or want oppress his friends,  
Though State and Fate proclaim despair, he,  
Against them all "the Pass" defends,  
And rights **THE WRONGS OF TIPPERARY.**

Yet meet him in his cabin rude,  
Or dancing with his dark-haired Mary,  
You'd swear they knew no other mood  
Than mirth and **LOVE IN TIPPERARY.**

Soft is his girl's sunny eye,  
Her mien is mild, her step is airy,  
Her heart is fond, her soul is high ;  
Oh ! she's **THE PRIDE OF TIPPERARY.**

You're free to share his scanty meal ;  
His plighted word he'll never vary.  
In vain they tried with gold and steel  
To shake **THE FAITH OF TIPPERARY.**

Send him to fight for native land—  
His is no courage cold and weary ;  
The troops live not on earth would\*  
stand  
The headlong **CHARGE OF TIPPERARY.**

\* Quere? — "to."



---

Let Britain brag her motley rag ;  
We'll lift **THE GREEN** more proud and  
airy ;—  
Be mine the lot to bear that flag,  
And head **THE MEN OF TIPPERARY**.

Though Britain boasts her British hosts,  
About them all right little care we ;  
Give us to guard our native coasts  
**THE MATCHLESS MEN OF TIPPERARY**.

---

### ARRANMORE.

THOMAS MOORE.

OH ! Arranmore, loved Arranmore,  
How oft I dream of thee ;  
And of those days when by thy shore  
I wandered young and free.  
Full many a path I've tried since then  
Through pleasure's flow'ry maze,  
But ne'er could find the bliss again  
I felt in those sweet days.

How blithe upon thy breezy cliffs  
At sunny morn I've stood,  
With heart as bounding as the skiffs  
That danced along thy flood ;  
Or when the western wave grew bright  
With daylight's parting wing,

Have sought that Eden in its light,  
Which dreaming poets sing.

That Eden where th' immortal brave  
Dwell in a land serene,—  
Whose bowers beyond the shining wave,  
At sunset oft are seen ;  
Ah, dream, too, full of saddening truth !  
Those mansions o'er the main  
Are like the hopes I built in youth,  
As sunny and as vain ?

---

### THE FAIRY BOY.\*

SAMUEL LOVER.

A MOTHER came when the stars were  
paling,  
Wailing round a lonely spring ;  
Thus she cried while tears were falling,  
Calling on the fairy King :

“ Why with spells my child caressing,  
Courting him with fairy joy ;  
Why destroy a mother's blessing,  
Wherefore steal my baby boy ?

\* When a beautiful child pines and dies, the Irish peasant believes the healthy infant has been stolen by the fairies, and a sickly elf left in its place.

~~~~~  
" O'er the mountain, through the wild-  
wood,

Where his childhood loved to play;  
Where the flowers are freshly springing,  
There I wander day by day.

" There I wander, growing fonder  
Of the child that made my joy;  
On the echoes wildly calling,  
To restore my fairy boy.

" But in vain my plaintive calling,  
Tears are falling all in vain ;  
He now sports with fairy pleasure,  
He's the treasure of their train !

" Fare thee well, my child, for ever,  
In this world I've lost my joy,  
But in the next we ne'er shall sever,  
There I'll find my angel boy !"

---

KATE O'BRIEN.

CHAS. JEFFREYS.

PERHAPS you don't know there's a sweet  
little stream,  
Far down in a dell, where a poet might  
dream ;  
A nate little cabin, stands close to the  
tide,

~~~~~  
And, och, such a jewel is shining in-  
side,—

I do n't mean a jewel that money can  
buy,—

But a warm-hearted creature with love  
in her eye ;

You'll not find a beauty so beauteous as  
she,

From Ballinacrasay to Donaghadee.

Her name is O'Brien, they christened  
her Kate ;

There's many a beauty has shared the  
same fate ;

But never a one to my thinking I've  
seen

So lovely, so trim, as my bright-eyed  
Colleen :

Her face is a picture for limners to paint ;  
Her figure might serve for a heart-win-  
ning saint ;

Oh, you'll not find a beauty so beauteous  
as she,

From Ballinacrasay to Donaghadee.

Her hair, it is smooth as the raven's own  
back,

But the bonniest bird has not tresses so  
black ;

~~~~~  
And they curl round a neck that might  
rival the snow,  
With the grace of the swan on the wa-  
ters below.  
Her mouth,—oh, what music I've heard  
from that same !  
He breath, it might put the sweet roses  
to shame ;  
Oh, you'll not find a beauty so beauteous  
as she,  
From Ballinacrasay to Donaghadee.

---

## DUBLIN BAY.

MRS. CRAWFORD.

He sail'd away in a gallant bark,  
Roy Neill and his fair young bride,  
He had ventur'd all in that bounding  
ark,  
That danced o'er the silver tide.  
But his heart was young and his spirit  
light,  
And he dashed the tear away,  
As he watched the shore recede from  
sight,  
Of his own sweet Dublin Bay.  
Three days they sail'd, and a storm arose,  
And the lightning swept the deep,

And the thunder-crash broke the short  
repose,

Of the weary sea-boy's sleep.

Roy Neill, he clasped his weeping bride,

And he kiss'd her tears away,

"Oh, love 't was a fatal hour," she cried,

"When we left sweet Dublin Bay."

On the crowded deck of the doomed ship,

Some stood in their mute despair,

And some more calm, with a holy lip,

Sought the God of the storm in prayer.

"She has struck on the rock!" the sea-  
men cried,

In the breath of their wild dismay,

And the ship went down and the fair  
young bride,

- That sailed from Dublin Bay.

---

LIVE IN MY HEART, AND PAY NO  
RENT.

SAMUEL LOVER.

VOURNEEN, when your days were bright,

Never an eye did I care to lift to you,

But, now, in your fortune's blight,

False ones are flying in sunshine that  
knew you.

But still on *one* welcome true rely,

~~~~~  
Tho' the crops may fail and the cow go  
dry,

And your cabin be burn'd, and all be  
spent,

Come live in my heart, and pay no rent,  
Live in my heart, mavourneen.

Vourneen, dry up those tears,

The sensible people will tell you to wait  
dear,

But, ah ! in the wasting of love's young  
years,

On our innocent hearts we're com-  
mitting a *chate* dear ;

For hearts when they're young should  
make the vow,

For when they are old they don't know  
how,—

So marry at once and you'll *not* repent,

When you live in my heart and pay no  
• rent,

Live in my heart, mavourneen.

---

### THE DEAR IRISH BOY.

My Conner, his cheeks are as ruddy as  
morning,

The brightest of pearls do but mimic  
his teeth ;

While nature with ringlets his mild brows  
adorning,  
His hair Cupid's bow-strings, and roses  
his breath.  
Smiling, beguiling,  
Cheering, endearing,  
Together how oft o'er the mountains we  
stray'd ;  
By each other delighted,  
And fondly united,  
I have listened all day to my dear Irish  
boy.

No roebuck more swift could fly over the  
mountain,  
No veteran bolder meet danger or  
scars,  
He's sightly, he's sprightly, he's clear  
as the fountain,  
His eyes beaming love, oh ! he's gone  
to the wars.  
Smiling, beguiling, &c.

The soft tuneful lark, his notes changed  
to mourning,  
The dark-screaming owl impedes my  
night's sleep,



While lonely I walk in the shade of the  
evening,

Till my Connor's return I will ne'er  
cease to weep.

Smiling, beguiling, &c.

The war being over, and he not returned,  
I fear that some dark envious plot has  
been laid ;

Or that some cruel goddess has him cap-  
tivated,

And left here to mourn his dear Irish  
maid.

Smiling, beguiling, &c.

---

### MOTHER, HE'S GOING AWAY.

. SAMUEL LOVER.

*Mother.*

Now, what are you crying for, Nelly ?

Don't be blubberin' there like a fool !—

With the weight o' the grief, 'faith I tell  
you,

You 'll break down the three-legged  
stool.

I suppose, now, you're erylng for Bar-  
ney,

But do 'nt b'lieve a word that he 'd say,

~~~~~  
He tells nothin' but big lies and blarney—  
Sure you know how he sarved poor Kate  
Kearney.

*Daughter.*

But, mother—

*Mother.*

Oh, bother !

*Daughter.*

But, mother, he's going away;  
And I dreamt th' other night,  
Of his ghost all in white—  
Oh, mother, he's going away!

*Mother.*

If he's goin' away all the betther—  
Bless'd hour when he's out of your  
sight !  
There's one comfort—you can't get a  
letther,—  
For yiz neither can read or can write.  
Sure, 't was only last week you protested,  
Since he coorted fat Jinny M'Cray,  
That the sight of the scamp you de-  
tested—  
With abuse, sure, your tongue never  
rested—

*Daughter.*

But, mother—

*Mother.*

Oh, bother !

*Daughter.*

But, mother, he 's going away,  
And I dream of his ghost  
Walking round my bedpost—  
Oh, mother, he 's going away.

---

MARY ASTORE.

MRS. CRAWFORD.

COLD blows the winter wind,  
Mary Astore !  
Colder those hearts unkind,  
Mary Astore !  
They that have power to save  
Thus send us forth to brave  
Death on the stormy wave,  
Mary Astore !

Pale is thy cheek to see,  
Mary Astore !  
Come, hide thy tears on me,  
Mary Astore !  
Though scant thy cov'ring be,  
These arms shall shelter thee—  
O ! thou art dear to me,  
Mary Astore !

Altar nor priest have we,  
Mary Astore !  
Yet on this stormy sea,  
Mary Astore !  
We can our vespers say,  
We can for Ireland pray  
God wipe our tears away,  
Mary Astore !

---

## THE LOW-BACKED CAR.

SAMUEL LOVER.

WHEN first I saw sweet Peggy,  
'T was on a market day,  
A low-back'd car she drove, and sat  
Upon a truss of hay;  
But when that hay was blooming grass,  
And deck'd with flowers of spring,  
No flow'r was there that could compare  
With the blooming girl I sing.  
As she sat in the low-back'd car,  
The man at the turnpike bar  
Never asked for the toll,  
But just rubb'd his old poll,  
And looked after the low-back'd car.

In battle's wild commotion,  
The proud and mighty Mars,

~~~~~  
With hostile scythes, demands the tithes  
Of death in warlike cars ;  
While Peggy, peaceful goddess,  
Has darts in her bright eye,  
That knock men down, in the market town,  
As right and left they fly—  
While she sits in her low-back'd car,  
Than battle more dangerous far—  
For the doctor's art  
Cannot cure the heart  
That is hit from the low-back'd car.

Sweet Peggy round her car, sir,  
Has strings of ducks and geese,  
But the scores of hearts she slaughters  
By far outnumber these ;  
While she among her poultry sits,  
Just like a turtle dove,  
Well worth the cage, I do engage,  
Of the blooming god of love.  
While she sits in the low-back'd car,  
The lovers come near and far,  
And envy the chicken  
That Peggy is pickin',  
As she sits in the low-back'd car.

Oh, I'd rather own that car, sir,  
With Peggy by my side, .

Than a coach-and-four and goold galore,  
 And a lady for my bride ;  
 For the lady would sit forneust me,  
 On a cushion made with taste,  
 While Peggy would sit beside me,  
 With my arm around her waist—  
 While we drove in the low-back'd car,  
 To be married by Father Maher,  
 Oh, my heart would beat high,  
 At her glance and her sigh,  
 Though it beat in a low-back'd car.

### MARY OF THE CURLING HAIR.

GERALD GRIFFIN.

AIR—"Shule! Agra!"

My Mary of the curling hair,  
 The laughing teeth and bashful air,  
 Our bridal morn is dawning fair,  
 With blushes in the skies.  
 Shule ! shule ! shule ! agra,  
 Shule go sucur agus shule aroon ! \*  
 My love ! my pearl !  
 My own dear girl !  
 My mountain maid, arise !

\* Come ! come ! come, my darling—  
 Come, softly, and come, my love !

Wake, linnet of the osier grove !  
Wake, trembling, stainless, virgin dove !  
Wake, nestling of the parent's love !  
Let Moran see thine eyes.  
Shule, shule, &c.

I am no stranger, proud and gay,  
'To win thee from thy home away,  
And find thee, for a distant day,  
A theme for wasting sighs.  
Shule, shule, &c.

But we were known from infancy :  
Thy father's hearth was home to me ;  
No selfish love was mine for thee,  
Unholy and unwise.  
Shule, shule, &c.

And yet (to see what love can do !)  
Though calm my hope has burned, and  
true,  
My cheek is pale and worn for you,  
And sunken are mine eyes !  
Shule, shule, &c.

But soon my love shall be my bride,  
And happy by our own fire-side,  
My veins shall feel the rosy tide,  
That lingering hope denies.  
Shule, shule, &c.

My Mary of the curling hair,  
The laughing teeth and bashful air,  
Our bridal morn is dawning fair,  
With blushes in the skies.  
Shule, shule, &c.

---

### THE WHISTLING THIEF.

SAMUEL LOVER.

WHEN Pat came o'er the hills, his col-  
leen fair to see,  
His whistle, loud and shrill, his signal  
was to be.

(*Shrill whistle.*)

"Oh ! Mary," the mother cried, "there's  
some one whistling, sure."

"Oh ! mother, you know it's the wind  
that's whistling through the door."

(*Whistles "Garryowen."*)

"I've lived a long time, Mary, in this  
wide world, my dear,

But the wind to whistle like that, I  
never yet did hear."

"But, mother, you know the fiddle  
hangs just behind the chink, •

And the wind upon the string is play-  
ing a tune, I think."

(*Dog barks.*)



“The dog is barking now, and the fiddle  
can’t play that tune.”

“But, mother, you know that dogs  
will bark, when they see the moon ;”

“Now how can he see the moon, when  
you know he’s old and blind ?

Blind dogs can’t see the moon, nor  
fiddles be played by the wind.”

(*Pig grunts.*)

“And now there is the pig, onaisy in his  
mind.”

“But, mother, you know they say that  
pigs can see the wind.”

“That’s all very well in the day, but  
then, I may remark,

That pigs, no more than we, can see  
anything in the dark.”

“Now I ’m not such a fool as you think ;  
I know very well it is Pat.

Be off, you whistling thief ! and get  
along home out of that !

And you be off to your bed, and do’n’t  
bother me with your tears,

For though I’ve lost my eyes, I have  
not lost my ears.”

## MORAL.

Now boys, too near the house don't  
courting go, d' ye mind,  
Unless you're certain sure the old  
woman's both deaf and blind ;  
The days when they were young, forget  
they never can—  
They're sure to tell the difference  
'twixt a fiddle, a dog, or a man.

---

## KITTY TYRELL.

CHARLES JEFFREYS.

You're looking as fresh as the morn, love,  
You're looking as bright as the day ;  
But while on your charms I'm dilating,  
You're stealing my poor heart away.  
But keep it and welcome, mavourneen,  
It's loss I'm not going to mourn ;  
Yet one heart's enough for a body,  
So pray give me yours in return.  
Mavourneen, mavourneen, &c.

I've built me a neat little cot, love,  
I've pigs and potatoes in store,  
I've twenty good pounds in the bank, love,  
And maybe a pound or two more ;

~~~~~  
It's all very well to have riches,  
But I'm not a covetous elf,  
I can't help still sighing for something,  
And, darling, that something's yourself.  
Mavourneen, &c.

You're smiling, and that's a good sign,  
love ;  
Say " Yes," and you'll never repent ;  
Or if you would rather be silent,  
Your silence I'll take for consent.  
That good-natured dimple's a tell-tale—  
Now all that I have is your own ;  
This week you may be Kitty Tyrell,  
Next week you'll be Mrs. Malone.  
Mavourneen, &c.

---

## THE TIE IS BROKE, MY IRISH GIRL.

GERALD GRIFFIN.

AIR—" Molly Astore."

THE tie is broke, my Irish girl,  
That bound thee here to me,  
My heart has lost its single pearl,  
And thine at last is free—  
Dead as the earth that wraps thy clay,  
Dead as the stone above thee—  
Cold as this heart, that breaks to say  
It never more can love thee.

I press thee to my aching breast—  
No blush comes o'er thy brow—  
Those gentle arms that once caress'd,  
Fall round me deadly now—  
The smiles of Love no longer part  
Those dead blue lips of thine—  
I lay my hand upon thy heart,  
'Tis cold at last to mine.

Were we beneath our native heaven,  
Within our native land—  
A fairer grave to thee were given  
Than this wild bed of sand.  
But thou wert single in thy faith,  
And single in thy worth :  
And thou should'st die a lonely death,  
And lie in lonely earth.

Then lay thee down and take thy rest,  
My last—last look is given—  
The earth is smooth above thy breast,  
And mine is yet unriven !  
No mass—no parting rosary—  
My perished love can have ;  
But her husband's sighs embalm the  
corse,  
A husband's tears her grave.

## THE WHITE COCKADE.

J. J. CALLANAN.

Irish Jacobite song.

PRINCE Charles he is King James's son,  
And from a royal line is sprung ;  
Then up with shout, and out with blade,  
And we'll raise once more the white  
cockade.

O ! my dear, my fair-hair'd youth,  
Thou yet hast hearts of fire and truth ;  
Then up with shout, and out with blade—  
We'll raise once more the white cockade.

My young men's hearts are dark with  
woe ;

On my virgins' cheeks the grief-drops  
flow ;

The sun scarce lights the sorrowing day,  
Since our rightful prince went far away.

He's gone, the stranger holds his throne ;  
The royal bird far off is flown :

But up with shout, and out with blade—  
We'll stand or fall with the white  
cockade.

No more the cuckoo hails the spring,  
The woods no more with the stanch-  
hounds ring ;

~~~~~  
The song from the glen so sweet before,  
Is hush'd since Charles has left our shore.  
The Prince is gone : but he soon will  
come,  
With trumpet-sound, and with beat of  
drum :  
Then up with shout, and out with blade—  
Huzza for the right and the white cock-  
ade.

---

### PURTY MOLLY BRALLAGHAN.

MISS M'GHIE.

AIR—"Groves of Blarney."

AH, then, ma'm dear, did you never hear  
of purty Molly Brallaghan ?  
Troth, dear, I've lost her, and I'll never  
be a man again,  
Not a spot on my hide will another sum-  
mer tan again,  
Since Molly she has left me all alone  
for to die.  
The place where my heart was, you  
might easy rowl a turnip in,  
It's the size of all Dublin, and from Dub-  
lin to the Devil's Glin ;

~~~~~  
If she chose to take another, sure she  
might have sent mine back again,  
And not to leave me here all alone for  
to die.

Ma'm dear, I remember when the milk  
ing time was past and gone,  
We went into the meadows, where she  
swore I was the only man  
That ever she could love—yet, oh ! the  
base, the cruel one,  
After all that to leave me here alone  
for to die !

Ma'm dear, I remember as we came home  
the rain began,  
I rowl'd her in my frieze coat, tho' devil  
a waistcoat I had on,  
And my shirt was rather fine-drawn ;  
yet oh ! the base and cruel one,  
After all that, she left me here alone  
for to die.

I went and tould my tale to Father  
M'Donnell, ma'm,  
And thin I went and ax'd advice of  
Counsellor O'Connell, ma'm ;  
He towld me promise-breaches had been  
ever since the world began :  
Now, I have only one pair, ma'm, and  
they are corduroy !

Arrah, what could he mean, ma'm ? or  
what would you advise me to ?  
Must my corduroys to Molly go ? troth,  
I 'm bother'd what to do !  
I can't afford to lose both my heart and  
my breeches too,  
Yet what need I care, when I 've only  
to die !

Oh ! the left side of my carcass is as  
weak as water-gruel, ma'm—  
The devil a bit upon my bones, since  
Molly's proved so cruel, ma'm,  
I wish I had a carabine, I'd go and fight  
a duel, ma'm !  
Sure, it's better far to kill myself than  
stay here to die.  
I'm hot and determined as a live sala-  
mander, ma'm !  
Wont you come to my wake, when I go  
my long meander, ma'm ?  
Oh ! I'll feel myself as valiant as the fa-  
mous Alexander, ma'm,  
When I hear yiz crying round me,  
“ Arrah, why did you die ? ”





---

**LEAVE US A LOCK OF YOUR HAIR.**

AIR—"Low Back'd Car."

"THE night is fresh and clear, love,  
The birds are in their bowers,  
And the holy light  
Of the moon falls bright  
On the beautiful sleeping flowers.  
Oh ! Nora, are you waking ?  
Or don't you hear me spaking ?  
You know my heart is breaking  
For the love of you, Nora dear.  
Ah ! why don't you speak, mavrone ?  
Sure I think that you're made of stone,  
Just like Venus of old  
All so white and so cold,  
But no morsel of flesh or bone.

"There's not a soul astir, love,  
No sound falls on the ear,  
But that rogue of a breeze  
That's whispering the trees  
Till they tremble all through with fear.  
Ah ! them happy flowers that's creeping  
To your window where you're sleeping,  
Sure *they're* not chid for peeping  
At your beauties, my Nora dear.  
You've the heart of a Turk, by my sowl,  
To leave me perched here like an owl ♫

"Tis treatment too bad,  
For a true-hearted lad,  
To be sarved like a desolate fowl.

"You know the vow you made, love—  
You know we fixed the day ;  
And here I'm now ;  
To claim that vow,  
And carry my bride away ;  
So, Nora, don't be staying  
For weeping, or for praying—  
There's danger in delaying—  
Sure maybe I'd change my mind :  
For you know I'm a bit of a rake,  
And a trifle might tempt me to break—  
Faix, but for your blue eye,  
I've a notion to try  
What a sort of ould maid you'd make."

"Oh ! Dermot, win me not, love,  
To be your bride to-night ;  
How could I bear  
A mother's tear,  
A father's scorn and slight ?  
So, Dermot, cease your sueing—  
Don't work your Nora's ruin,  
"I would be my sore undoing,  
If you're found at my window, dear."

“ Ah ! for shame with your foolish  
alarms—

Just drop into your own Dermot's arms :  
Don't mind looking at all  
For your cloak or your shawl—  
They were made but to smother your  
charms.”

And now a dark cloud rising  
Across the moon is cast,  
The lattice opes,  
And anxious hopes  
Make Dermot's heart beat fast :  
And soon a form entrancing,—  
With arms and fair neck glancing,—  
Half shrinking, half advancing,  
Steps light on the lattice sill ;  
When—a terrible arm in the air  
Clutched the head of the lover all bare,  
And a voice, with a scoff,  
Cried as Dermot made off,  
“ Wont you leave us a lock of your  
hair ? ”



DANCE LIGHT, FOR MY HEART IT  
LIES UNDER YOUR FEET.

JOHN F. WALLER, LL. D.

AIR—"Hush the cat from under the table."

"AH, sweet Kitty Neil, rise up from that  
wheel—

Your neat little foot will be weary  
from spinning ;

Come trip down with me to the sycamore tree,

Half the parish is there, and the dance  
is beginning.

The sun is gone down, but the full harvest moon

Shines sweetly and cool on the dew-whitened valley ;

While all the air rings with the soft, loving things,

Each little bird sings in the green-shaded alley."

With a blush and a smile, Kitty rose up  
the while,

Her eye in the glass, as she bound her  
hair, glancing ;

~~~~~  
'Tis hard to refuse when a young lover  
sues—

So she couldn't but choose to go off  
to the dancing.

And now on the green, the glad groups  
are seen—

Each gay-hearted lad with the lass of  
his choosing ;

And Pat, without fail, leads our sweet  
Kitty Neil—

Somehow, when he asked, she ne'er  
thought of refusing.

Now, Felix Magee puts his pipes to his  
knee,

And, with flourish so free, sets each  
couple in motion ;

With a cheer and a bound the lads pat-  
ter the ground—

The maids move round just like swans  
on the ocean.

Cheeks bright as the rose—feet light as  
the doe's,

Now coyly retiring, now boldly ad-  
vancing—

Search the world all round, from the sky  
to the ground,

No such sight can be found as an Irish  
lass dancing !

Sweet Kate ! who could view your bright  
eyes of deep blue,  
Beaming humidly through their dark  
lashes so mildly,  
Your fair-turned arm, heaving breast,  
rounded form,  
Nor feel his heart warm, and his pulses  
throb wildly ?  
Young Pat feels his heart, as he gazes,  
depart,  
Subdued by the smart of such painful  
yet sweet love ;  
The sight leaves his eye, as he cries with  
a sigh,  
“Dance light, for my heart it lies un-  
der your feet, love !”

---

## SOGGARTH AROON.

JOHN BANIM.

Am I the slave they say,  
Soggarth aroon ?  
Since you did show the way,  
Soggarth aroon,  
Their slave no more to be,  
While they would work with me  
Ould Ireland's slavery,  
Soggarth aroon ?

Why not her poorest man,  
Soggarth aroon,  
Try and do all he can,  
Soggarth aroon,  
Her commands to fulfil  
Of his own heart and will,  
Side by side with you still,  
Soggarth aroon ?

Loyal and brave to you,  
Soggarth aroon,  
Yet be no slave to you,  
Soggarth aroon,—  
Nor, out of fear to you,  
Stand up so near to you—  
Och ! out of fear to you !  
Soggarth aroon !

Who, in the winter's night,  
Soggarth aroon,  
When the cowl'd blast did bite,  
Soggarth aroon,  
Came to my cabin-door,  
And, on my earthen flure  
Knelt by me, sick and poor,  
Soggarth aroon ?

Who, on the marriage-day,  
Soggarth aroon,

Made the poor cabin gay,  
Soggarth aroon—  
And did both laugh and sing,  
Making our hearts to ring,  
At the poor christening,  
Soggarth aroon?

Who, as friend only met,  
Soggarth aroon,  
Never did flout me yet,  
Soggarth aroon?  
And when my heart was dim,  
Gave, while his eye did brim,  
What I should give to him,  
Soggarth aroon?

---

## ILL NEVER GET DRUNK ANY MORE

T. EAGAN.

ONE night when I got frisky  
Over some poteen whisky,  
Like waves in the Bay of Biscay  
I began to tumble and roar.  
My face was red as a lobster,  
I fell and I broke my nob, sir;  
My watch was picked from my fob, sir—  
Oh! I'll never get drunk any more.



~~~~~  
Now am I resolved to try it ;  
I'll live upon moderate diet,  
I'll not drink, but will deny it,  
And shun each public door ;  
For that's the place, they tell us,  
We meet with all jovial good fellows ;  
But I swear by the poker and bellows,  
I'll never get drunk any more !

The landlady is unwilling  
To credit you for a shilling ;  
She straightways sends her bill in,  
And asks you to pay your score.  
And if with money you're stock'd,  
She'll not stop till she's emptied your  
pocket ;  
When the cellar door is locked,  
And you cannot get drunk any more.

So by me now take caution,  
Put drinking out of fashion,  
For your own brains out you're dashing,  
Don't you feel your head quite sore ?  
For when all night you've tarried,  
Drinking of punch and claret,  
In the morning home you're carried,  
Saying, "I'll never get drunk any  
more."

~~~~~  
A man that's fond of boozing,  
His cash goes daily oozing,  
His character he's loosing,  
    And its loss he will deplore.  
His wife is unprotected,  
His business is neglected,  
Himself is *dis*-respected,—  
    So do not get drunk any more.

---

## THE FOUR-LEAVED SHAMROCK.

SAMUEL LOVER.

I'LL seek a four-leaved shamrock in all  
    the fairy dells,  
And if I find the charmed leaves, oh, how  
    I'll weave my spells !  
I would not waste my magic might on  
    diamond, pearl, or gold,  
For treasure tires the weary sense,—  
    such triumph is but cold ;  
But I would play the enchanter's part  
    in casting bliss around,—  
Oh ! not a tear nor aching heart should  
    in the world be found.  
  
To worth I would give honour !—I'd  
    dry the mourner's tears,  
And to the pallid lip recall the smile of  
    happier years ;

~~~~~  
And hearts that had been long estranged,  
and friends that had grown cold,  
Should meet again—like parted streams  
—and mingle as of old !

Oh ! thus I'd play the enchanter's part,  
thus scatter bliss around,  
And not a tear nor aching heart should  
in the world be found !

The heart that had been mourning o'er  
vanish'd dreams of love  
Should see them all returning,—like  
Noah's faithful dove,  
And Hope should launch her blessed  
bark on Sorrow's dark'ning sea,  
And Mis'ry's children have an Ark, and  
saved from sinking be ;  
Oh ! thus I'd play the enchanter's part,  
thus scatter bliss around,  
And not a tear nor aching heart should  
in the world be found !

---

PADDY BLAKE'S ECHO.

SAMUEL LOVER.

In the Gap of Dunlo  
There's an echo or so ;  
And some of them echoes is very sur  
prisin' ;

You'll think in this stave  
That I mane to desaive—  
For a ballad's a thing you expect to find  
lies in.

But sartin and thrue  
In that hill forninst you  
There's an echo as sure and as safe as  
the bank too ;  
If you civilly spake,  
“How d'ye do, Paddy Blake ?”  
The echo politely says, “Very well,  
thank you.”

One day Teddy Keogh  
With Kate Connor did go  
To hear, from the echo, this wonderful  
talk, sir ;  
But the echo, they say,  
Was conthrairy that day,  
Or perhaps Paddy Blake had gone out  
for a walk, sir.  
“Now,” says Teddy to Kate,  
“’Tis too hard to be bate  
By this deaf and dumb baste of an echo,  
so lazy ;  
But if we both shout  
To each other, no doubt  
We'll make up an echo between us, my  
daisy !”

~~~~~  
"Now, Kitty," says Teddy,  
"To answer be ready."  
"Oh, very well, thank you," cries out  
Kitty, then, sir;  
"Would you like to be wed,  
Kitty darlin'?" says Ted.  
"Oh, very well, thank you," says Kitty  
again, sir;  
"Do you like me?" says Teddy,  
And Kitty, quite ready,  
Cried, "Very well, thank you," with  
laughter beguiling.  
I think you'll confess  
Teddy could not do less  
Than pay his respects to the lips that  
were smiling.

Oh, dear Paddy Blake,  
May you never forsake  
Those hills that return us such echoes en-  
dearing;  
And may girls all translate  
Their soft answers like Kate,  
No faithfulness doubting, no treachery  
fearing.  
And, boys, be you ready,  
Like frolicsome Teddy,  
Be earnest in loving, tho' given to joking.

And thus, when inclined,  
 May all true lovers find  
 Sweet echoes to answer from hearts  
 they're invoking.

### LAMENT OF THE IRISM MAIDEN.

A BRIGADE BALLAD.

DENNY LANE.

AIR—"The Foggy Dew."

ON Carrigdhoun the heath is brown,  
 The clouds are dark o'er Ardnalia,  
 And many a stream comes rushing down  
 To swell the angry Ownabwee ;  
 The moaning blast is sweeping fast  
 Thro' many a leafless tree,  
 And I'm alone, for he is gone,  
 My hawk has flown, *ochone machree.*

The heath was green on Carrigdhoun,  
 Bright shone the sun on Ardnalia,  
 The dark green trees bent trembling down  
 To kiss the slumb'ring Ownabwee ;  
 That happy day, 'twas but last May,  
 'Tis like a dream to me,  
 When Doinnall swore, ay, o'er and o'er,  
 We'd part no more, *oh stor machree.*

Soft April show'rs and bright May  
flow'rs

Will bring the summer back again,  
But will they bring me back the hours  
I spent with my brave Doinnall then ?  
'Tis but a chance, for he's gone to France  
To wear the *fleur de lis* ;  
But I'll follow you, *ma Doinnall dhu*,  
For still I'm true to you, *machree*.

---

### THE BLARNEY.

O, WHEN a young bachelor wooes a  
young maid  
Who's eager to go and yet willing to  
stay,  
She sighs and she blushes, and looks half  
afraid,  
Yet loses no word that her lover can  
say,  
What is it she hears but the blar-  
ney ?  
O, a perilous thing is this blarney !  
To all that he tells her she gives no  
reply,  
Or murmurs and whispers so gentle  
and low ;

And though he has asked her, when no-  
body's by,

She dare not say "yes," and she can-  
not say "no."

She knows what she hears is the  
blarney ;

O, a perilous thing is the blarney !

But people get used to a perilous thing,  
And fancy the sweet words of lovers  
are true ;

So, let all their blarney be passed through  
a ring,

The charm will prevent all the ill it  
can do,

And maids have no fear of the  
blarney,

Nor the peril that lies in the blarney !

---

### THE GENTLEMAN OF THE ARMY.

JACOB BEULER.

AIR—"Wha'll be king but Charlie."

I'm Paddywhack, of Ballyback,

Not long ago turn'd soldier ;

In grand attack, in storm or sack,

None will than I be bolder ;

With spirits gay I march away,

I please each fair beholder ;



~~~~~  
And now they sing, "He's quite the  
thing,

Och ! what a jovial soldier !"  
In Londonderry or London merry,  
Och ! faith ! ye girls, I charm ye ;  
And there ye come, at beat of drum,  
To see me in the army.

Rub a dub dub, and pilli li loo,  
Whack ! fal de lal la, and trilli li loo,  
I laugh and sing, God bless the King,  
Since I've been in the army.

The lots of girls my train unfurls,  
Would form a pleasant party ;  
There's Kitty Lynch, a tidy wench,  
And Suke, and Peg M'Carthy ;  
Miss Judy Baggs, and Sally Maggs,  
And Martha Scraggs, all storm me,  
And Molly Magee is after me,  
Since I've been in the army !

'The Sallys, and Pollys, the Kittys and  
Dollys,

In numbers would alarm ye ;  
E'en Mrs. White, who's lost her sight,  
Admires me in the army.

Rub a dub dub, &c.

The roaring boys, who made a noise,  
And thwack'd me like the devil,

~~~~~  
Are now become before me dumb,  
Or else are very civil.  
There's Murphy Roake, who often broke  
My head, now daresn't harm me ;  
But bows and quakes, and off he sneaks,  
Since I've been in the army.  
And if one neglect to pay me respect,  
Och ! another tips the blarney ;  
With " whisht ! my friend, and don't  
offend

A gentleman of the army."

Rub a dub dub, &c.

My arms are bright, my heart is light,  
Good humor seems to warm me :  
I've now become with ev'ry chum  
A favorite in the army.

If I go on as I've begun,  
My comrades all inform me,  
They soon shall see that I will be  
A general in the army.

Delightful notion, to get promotion,  
Then, ladies, how I'll charm ye !  
For 'tis my belief, Commader-in-chief  
I shall be in the army.

Rub a dub dub, and pilli li loo,  
Whack ! fal de lalla, and trilli li loo ;  
I laugh and sing, God bless the King,  
My country and the army !

## THE COW THAT ATE THE PIPER.

IN the year '98, when our troubles were  
great,

And it was treason to be a Milesian,  
That black-whisker'd set we will never  
forget,

Though history tells us they were  
Hessian.

IN this troublesome time, oh ! 'twas a  
great crime,

And murder never was riper,  
At the side of Glenshee, not an acre  
from me,

There lived one Denny Byrne, a piper.

Neither wedding nor wake would be  
worth a shake,

Where Denny was not first invited,  
At squeezing the bags and emptying the  
kegs,

He astonished as well as delighted.

IN these times poor Denny could not  
earn one penny,

Martial law had him stung like a viper ;  
They kept him within till the bones and  
the skin

Were grinning thro' the rags of the  
piper.

~~~~~  
One evening in June, as he was going  
home,

After the fair of Rathnagan,  
What should he see from the branch of  
a tree,

But the corpse of a Hessian there  
hanging.

Says Denny, "those rogues have boots,  
I've brogues ;"

On the boots then he laid such a griper,  
He pulled with such might, and the boots  
were so tight,

That legs and boots came away with  
the piper.

Then Denny did run, for fear of being  
hung,

Till he came to Tim Kennedy's cabin :  
Says Tim from within, " I can't let you in,  
You'll be shot if you're caught there  
a rapping."

He went to the shed, where the cow was  
in bed,

With a wisp he began for to wipe  
her ;

They lay down together on a seven-foot  
feather ;

And the cow fell a hugging the piper.

Then Denny did yawn, as the day it did  
dawn,

And he streel'd off the boots of th  
Hessian ;

The legs—by the law, he left on the straw  
And he gave them leg-bail for his mis-  
sion.

When the breakfast was done, Tim sent  
out his son,

To make Denny jump up like a lamp-  
lighter ;

When the legs there he saw, he roar'd  
like a jackdaw,

“ Oh, daddy ! the cow's ate the  
piper ! ”

“ Musha bad luck on the beast—she'd a  
musical taste,

For to eat such a beautiful chanter ;  
Arrah ! Patrick avic, take a lump of a stick,  
Drive her off to Glenhealy—we'll cant  
her.”

Mrs. Kennedy bawl'd, and the neighbors  
were call'd,

They began for to humbug and gibe her ;  
To the churchyard Tim walked, with the  
legs in a box,

And the cow will be hung for the piper.

The cow she was drove a mile or two  
off,

To the fair at the side of Glenhealy,  
And there she was sold for four guineas  
in gold,

To the clerk of the parish, Tim Daly.  
They went to a tent, the luck-penny was  
spent,

The clerk being a jolly old swiper.  
Who d'ye think was there, playing the  
"Rakes of Kildare,"

But poor Denny Byrne, the piper !

Then Tim gave a bolt, like a half-drunken  
colt,

At the piper he gazed like a *gommack*,  
He said, "By the powers ! I thought  
these eight hours

You were playing in *driman dhu's*  
stomach !"

Then Denny observed how the Hessian  
was served,

And they all wish'd Nick's cure to the  
griper ;

For grandeur they met, their whistles  
they wet,

And like devils they danced round the  
piper.

## MARY OF ARGYLE.

CHARLES JEFFERYS.

I HAVE heard the mavis singing  
Its love song to the morn,  
I've seen the dew-drop clinging  
To the rose just newly born ;  
But a sweeter song has cheered me  
At the evening's gentle close,  
And I've seen an eye still brighter  
Than the dew-drop on the rose.  
'Twas thy voice, my gentle Mary,  
And thy artless, winning smile,  
That made this world an Eden,  
Bonnie Mary of Argyle.

Though thy voice may lose its sweetness,  
And thine eye its brightness too,  
Though thy step may lack its swiftness,  
And thy hair its sunny hue,  
Still to me wilt thou be dearer  
Than all the world shall own ;  
I have loved thee for thy beauty,  
But not for that alone.  
I have watch'd thy heart, dear Mary,  
And its goodness was the wile  
That has made thee mine forever,  
Bonnie Mary of Argyle.

### WHAT ARE THE WILD WAVES SAYING ?

"I want to know what it says, the sea—what is it that it keeps on saying ?"—Paul, in "Dombey and Son."

J. E. CARPENTER.

"WHAT are the wild waves saying,  
Sister, the whole day long,  
That ever, amid our playing,  
I hear but their low, lone song ?  
Not by the sea-side only—  
There it sounds wild and free ;  
But at night, when 'tis dark and lonely,  
In dreams it is still with me."

"Brother ! I hear no singing :  
'Tis but the rolling wave,  
Ever its lone course winging  
Over some ocean cave !  
'Tis but the noise of water  
Dashing against the shore,  
And the wind, from some bleaker  
quarter,  
Mingling with its roar."

No, no ! it is something greater  
That speaks to the heart alone :  
The voice of the great Creator  
Dwells in that mighty tone !



~~~~~  
" Yes ! but the waves seem ever  
Singing the same sad thing ;  
And vain is my weak endeavor,  
To guess what the surges sing.  
What is that voice repeating,  
Ever by night and day ?  
Is it a friendly greeting ?  
Or a warning that calls away ?"

" Brother ! the inland mountain,  
Hath it not voice and sound ?  
Speaks not the dripping fountain.  
As it bedews the ground ?  
E'en by the household ingle,  
Curtain'd, and clos'd, and warm;  
Do not our voices mingle  
With those of the distant storm ?"

Yes, yes ! but there's something greater  
That speaks to the heart alone :  
The voice of the great Creator  
Dwells in that mighty tone !

---

### CHARLIE IS MY DARLING.

CHARLIE is my darling,  
My darling—my darling !  
Charlie is my darling,  
The young cavalier !

'Twas on a Monday morning,  
Right early in the year,  
When first I saw my brave Monteith,  
The young cavalier.

As he came marching up the brae  
The pipes play'd loud and clear,  
And a' the clan came running out  
To meet the cavalier.

Wi' Highland bonnet on his head,  
And claymore long and clear,  
He came to fight for Scotland's rights,  
My brave cavalier.

Oh ! Charlie, &c.

---

### SIMON THE CELLARER.

W. H. BELJAMY.

OLD Simon the cellarer keeps a rare store  
Of Malinsey and Malvoisie,  
Of Cyprus, and who can say how many  
more,

For a chary old soul is he.  
Of sack and canary he never doth fail,  
And all the year round there is brewing  
of ale ;  
Yet he never aileth, he quaintly doth say,  
While he keeps to his sober six flagons  
a day.

~~~~~  
But—ho ! ho ! ho ! his nose doth show  
How oft the black jack to his lips doth go.

. Dame Margery sits in her own still room,  
For a matron sage is she ;  
From thence oft at curfew is wafted a  
fume—

She says it is rosemarie.  
But there's a small cupboard behind the  
backstair,  
And the maids say they often see Mar-  
gery there ;  
Now Margery says that she grows very  
old,  
And she must take a something to keep  
out the cold.  
But—ho ! ho ! ho ! old Simon doth know  
Where many a flask of his best doth go.

Old Simon reclines in his high-back'd  
chair,

And talks about taking a wife ;  
And Margery often is heard to declare,  
That she ought to be settled for life.  
But Margery has, so the maids say, a  
tongue,  
And she's not very handsome, nor yet  
very young.

~~~~~  
So somehow it ends with a shake of the  
head,  
And Simon he brews him a tankard in-  
stead ;  
With a ho ! ho ! ho ! he doth chuckle  
and crow,  
“ What ! marry old Margery ! oh, no,  
no ! ”

---

O LET ME LIKE A SOLDIER FALL.

EDWARD FITZBALL.

O LET me like a soldier fall  
Upon some open plain ;  
This breast, expanding for the ball  
To blot out every stain ;  
Brave, manly hearts confer my doom,  
That gentler ones may tell  
Howe'er forgot, unknown my tomb,  
I like a soldier fell.

I only ask of that proud race  
Which ends its blaze in me,  
To die the last and not disgrace  
Its ancient chivalry ;  
Though o'er my clay no banner wave  
Nor trumpet requiem swell ;  
Enough, they murmur at my grave  
He like a soldier fell.

## THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS.

ALFRED BUNN.

THE light of other days is faded,  
And all their glories past,  
For grief with heavy wing hath shaded  
The hopes too bright to last.  
The world with morning's mantle clouded,  
Shines forth with purer rays,  
But the heart ne'er feels, in sorrow  
shrouded,  
The light of other days.

The leaf which autumn tempests wither,  
The birds which then take wing,  
When winter's winds are past, come  
hither,  
To welcome back the spring.  
The very ivy on the ruin  
In gloom full life displays,  
But the heart alone sees no renewing  
The light of other days.

## I LOVE THE MERRY SUNSHINE.

J. W. LAKE.

I LOVE the merry sunshine,  
It makes the heart so gay  
To hear the sweet birds singing  
On their summer holiday,

~~~~~  
With their wild-wood notes of duty,  
From hawthorne-bush and tree ;—  
Oh, the sunshine is all beauty,—  
The merry sun for me.

I love the merry sunshine,  
Through the dewy morning's show'r,  
With its rosy smiles advancing,  
Like a beauty from a bow'r.  
It charms the soul in sadness,  
It sets the spirits free ;—  
Oh, the sunshine is all gladness,—  
The merry sun for me.

---

## EVER OF THEE.

GEORGE LINLEY.

EVER of thee I'm fondly dreaming ;  
Thy gentle voice my spirit can cheer ;  
Thou wert the star that, mildly beaming,  
Shone o'er my path when all was dark  
and drear.  
Still in my heart thy form I cherish ;  
Ev'ry kind thought like a bird flies to  
thee.  
Ah, never, till life and memory perish,  
Can I forget how dear thou art to me  
Morn, noon, and night, where'er I may be,  
Fondly I'm dreaming ever of thee.

~~~~~  
Ever of thee, when sad and lonely,  
Wandering afar, my soul's joy, to  
dwell,—

Ah, then I felt I love thee only :  
All seem'd to fade before affection's  
spell.

Years have not chill'd the love I cherish—  
True as the stars hath my heart been  
to thee.

Ah, never till life and memory perish,  
Can I forget how dear thou art to me.  
Morn, noon, and night, where'er I may  
be,  
Fondly I'm dreaming ever of thee.

---

I'M AFLOAT, I'M AFLOAT.'

ELIZA COOK.

I'm afloat, I'm afloat, on the fierce roll-  
ing tide,  
The ocean's my home and my bark is my  
bride ;  
Up, up with my flag, let it wave o'er the  
sea ;  
I'm afloat, I'm afloat, and the Rover is  
free.  
I fear not the monarch, I heed not the  
law :

I've a compass to steer by, a dagger to  
draw ;  
And ne'er as a coward or slave will I  
kneel,  
While my guns carry shot, or my belt  
bears a steel.  
Quick ! quick ! trim her sail ! let the  
sheet kiss the wind,  
And I'll warrant we'll soon leave the  
sea-gulls behind.  
Up, up with my flag, let it wave o'er the  
sea !  
I'm afloat, I'm afloat, and the Rover is  
free !

The night gathers o'er us, the thunder  
is heard :  
What matter ? our vessel skims on like a  
bird !  
What to her is the dash of the storm-  
ridden main ?  
She has braved it before, and will brave  
it again :  
The fire-gleaming flashes around us may  
fall—  
They may strike, they may cleave, but  
they cannot appal.



~~~~~  
With lightning above us, and darkness  
below,  
Through the wild waste of waters right  
onward we go.  
Hurra ! my brave boys, ye may drink,  
ye may sleep,  
The storm-fiend is hush'd, we're alone on  
the deep,  
Our flag of defiance still waves o'er the  
sea.  
I'm afloat, I'm afloat, and the Rover is  
free !

---

## MY POOR DOG TRAY.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

On the green banks of Shannon, when  
Sheelah was nigh,  
No blithe Irish lad was so happy as I ;  
No harp like my own could so cheerily  
play,  
And wherever I went was my poor dog  
Tray.

When at last I was forced from my Shee-  
lah to part,  
She said (while the sorrow was big at  
her heart),

~~~~~  
"Oh ! remember your Sheelah, when  
far, far away,  
And be kind, my dear Pat, to our poor  
dog Tray."

Poor dog ! he was faithful and kind, to  
be sure,  
And he constantly loved me, although I  
was poor ;  
When the sour-looking folks sent me  
heartless away  
I had always a friend in my poor dog  
Tray.

When the road was so dark, and the  
night was so cold,  
And Pat and his dog were grown weary  
and old,  
How snugly we slept in my old coat of  
grey,  
And he lick'd me for kindness—my poor  
dog Tray.

Though my wallet was scant, I remem-  
ber'd his case,  
Nor refused my last crust to his pitiful  
face ;

~~~~~  
But he died at my feet on a cold winter  
day,  
And I play'd a lament for my poor dog  
Tray.

Where now shall I go—poor, forsaken,  
and blind;—

Can I find one to guide me so faithful  
and kind ?

To my sweet native village, so far, far  
away,

I can never return with my poor dog  
Tray.

---

### SHELLS OF THE OCEAN.

J. W. LAKE.

ONE summer eve, with pensive thought,

I wander'd on the sea-beat shore,

Where oft in heedless infant sport

I gather'd shells in days before.

The plashing waves like music fell

Responsive to my fancy wild ;

A dream came o'er me like a spell,

I thought I was again a child.

I stoop'd upon the pebbly strand

To cull the toys that round me lay

But as I took them in my hand

I threw them one by one away.

Oh, thus, I said, in ev'ry stage  
By toys our fancy is beguiled,  
We gather shells from youth to age,  
And then we leave them like a child.

---

### THE MAIDS OF MERRY IRELAND.

R. WYNNE.

Oh, the maids of merry Ireland, so beautiful and fair,  
With eyes like diamonds sparkling, and richly flowing hair ;  
Their hearts are light and cheerful, and their spirits ever gay,  
The maids of merry Ireland, how beautiful are they !

They are like the lovely flowers in summer time that bloom,  
On the sportive breezes shedding their choice and sweet perfume,  
Our eyes and hearts delighting with their varied array,  
The maids of merry Ireland, how beautiful are they !

They smile when we are happy, when we are sad they sigh ;  
When anguish wrings our bosoms, the tear they gently dry ;

~~~~~  
Oh, happy is the nation that owns their  
tender sway,  
The maids of Merry Ireland, how beautiful are they !

Then ever like true patriots may we join  
both heart and hand,  
To protect the lovely maidens of this our  
fatherland ;  
And that Heaven may ever bless them  
we all devoutly pray,  
Oh, the maids of merry Ireland, how  
beautiful are they !

---

BEN BOLT.

[American.]

Oh ! don't you remember sweet Alice,  
Ben Bolt,  
Sweet Alice, with hair so brown ;  
She wept with delight when you gave  
her a smile,  
And trembled with fear at your frown.  
In the old churchyard in the valley, Ben  
Bolt,  
In a corner obscure and alone,  
They have fitted a slab of granite so grey,  
And poor Alice lies under the stone.  
They have fitted, &c.

Oh ! don't you remember the wood, Ben  
Bolt,

Near the green sunny slope of the hill ;  
Where oft we have sung 'neath its wide-  
spreading shades,

And kept time to the click of the mill.  
The mill has gone to decay, Ben Bolt,

And a quiet now reigns all around ;  
See the old rustic porch, with its roses  
so sweet,

Lies scatter'd and fall'n to the ground.  
See the old, &c.

Oh ! don't you remember the school,  
Ben Bolt,

And the master so kind and so true ;  
And the little nook by the clear running  
brook,

Where we gather'd the flowers as  
they grew !

On the master's grave grows the grass,  
Ben Bolt,

And the running little brook is now  
dry ;

And of all the friends who were school-  
mates then,

There remain, Ben, but you and I.  
And of all, &c.

## THE BELLS OF SHANDON.

REV. FRANCIS MAHONY

Irish Air.

WITH deep affection and recollection  
I often think of the Shandon bells,  
Whose sounds so wild would, in days of  
childhood,  
Fling round my cradle their magic  
spells.

On this I ponder, where'er I wander,  
And thus grow fonder, sweet Cork, of  
thee !

With thy bells of Shandon  
That sound so grand on  
The pleasant waters of the river Lee !

I have heard bells chiming full many a  
clime in,

Tolling sublime, in cathedral shrine,  
While at a glib rate, brass tongues  
would vibrate

But all their music spoke nought to  
thine !

For memory dwelling on each proud  
swelling

Of thy belfry knelling its bold notes  
free,

Made the bells of Shandon  
Sound far more grand on  
The pleasant waters of the river Lee !

I have heard bells rolling "old Adrian's  
mole" in

Their thunder rolling from the Vati-  
can :

With cymbals glorious, swinging uproar-  
ious

In the gorgeous turrets of Notre  
Dame ;

But thy sounds were sweeter than the  
dome of Peter

Flings o'er the Tiber, pealing sol-  
emnly !

Oh ! the bells of Shandon

Sound far more grand on

The pleasant waters of the river Lee !

There's a bell in Moscow, while on tow-  
er and kiosko,

In Saint Sophia, the Turkman gets,  
And loud in air calls men to prayer

From the tapering summits of tall  
minarets.

Such empty phantom I freely grant  
them ;



~~~~~  
But there's an anthem more dear to  
me—

It's the bells of Shandon,  
That sound so grand on  
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

~~~~~

## TERENCE'S FAREWELL.

LADY DUFFERIN.

So, my Kathleen, you're going to leave me  
All alone by myself in this place ;  
But I'm sure you will never deceive me,  
O, no, if there's truth in that face.  
Though England's a beautiful city,  
Full of illigant boys, O what then,  
You wouldn't forget your poor Terence !  
You'll come back to ould Ireland again.

Oh, those English deceivers by nature,  
Though maybe you'd think them sincere :  
They'll say you're a sweet charming  
creature,  
But don't you believe them, my dear.  
O, Kathleen, agraah ! don't be minding  
The flattering speeches they'd make ;  
But tell them a poor lad in Ireland  
Is breaking his heart for your sake.

~~~~~  
It's folly to keep you from going,  
Though, faith, it's a mighty hard case ;  
For, Kathleen, you know there's no  
knowing

When next I shall see your swate face.  
And when you come back to me, Kath-  
leen,

None the better will I be off then ;  
You'll be speaking such beautiful Eng-  
lish,

Sure I wont know my Kathleen again.

Aye now, where's the need of this hurry !

Dont fluster me so in this way ;  
I forgot, 'twixt the grief and the flurry,  
Every word I was maning to say.

Now just wait a minute, I bid ye ;

Can I talk if you bother me so ?—  
Oh, Kathleen, my blessings go wid ye,  
Every inch of the way that you go.

---

### BONNIE DUNDEE.

SIR. W. SCOTT.

Scotch Air.

To the Lords of Convention 'twas Cla-  
verhouse spoke :

“ Ere the king's crown go down there .  
are crowns to be broke ;

~~~~~  
So each cavalier, who loves honor and  
me,

Let him follow the bonnets o' Bonnie  
Dundee.

Come, fill up my cup ; come fill up  
my can,

Come, saddle my horses, and call  
out my men.

Unhook the West Port, and let us  
gae free ;

For it's up wi' the bonnets o' Bonnie  
Dundee."

Dundee he is mounted—he rides up the  
street ;

The bells they ring backward, the drums  
they are beat.

But the Provost (douce man) said, "Just  
e'en let it be ;

For the town is weel rid o' that deil o'  
Dundee."

Come, fill up my cup, &c.

There are hills beyond Pentland, and  
lands beyond Forth ;

If there are Lords in the South, there  
are Chiefs in the North.

There are brave Duinhe-wassels, three  
thousand times three,

Will cry, "Hey ! for the bonnets o'  
Bonnie Dundee."

Come, fill up my cup, &c.

"Then, awa' to the hills, to the lea, to  
the rocks !

Ere I own a usurper, I'll crouch wi' the  
fox.

And tremble, false Whigs, in the midst  
o' your glee ;

Ye hae nae seen the last o' my bonnets  
and me."

Come, fill up my cup, &c.

---

### DO THEY MISS ME AT HOME.

GRANNIS.

Do they miss me at home, do they miss  
me ?

'Twould be an assurance most dear,  
To know that this moment some loved  
one,

Were saying, "I wish he were here ;"  
To feel that the group at the fire-side,

Were thinking of me as I roam,  
Oh ! yes, 'twould be joy beyond measure,  
To know that they miss me at home  
To know that they miss me at home.

When twilight approaches the season,  
 That ever is sacred to song,  
 Does some one repeat my name over,  
 And sigh that I tarry so long?  
 And is there a chord in the music,  
 That's miss'd when my voice is away,  
 And a chord in each heart that awaketh  
 Regret at my wearisome stay?

Do they set me a chair near the table,  
 When evening's home pleasures are  
 nigh,  
 When candles are lit in the parlor,  
 And the stars in the calm azure sky?  
 And when the good nights are repeat-  
 ed,  
 And all lay them down to their sleep,  
 Do they think of the absent, and waft  
 me  
 A whispered "good night," while they  
 weep?

Do they miss me at home, do they miss  
 me,  
 At morning, at noon, or at night?  
 And lingers one gloomy shade round  
 them  
 That only my presence can light?

~~~~~  
Are joys less invitingly welcome,  
And pleasures less hale than before,  
Because one is missed from the circle,  
Because I am with them no more.

---

### GENTLE NETTIE MOORE

In a little white cottage,  
Where the trees are ever green,  
And the climbing roses blossom by the  
door :  
I've often sat and listen'd  
To the music of the birds,  
And the gentle voice of charming Nettie  
Moore.

*Chorus.*—O ! I miss you, Nettie Moore,  
And my happiness seems o'er,  
While a spirit sad around my  
heart has come ;  
And the busy days are long,  
And the nights are lonely now,  
For you're gone from our little  
cottage home.

Below us in the valley,  
On the river's dancing tide,  
Of a summer's eve I'd launch my open  
boat ;

~~~~~  
And when the moon was rising,  
And the stars began to shine,  
Down the river we so merrily would  
float.

Oh ! I miss you, &c.

And often in the autumn,  
Ere the dew had left the lawn,  
We would wander o'er the fields far  
away  
But those moments have departed,  
Gentle Nettie, too, is gone,  
And no longer sweetly with her can I  
stray.

Oh ! I miss you, &c.

Since the time that you departed  
I have longed from earth to rise,  
And join the happy angels gone before ;  
I cannot now be merry,  
For my heart is full of woe,  
Ever pining for my gentle Nettie Moore.  
Oh ! I miss you, &c.

You are gone, darling Nettie,  
I have mourned you many a day,  
But I'll wipe all the tears from my  
eyes,

For as soon as life is past,  
I shall meet you once again,  
In heaven, darling, up above the skies.  
Oh ! I miss you, &c.

---

## TO THE WEST.

C. MACKAY.

To the west ! to the west ! to the land  
of the free,  
Where mighty Missouri rolls down to  
the sea,  
Where a man is a man, if he's willing to  
toil,  
And the humblest may gather the fruits  
of the soil ;  
Where children are blessings, and he  
who hath most  
Has aid for his fortune and riches to  
boast ;  
Where the young may exult and the aged  
may rest,—  
Away, far away, to the land of the west !  
To the west ! to the west ! to the land  
of the free,  
Where mighty Missouri rolls down to  
the sea,



Where the young may exult and the  
aged may rest,  
Away, far away, to the land of the  
west !

To the west ! to the west ! where the  
rivers that flow  
Run thousands of miles, spreading out  
as they go ;  
Where the green waving forests shall  
echo our call,  
As wide as old England, and free to us all ;  
Where the prairies, like seas where the  
billows have roll'd,  
Are broad as the kingdoms and empires  
of old ;  
And the lakes are like oceans, in storm  
or in rest,  
Away, far away, to the land of the west !  
To the west ! &c.

To the west ! to the west ! there is  
wealth to be won,  
The forest to clear is the work to be  
done ;  
We'll try it, we'll do it, and never de-  
spair,  
While there's light in the sunshine or  
breath in the air,

The bold independence that labor shall  
buy  
Shall strengthen our hands and forbid  
us to sigh ;  
Away, far away, let us hope for the best,  
And build up a home in the land of the  
west !

To the west ! &c.

---

LILLY DALE.

H. S. THOMPSON.

'Twas a calm still night, and the moon's  
pale light,  
Shone soft o'er hill and vale ;  
When friends mute with grief, stood  
around the death-bed,  
Of my poor lost Lilly Dale.  
Oh ! Lilly, sweet Lilly, dear Lilly  
Dale,  
Now the wild rose blossoms o'er her  
little green grave,  
'Neath the trees in the flow'ry vale.  
Her cheeks that once glowed, with the  
rose tint of health,  
By the hand of disease had turned  
pale,

---

And the death-damp was on the pure  
white brow,

Of my poor lost Lilly Dale.

Oh ! Lilly, etc.

I go, she said, to the land of rest,

And ere my strength shall fail,

I must tell you where, near my own loved  
home,

You must lay poor Lilly Dale.

Oh ! Lilly, etc.

'Neath the chestnut tree, where the wild  
flowers grow,

And the stream ripples forth through  
the vale,

When the birds shall warble their songs  
in spring,

There, lay poor Lilly Dale.

Oh ! Lilly, etc.

---

### CONSTANTINOPLE.

KIND friends, your pity now bestow,

On one who stands before you ;

And listen to my tale of woe,

Though I promise not to bore you.

I longed to be a soldier's bride,

In my heart there burnt ambition's  
flame,

For I loved a gay young colonel, who  
 From Constantinople came,  
 Constantinople, Constantinople,  
 Constantinople the colonel came.

*Chorus.*—

C-Q-N, with a con, S-T-A-N, with  
 a stan,  
 With a constan, T-I ti, with a con-  
 stanti,  
 N-O no, with a no, with a constantino,  
 P-L-E, with a pull, Constantinople.

I met the colonel at the ball,  
 To me he was presented ;  
 Upon his knees the youth did fall,  
 And lots of staff invented.  
 He said he was a Turkish Prince,  
 And begged that I would bear his  
 name

So I accepted the young colonel,  
 Who from Constantinople came ;  
 Constantinople, Constantinople,  
 Constantinople the colonel came.  
 CON, with the con, etc.

One evening while we sat at tea,  
 We'd a visit quite informal ;  
 The police came, and gracious me,  
 They took away my colonel !

I soon found he a swindler was,  
And long had carried on that game ;  
So I lost the gay young colonel,  
Who from Constantinople came ;  
Constantinople, Constantinople,  
Constantinople the colonel came.  
CON, with a con, etc.

---

## THE DEAREST SPOT.

WRIGHTON.

THE dearest spot of earth to me, •  
Is home, sweet home ;  
The fairy land I've long'd to see,  
Is home, sweet home.  
There, how charm'd the sense of hear-  
ing,  
There, where hearts are so endearing,  
All the world is not so cheering,  
As home, sweet home.

I've taught my heart the way to prize  
My home, sweet home,  
I've learn'd to look with lover's eyes,  
On home, sweet home,  
There, where vows are truly plighted,  
There, where hearts are so united,  
All the world beside I've slighted,  
For home, sweet home.

## NORA O'NEAL.

Oh ! I'm lonely to-night love, without you,  
And I sigh for one glance of your eye;  
For, sure there's a charm, love, about  
you,

Whenever I know you are nigh.  
Like the beam of the star when 'tis smiling,

Is the glance which your eye can't  
conceal,

And your voice is so sweet and beguiling  
That I love you, sweet Nora O'Neal.

*Chorus.*—Oh ! don't think that ever I'll  
doubt you,  
My love I will never conceal,  
Oh ! I'm lonely to-night, love  
without you,  
My darling, sweet Nora  
O'Neal !

Oh ! the nightingale sings in the wild-  
wood,

As if every note that he knew  
Was learned from your sweet voice in  
childhood,  
To remind me, sweet Nora, of you

~~~~~  
But I think, love, so often about you,  
And you don't know how happy I feel,  
But I'm lonely to-night, love, without  
you,  
My darling, sweet Nora O'Neal !  
Oh ! don't think, etc.

Oh ! why should I weep tears of sorrow ?  
Oh ! why to let hope lose its place ?  
Won't I meet you, my darling, to-morrow,  
And smile on your beautiful face ?  
Will you meet me ? Oh ! say you will  
meet me  
With a kiss at the foot of the lane,  
And I'll promise whenever you greet me  
That I'll never be lonely again.  
Oh ! don't think, etc.

---

## JOHNNY SANDS.

J. SINCLAIR.

A MAN, whose name was Johnny Sands,  
Had married Betty Hague,  
And though she brought him gold and  
lands,  
She proved a terrible plague.  
For oh ! she was a scolding wife,  
Full of caprice and whim.

He said, that he was tired of life,  
And she was tired of him,  
And she was tired of him.

Says he, "then I will drown myself,  
The river runs below,"  
Says she, "pray do, you silly elf ;  
I wished it long ago."  
Says he, "upon the brink I'll stand,  
Do you run down the hill,  
And push me in with all your might,"  
Says she, "my love, I will."  
Says she, "my love, I will."

"For fear that I should courage lack,  
And try to save my life,  
Pray tie my hands behind my back,"  
"I will," replied his wife.  
She tied them fast, as you may think,  
And when securely done,  
"Now stand," says she, "upon the brink  
And I'll prepare to run."

All down the hill, his loving bride,  
Now ran with all her force,  
To push him in—he stepped aside,  
And she fell in, of course ;



Now splashing, dashing, like a fish,  
"Oh save me, Johnny Sands!"  
"I can't my dear, tho' much I wish,  
For you have tied my hands."

---

## MARY OF FERMOY.

Just eighteen years of age I am, my  
father's only joy,  
He owns a little farm and cot, in a place  
they call "Fermoy;"  
He gave me all the care he could, since  
my poor mother died,  
And I became my father's pet, and they  
say the village pride.  
He often took me on his knee, when I  
was but a child,  
And kissed me o'er and o'er again, and  
blessed me as he smiled;  
Of lovers I have got a score, and some  
in dear Fermoy,  
And one across the ocean wide, his name  
is Pat Malloy.

His mother keeps a huckster shop, well  
known for miles around,  
And search the country through and  
through, her equal can't be found;

But alas ! the times came very hard, the  
 landlord raised the rent,  
 And Pat to live in idleness could no longer  
 be content.  
 He came and asked a question, and I  
 answered, " Yes ; I will,"  
 He kissed me many times, as if he'd never  
 get his fill ;  
 Oh ! God will surely bless him, and protect  
 my darling joy,  
 Till he comes back to Ireland, and his  
 Mary of Fermoy.  
 He left Fermoy for England, and there  
 across the sea,  
 For good Columbia's happy shores, blest  
 land of liberty ;  
 Where Erin's sons are not the slaves of  
 landlord or of queen,  
 And where they can without offence  
 wear their country's badge of green.  
 My Pat has written home to me to other  
 loves decline,  
 For he has promised me his heart, and I  
 know that he has mine ;  
 And now he's coming home again, to visit  
 dear Fermoy,  
 Then Father Boyce will change my name,  
 to Mistress Pat Malloy.

## UP FOR THE GREEN!

'Tis the green—O, the green is the color  
of the true,

And we'll back it 'gainst the orange,  
and we'll raise it o'er the blue!

For the color of our Fatherland alone  
should here be seen—

'Tis the color of the martyred dead—our  
own immortal green.

Then up for the green, boys, and up  
for the green!

O, 'tis down to the dust, and a shame  
to be seen;

But we've hands—O, we've hands,  
boys, full strong enough, I ween,

To rescue and to raise again our own  
immortal green!

They may say they have power, 'tis vain  
to oppose—

'Tis better to obey and live, than surely  
die as foes;

But we scorn all their threats, boys,  
whatever they may mean;

For we trust in God above us, and we  
dearly love the green.

So we'll up for the green, and we'll  
up for the green!

O, to *die* is far better than be cursed  
as we have been ;  
And we've hearts—O, we've hearts,  
boys, full true enough, I ween,  
To rescue and to raise again our own  
immortal green !

They may swear as they often did, our  
wretchedness to cure ;  
But we'll never trust John Bull again,  
nor let his lies allure ;  
No, we won't—no, we won't, Bull, for  
now nor evermore !  
For we've hopes on the ocean, and we've  
trust on the shore.  
Then up for the green,, boys, and up  
for the green !  
Shout it back to the Sasanach, " We'll  
*never* sell the green !"  
For our TONE is coming back, and  
with men enough, I ween,  
To rescue, and avenge us, and our  
own immortal green. .

O, remember the days when their reign  
we did disturb,  
At Limerick and Thules, Blackwater  
and Benburb ;

~~~~~  
And ask this proud Saxon if our blows  
he did enjoy,  
When we met him on the battle field of  
France, at Fontenoy.  
Then we'll up for the green, boys, and  
up for the green !  
O, 'tis *still* in the dust, and a shame  
to be seen ;  
But we've hearts and we've hands,  
boys, full strong enough, I ween,  
To rescue and to raise again our own  
unsullied green !

---

## THE WEARING OF THE GREEN.

O, PADDY dear, and did you hear, the  
news that's going round,  
The Shamrock is forbid by laws, to grow  
on Irish ground ;  
No more St. Patrick's day we'll keep,  
his color last be seen,  
For there's a bloody law, agin the wear-  
ing of the green.  
O I met with Napper Tandy, and he  
took me by the hand,  
And he says how is "Ould Ireland,"  
and how does she stand ;

~~~~~  
She's the most distressed country that  
ever I have seen,  
For they are hanging men and women  
for the wearing of the green.

And since the color we must wear, is  
England's cruel red,  
Ould Ireland's sons will ne'er forget the  
blood that they have shed :  
Then take the Shamrock from your hat,  
and cast it on the sod,  
It will take root, and flourish still, tho'  
under foot 'tis trod.  
When the law can stop the blades of  
grass from growing as they grow,  
And when the leaves in summer-time,  
their verdure does not show,  
Then I will change the color I wear in  
my cabbeen,  
But till that day, plaze God, I'll stick to  
the wearing of the green.

But if at last her colors should be torn  
from Ireland's heart,  
Her sons with shame and sorrow from  
the dear old soil will part ;  
I've heard whispers of a country, that  
lies far beyond the sea,

~~~~~  
Where rich and poor stand equal in the  
light of freedom's day.

O ! Erin, must we leave you, driven by  
the tyrant's hand ?

Must we ask a mother's blessing in a  
strange but happy land ?

Where the cruel cross of England's  
thralldom never to be seen,

But where, thank God, we'll live and  
die, still wearing of the green.

---

### THE FLYING TRAPEZE !

ONCE I was happy, but now I'm forlorn,  
Like an old coat that is tattered and  
torn,

Left in this wide world to fret and to  
mourn ;

Betrayed by a maid in her teens.

The girl that I loved, she was handsome ;

I tried all I knew her to please ;

But I could not please her one quarter  
so well

Like that man upon the Trapeze.

*Chorus.*—He'd fly through the air with  
the greatest of ease,

A daring young man on the  
flying Trapeze ;

His movements were graceful,  
all girls he could please,  
And my love he purloined  
away.

This young man by name was Signor  
Bona Slang ;  
Tall, big and handsome, as well made as  
Chang ;  
Where'er he appeared, the hall loudly  
rang :  
With ovation from all people there.  
He'd smile from the bar on the people  
below ;  
And one night he smiled on my love,  
She winked back at him, and she shout-  
ed, Bravo !  
As he hung by his nose up above.  
He'd fly through the air, etc.

Her father and mother were both on my  
side,  
And very hard tried to make her my  
own bride :  
Her father he sighed, and her mother  
she cried,  
To see her throw herself away.  
'Twas all no avail : she went there every  
night,



And would throw him bouquets on  
the stage,  
Which caused him to meet her ; how he  
ran me down,  
To tell you would take a whole page.  
He'd fly through the air, etc.

One night, I as usual, went to her dear  
home,  
Found there her mother and father alone ;  
I asked for my love : and soon they made  
known,  
To my horror, that she'd run away !  
She'd packed up her box and eloped in  
the night,  
With him, with the greatest of ease :  
From two stories high, he had lowered  
her down  
To the ground, on his flying Trapeze.  
He'd fly through the air, etc.

Some months after this, I went to a Hall,  
Was greatly surprised to see, on the wall,  
A bill in red letters, which did my heart  
gall—  
That she was appearing with him !  
He taught her gymnastics, and dressed  
her in tights,  
To help him to live at his ease,

~~~~~  
And made her assume a masculine name !  
And now she goes on the Trapeze !

*Chorus.*—She floats through the air with  
the greatest of ease,  
You'd think her a man on the  
flying Trapeze,  
She does all the work, while  
he takes his ease,  
And that's what's become  
of my love !

---

·  
WOULD I WERE A BOY AGAIN.

O would I were a boy again,  
When life seemed formed of sunny  
years,  
And all the heart then knew of pain  
Was swept away in transient tears.  
Was swept away in transient tears.  
When ev'ry late hope whisper'd then,  
My fancy deemed was only truth.  
O would that I could know again,  
The happy visions of my youth.  
O would I were a boy again, etc.

'Tis vain to mourn that years have  
shown,  
How false these fairy visions were ;

·     ·

Or murmur that mine eyes have known,  
The burden of a fleeting tear,  
But still the heart will fondly cling,  
To hopes no longer prized as truth,  
And memory still delights to bring,  
The happy visions of my youth.  
O would I were a boy again, etc.

---

**OULD IRELAND ! YOU'RE MY DARLIN'.**

Ould Ireland ! your'e my jewel, sure,  
My heart's delight and glory ;  
Till time shall pass his empty glass,  
Your name shall live in story.  
And this shall be the song for me,  
The first my heart was larnin',  
Before my tongue one accent sung,  
Ould Ireland ! you're my darlin'.

My blessing's on each manly son  
Of thine who will stand by thee ;  
But hänge the knave and dastard slave  
So base as to deny thee.  
Then bould and free, while yet for me  
The globe is round us whirlin',  
My song shall be, Gra Galmachree,  
Ould Ireland ! you're my darlin'.

~~~~~  
Sweet spot of earth that gave me birth,  
Deep in my soul I cherish,  
While life remains within these veins,  
A love that ne'er can perish.  
If it was a thing that I could sing,  
Like any thrush or starlin',  
In cage or tree, my song should be,  
Ould Ireland ! your'e my darlin'.

---

### PRETTY MAID MILKING HER COW.

It being on a fine summer's morning,  
As birds sweetly tuned on each bough,  
I heard a fair maid sing most charming,  
As she sat a milking her cow.  
Her voice was enchanting—melodious,  
Which left me scarce able to go ;  
My heart it was soothed in solace,  
By the pretty maid milking her cow.

With courtesy I did salute her :  
“ Good-morrow, most amiable maid ;  
I am your captive slave for the future.”  
“ Kind sir, do not banter,” she said ;  
“ I am not such a precious rare jewel,  
That I should enamour you so ;  
I am but a plain country girl,”  
Said this pretty maid milking her cow.

~~~~~  
“ The Indies afford no such jewel,  
So precious and transparent clear,  
Oh ! do not refuse to be my jewel,  
But consent, and love me, my dear ;  
Take pity, and grant my desire,  
And leave me no longer in woe ;  
Oh ! love me, or else I'll expire,  
Sweet colleen dhas cruthin amoe.” \*

“ I don't understand what you mean, sir,  
I never was a slave yet to love ;  
These emotions I cannot experience,  
So, I pray, these affections remove ;  
To marry, I can assure you,  
That state I will not undergo,  
So, young man, I pray you will excuse  
me.”

Said this pretty maid milking her cow.

“ Had I the wealth of great Omar,  
Or all on the African shore ;  
Or had I great Devonshire's treasure,  
Or had I ten thousand times more,  
Or had I the lamp of Aladdin,  
And had I his genius, also—  
I'd rather live poor on a mountain,  
With colleen dhas cruthin amoe.”

\* Pretty maid milking her cow.

~~~~~  
" I beg you withdraw, and do not tease me,  
I cannot consent unto thee ;  
I prefer to live single and airy,  
Till more of the world I see ;  
New cares they would me embarrass—  
Besides, sir, my fortune is low :  
Until I get rich I'll not marry,"  
Said the colleen dhas cruthin amoe.

" A young maid is like a ship sailing,  
She don't know how long she may  
steer,  
For in every blast she is in danger,  
So consent, and love me, my dear.  
For riches I care not a farthing ;  
Your affections I want, and no more ;  
In wedlock I wish to bind you,  
Sweet colleen dhas cruthin amoe ! "

---

PAT MALLOY.

\* At sixteen years of age, I was my mother's fair-hair'd boy ;  
She kept a little huckster shop, her name  
it was Malloy,  
I've fourteen children, Pat, says she,  
which Heav'n to me has sent ;  
But childer aint like pigs, you know :  
they can't pay the rent.

~~~~~  
She gave me ev'ry shilling there was in  
the till,  
And kiss'd me fifty times or more, as if  
she'd never get her fill,  
Oh ! Heav'n bless you ! Pat, says she,  
and don't forget my boy,  
That : Ould Ireland is your Country, and  
your name is Pat Malloy !

Oh ! England is a purty place : of goold  
there is no lack—  
I trudged from York to London wid me  
scythe upon me back,  
The English girls are beautiful, their  
loves I don't decline ;  
The eating and the drinking, too, is beau-  
tiful and fine ;  
But in a corner of me heart, which no-  
body can see,  
Two eyes of Irish blue are always peep-  
ing out at me !  
O, Molly darlin', never fear : I'm still  
your own dear boy—  
Ould Ireland is me Country, and me  
name is Pat Malloy !

From Ireland to America, across the  
seas, I roam :

And every shilling that I got, ah ! sure  
I sent it home,  
Me mother couldn't write, but, oh ! there  
came from Father Boyce :  
Oh ! Heav'n bless you ! Pat, says she—  
I hear me mother's voice !  
But, now, I'm going home again, as poor  
as I began,  
To make a happy girl of Moll, and sure  
I think I can :  
Me pockets they are empty, but me  
heart is fill'd wid joy :  
For, Ould Ireland is me Country, and  
me name is Pat Malloy.

---

## SONG OF ALL SONGS.

As you walk through the streets, you  
will see as you go,  
In music store windows lots of ballads  
in a row.  
I saw some the other day as I went  
along,  
So I've put them together to make up  
my song.  
There was sweet Annie Lisle and Billy  
Barlow,  
Going to Limerick, where kissing's all  
the go.



~~~~~  
Give us back our old Commander, with  
the Sword of Bunker Hill,  
Kissing goes by favor with the lass of  
Pattie's Mill.

When this cruel war is over, no niggers  
need apply,  
For sour krout and sausages is our bat-  
tle cry.

We're marching along to answer free-  
om's call,

Or jump Jim Crow at Lanigan's ball.

Then rock me to sleep in my gum-tree  
canoe,

The Captain with his whiskers, and his  
Hoop de dooden do.

John Bull, do you remember the grave  
of Lillie Dale?

St. Patrick was a gentleman, a-riding on  
a rail.

There's whiskey in the jar, on the banks  
of Allenwater ;

The brave Sixth Corps after Scroggins's  
daughter.

Where's the Spondulix ? I'm a bachelor  
forlorn,

In the days when I was hard up, where's  
all the money gone ?

~~~~~  
How are you, Greenbacks, in the home  
of the free.

With old Robert Ridley in the cottage  
by the sea.

I'm a single young man ; what are the  
girls about ?

How are you, Horace Greely ; does your  
mother know you're out ?

At the battle of Bull Run, where our  
soldiers brave did rally,

Give me a gallant bark with Sally in  
our alley ;

Let me kiss him for his mother ; he's a  
bold privateer ;

We'll cross the deep blue sea in bully  
lager beer.

I'm going to fight mit Sigel, away down  
in Maine ;

I'm going to be married with my Mary  
Blane.

But there's Wendell Phillips, way down  
in Dixie land,

. A-courting in the kitchen a female con-  
traband.

I'd like to be a soldier, my country's  
battles fight,

~~~~~  
A-courting Mary Jane, or a-sparking  
· Sunday night.

Indeed I am so bashful my love for you  
must excuse,

· If a young gal should propose, I don't  
think I'd refuse.

Where's all the liquor, our bacon and  
greens,

Our starry flag shall wave from Maine  
to New Orleans.

But there's noble Washington, his name  
you can't erase,

For he was the right man in the right  
place.

—————  
I'M NOT MYSELF AT ALL.

OH ! I am not myself at all, Molly dear,  
Molly dear,

I am not myself at all,  
Nothing caring, nothing knowing, 'tis  
after you I'm going,

Faith your shadow 'tis I'm growing,  
Molly dear, Molly dear,

And I'm not myself at all.

Th' other day I went confessin', and I  
asked the father's blessin',

“ But,” says I, “ don't give me one  
entirely,

~~~~~  
For I fretted so last year, but the  
half o' me is here,  
So give the other half to Molly Brierly ;  
Oh ! I'm not myself at all."

Oh ! I'm not myself at all, Molly dear,  
Molly dear,  
My appetite's so small,  
I once could pick a goose, but my but-  
tons is no use,  
Faith my tightest coat is loose, Molly  
dear, Molly dear,  
And I'm not myself at all.  
If thus it is I waste, you'd better, dear,  
make haste,  
Before your lover's gone away entirely,  
If you don't soon change your mind,  
Not a bit o' me you'll find,  
And what 'ud you think o' that, Molly  
Brierly ?  
Oh ! I'm not myself at all.

Oh ! my shadow on the wall, Molly dear,  
Molly dear,  
Is'nt like myself at all.  
For I've got so very thin, myself says  
'tis'nt him,  
But that purty girl so slim, Molly dear,  
Molly dear,

~~~~~  
And I'm not myself at all.  
If thus I smaller grow, all fretting, dear,  
for you,  
'Tis you should make me up the deficiency,  
So just let Father Taaf,  
Make you my better half,  
And you will not the worse for the addition be ;  
Oh ! I'm not myself at all.

I'll be not myself at all, Molly dear,  
Molly dear,  
'Till you my own I call ;  
Since a change o'er me there came, sure  
you might change your name,  
And 'twould just come to the same,  
Molly dear, Molly dear,  
Oh ! 'twould just come to the same ;  
For if you and I were one, all confusion  
would be gone,  
And 'twould simplify the mather entirely,  
And 'twould save us so much bother,  
When we'd both be one another,  
So listen now to rayson, Molly Brierly ;  
Oh ! I'm not myself at all.

## THE IRISH JAUNTING CÀR.

My name is Larry Doolan, I'm a native  
of the soil,  
If you want a day's diversion, I'll drive  
you out in style,  
My car is painted red and green, and on  
the door a star,  
And the pride of Dublin city is my Irish  
jaunting car.

*Chorus.*—Then, if you want to hire me,  
step into Mickey Mar's,  
And ask for Larry Doolan and  
his Irish jaunting cars.

When Queen Victoria came to Ireland  
her health to revive,  
She asked the Lord Lieutenant to take  
her out to ride ;  
She replied unto his greatness, before  
they traveled far,  
How delightful was the jogging of the  
Irish jaunting car.

I'm hired by drunken men, tetotalers,  
and my friends,  
But a cartman has so much to do, his  
duty never ends ;

Night and day, both wet and dry, I  
travel near and far,  
And at night I count the earnings of my  
Irish jaunting car.

Some say the Russian bear is tough, and  
I believe it's true,  
Though we beat them at the Alma and  
Balaklava, too,  
But if our Connaught Rangers would  
bring home the Russian Czar,  
I would drive them off to blazes in my  
Irish jaunting car.

Some say all wars are over, I hope to  
God they are,  
For you know full well they never were  
good for a jaunting car,  
But peace and plenty—may they reign  
here, both near and far,  
Then we'll drive to feasts and festivals  
in an Irish jaunting car.

They say they are in want of men, the  
French and English, too,  
And it's all about their commerce now  
they don't know what to do,

~~~~~  
But if they come to Ireland our jolly  
sons to mar,  
I'll drive them to the devil in my Irish  
jaunting car.

---

## FAREWELL TO KATHLEEN.

SLEEP on, my beloved one,  
My Kathleen sleep on,  
And dream of the bright days  
And hopes that are gone,  
Until in thy slumber  
Thou still seems't to hear,  
The words which a loved one  
Once breathed in thine ear,  
Farewell, farewell my Kathleen dear,  
Farewell, farewell my Kathleen dear.

May that dream of enchantment  
Be oft in my sleep,  
When high lash the billows,  
When loud roars the deep ;  
Where my bark bears me swiftly  
Far, far from my home,  
May the bliss of that moment  
To soothe thee oft come !  
Farewell, farewell ! my Kathleen dear,  
Farewell, farewell ! my Kathleen dear.



## BARNEY O'HEA.

Or, Now Let Me Alone.

“Now let me alone, though I know you  
won't—

I know you won't—I know you won't—  
Now let me alone, though I know you  
won't,

Impudent Barney O'Hea.

It makes me outrageous when you're so  
contagious—

You'd better look out for the stout  
Corney Creagh !

For he is the boy that believes I'm his  
joy—

So you'd better behave yourself, Bar-  
ney O'Hea,

Impudent Barney, none of your blar-  
ney,

Impudent Barney O'Hea.

“I hope you are not going to Brandon  
fair,

To Brandon fair, to Brandon fair ;

For sure I'm not wanting to meet you  
there,

Impudent Barney O'Hea.

For Corney's at Cork, and my brother's  
at work,  
And my mother sits spinning at home  
all the day,  
So no one will be there, of me to take  
care,  
And I hope you won't follow me, Barney  
O'Hea,"  
Impudent Barney O'Hea.

When I got to the fair, sure the first I  
meet there,  
The first I met there, the first I met  
there,  
When I got to the fair, the first I met  
there,  
Was impudent Barney O'Hea.  
He bothered and teased me, though  
somehow he pleased me,  
Till at last—oh! the saints—what  
will poor Corney say?  
But I think the boy's honest, so on Sun  
day I've promised,  
For better or worse to take Barney  
O'Hea.  
Impudent Barney, so sweet was his  
blarney,  
Impudent Barney O'Hea.

## • THE GREEN LINNET.

CURIOSITY bore a young native of Erin,  
To view the gay banks of the Rhine,  
When an empress he saw, and the robe  
she was wearing

All over with diamonds did shine ;  
A goddess in splendor was never yet seen,  
To equal this fair one so mild and serene,  
In soft murmur she says, " My sweet lin-  
net so green,

Are you gone—will I never see you  
more ?

The cold, lofty Alps, you freely went  
over,

Which nature had placed in your way,  
That Marengo, Salomey, around you did  
hover,

And Paris did rejoice the next day.  
It grieves me the hardships you did un-  
dergo,

Over mountains you traveled all cov-  
ered with snow,

The balance of power your courage laid  
low,

Are you gone—will I never see you  
more ?

The crowned heads of Europe when you  
were in splendor,  
Fain would they have you submit,  
But the goddess of Freedom soon bid  
them surrender,  
And lowered the standard to your wit ;  
Old Frederick's colors in France you did  
bring,  
Yet his offspring found shelter under  
your wing,  
That year in Virginia you sweetly did sing,  
Are you gone—will I never see you  
more ?

That numbers of men are eager to slay you,  
Their malice you viewed with a smile,  
Their gold through all Europe they sowed  
to betray you,  
And they joined the Mamelukes on  
the Nile.  
Like ravens for blood their vile passions  
did burn,  
The orphans they slew, and caused the  
widows to mourn,  
They say my linnet's gone and ne'er will  
return,  
Is he gone—will I never see him  
more ?

~~~~~  
When the trumpet of war the grand  
blast was sounding,  
You marched to the north with good  
will,  
To relieve the poor slaves in their vile  
sack clothing,  
You used your exertion and skill.  
You spread out the wings of your envied  
train,  
While tyrants great Cæsar's old nest set  
in flames,  
Their own subjects they caused to eat  
herbs on the plains,  
Are you gone—will I never see you  
more?

In great Waterloo, where numbers laid  
sprawling,  
In every field, high or low,  
Fame on her trumpets through French-  
men was calling,  
Fresh laurels to place on her brow.  
Usurpers did tremble to hear the loud call,  
The third old Babe's new buildings did fall,  
The Spaniards their fleet in the harbor  
did call,  
Are you gone—will I never see you  
more.

I'll roam through the deserts of wild  
Abyssinia,  
And yet find no cure for my pain,  
Will I go and inquire in the isle of St.  
Helena?

No, we will whisper in vain.  
Tell me, you critics, now tell me in time,  
The nation I will range my sweet linnet  
to find,  
Was he slain at Waterloo, or Elba on  
the Rhine?  
If he was, I will never see him more.

---

### BOBBING AROUND.

W. J. FLORENCE.

IN August last, on one fine day,  
A bobbing around, around, around,  
When Josh and I went to make hay,  
We went bobbing around.

Says Josh to me, let's take a walk,  
A bobbing around, around, around,  
Then we can have a private talk,  
As we go bobbing around.

We walked along to the mountain ridge,  
A bobbing around, around, around,

---

Till we got near Squire Slipshop's bridge,  
As we went bobbing around.

Then Josh and I went on a spree,  
A bobbing around, around, around,  
And I kiss'd Josh, and Josh kiss'd me,  
As we went bobbing around.

Then Josh's pluck no longer tarried,  
A bobbing around, around, around,  
Says he, Dear Patience, let's get married,  
Then we'll go bobbing around.

Now I knew he loved another gal,  
A bobbing around, around, around,  
They call'd her long-legg'd, crook'd-shin'd,  
curly-tooth'd Sal,  
When he went bobbing around.

So after we got into church,  
A bobbing around, around, around,  
I cut and left Josh in the lurch,  
Then he went bobbing around.

Now all you chaps what's got a gal,  
A bobbing around, around, around,  
Just think of long-legg'd, crook'd-shin'd,  
curly-tooth'd Sal,  
When you go bobbing around.

## BEAUTIFUL ERIN.

BEAUTIFUL Erin ! I leave thy shore,  
For a home far over the sea ;  
But where Niagara's waters roar,  
This heart still will beat for thee.  
In fancy I'll roam the mountain side,  
Where the homes of my fathers stand ;  
And I'll sing amid the dark woods wide,  
The songs of my own green land,  
I'll sing, I'll sing the songs of my own  
green land,  
I'll sing, I'll sing the songs of my own  
green land.

Breaking the bough with weary toil,  
In that land where plenty flows,  
I'll sigh for my own dear verdant soil,  
Where my native shamrock grows.  
Oh ! beautiful Erin, then fare-thee-well,  
Dear home of my childhood's hours !  
No more 'mid thy fond bright scenes I  
dwell,  
Farewell to thy fields and flowers,  
Farewell ! farewell ! farewell to thy fields  
and flow'rs,  
Farewell ! loved Erin, oh fare-thee-well. •



## DUBLIN LASSES.

AIR.—“*Boy's Wife.*”

CUPID to fulfil a duty,  
Lately from Idalia passes ;  
Hovering o'er the isle of beauty,  
Gave the palm to Dublin lasses.  
O, the dear delighting lasses,  
Who compare with Dublin lasses,  
Wit and beauty both combine,  
And sweetly shine in Dublin lasses.

Venus with a view to teaze him,  
Sent him next to Mount Parnassus,  
De'il a damsel there could please him,  
Like our charming Dublin lasses.  
O, the dear, delighting, etc.

Love is theirs, best boon of nature,  
Tendered by the kindred graces,  
Each endearing glance and feature  
Binds the heart to Dublin lasses.  
O, the dear, delighting, etc.

Music may have charms for many, \*  
Others stifle care o'er glasses,  
My delight and boast is Fanny,  
Fairest of the Dublin lasses.  
O, the dear, delighting, etc.

Sigh who will for golden treasure,  
Mine's a gem that gold surpasses,  
Fanny's smiles give wealth and pleasure,  
Gifts reserved for the Dublin lasses.  
O, the dear, delighting, etc.

---

## COLLEEN BAWN.

'Twas on a bright morning in summer  
I first heard his voice speakin' low,  
As he said to a colleen beside me,  
Who's that purty girl milking her  
cow?  
Oh! many times afther ye met me,  
An' vowed that I always should be  
Your darlin' a cushla, alanna mavour-  
neen,  
A suilish machree.

I havén't the manners or graces  
Of the girls in the world where ye  
move,  
I havn't their beautiful faces,  
But oh! I've a heart that can love;  
If it please ye, I'll dress me in satin,  
An' jewels I'il put on my brow,  
But oh! don't be afther forgettin'  
Your purty girl milking her cow.

## ERIN MAVOURNEEN.

WHEN the pure sense of honor shall  
cease to inspire thee,  
And kind hospitality leaves thy gay  
shore ;

When the nations that know thee no  
longer admire thee,  
Then, Erin mavourneen, I'll love thee  
no more.

When the trumpet of fame shall cease to  
proclaim thee,  
Of warriors the nurse, in the ages of  
yore,

When the muse and the record of genius  
disclaim thee,  
Then, Erin mavourneen, I'll love thee  
no more.

When thy brave sons no longer are  
generous and witty,  
And cease to be loved by the fair  
they adore,

When thy daughters no longer are  
virtuous and pretty,  
Then, Erin mavourneen, I'll love thee  
no more.

## MY GRA GAL MACHREE.

O, BLOOMING and fair  
Was the young nymph who stole  
The love of my heart  
And the peace of my soul ;  
Two eyes, like the stars,  
Shining bright o'er the sea,  
And a heart warm with love  
Has my Gra Gal Machree.

The long, curling hair  
On her white bosom hung,  
And heart-stealing music  
Fell sweet from her tongue,  
And the blush on her cheek  
Told of something to me,  
When first I beheld her,  
My Gra Gal Machree.

That ner dear heart was mine  
Sure that rising blush told,  
And they say that my love  
Will soon change and grow cold ;  
But their words are all false,  
For I'll love only thee,  
Till death cools this heart,  
My Gra Gal Machree.

O, blooming and fair  
Was the young nymph who stole  
The love of my heart  
And the peace of my soul ;  
Two eyes, like the stars,  
Shining bright o'er the sea,  
And a heart warm with love  
Has my Gra Gal Machree.

---

## WE MAY BE HAPPY YET.

O, SMILE as thou wert wont to smile, be-  
fore the weight of care  
Had crushed thy heart, and for a while  
left only sorrow there ;  
Some thoughts perchance 'twere best to  
quell, some impulse to forget,  
O'er which should mem'ry cease to dwell,  
we may be happy yet.

O, never name departed days, nor vows  
you whispered then,  
Round which too sad a feeling plays to  
trust their tones again ;  
Regard their shadows round thee cast  
as if we ne'er had met,  
And thus unmindful of the past, we may  
be happy yet.

## THE TAIL IV ME COAT.

I LARNED me reading an' writing,  
At Ballyragget where I wint to school,  
'Twas there I first took to fighting,  
With the school-master, Mистер  
O'Toole ;  
He and I had many a scrimmage,  
The divil a copy I wrote,  
But not a gossoon in the village,  
Dare thread on the tail iv me coat.

I an illegant hand was at courting,  
For lessons I took in the art,  
Till cupid, that blaggard, while sporting,  
A big arrow siut smack through me  
heart.  
Miss O'Conner, I live straight forninst  
her,  
And tindher lines to her I wrote,  
Who dare say a black word against her,  
Why I'd thread on the tail iv their  
coat.

A bog-trotter wan, Micky Mulvany,  
He tried for to coax her away ;  
He had money and I hadn't any,  
So a challenge I sent him wan day.

~~~~~  
Next morning we met at Killhealy,  
The Shannon we crossed in a boat,  
There I lather'd him wid me shillely,  
For he trod on the tail iv me coat.

Me fame spread through the nation,  
Folks flock for to gaze upon me,  
All cry out without hesitation,  
"Och, yer a fightin' man, Micky Ma-  
gee!"  
I fought with the Finnagan faction,  
We bate all the Murphys afloat,  
If inclined for a row or a ruction,  
Why, I'd tread on the tail iv me coat.

---

### MICKEY THE CARMAN.

AIR.—"Low Backed Car."

I'm Mickey McCue, a boy so thrue,  
I belong to the Emerald Isle,  
And if ye will listen, your eyes will glis-  
ten,  
And your faces will bear a smile.  
There's not one so merry, from Cork to  
Derry,  
The ladies, near and far,  
Say its a thrate to take a sate  
On my Irish jauntin' car.

Dhrivin'—joultin'—gallopin'—  
On my jauntin' car.  
When I get a fare,  
I dhrive away care,  
As I dhrive my jauntin' car.

In Dublin city, so nate and pretty,  
I used to take my stand ;  
On my car so nate 'twas quite a thrate,  
To dhrive thro' the streets so grand.  
The sights so fine in summer-time,  
I'd dhrive you near or far—  
The reins I grip, I crack my whip,  
Off goes my jauntin' car.

Dhrivin', etc.

If a girl to your mind you want to find,  
Ould Ireland is the part—  
The colleens fair, I do declare,  
Are sure to stale your heart.  
With a glance so sly, and beaming eye,  
As bright as any star—  
Be the powers above, you're shure to  
love,  
If you go on a jauntin' car.

Dhrivin', etc.

Poor Dublin now's in throuble,  
There's very little fun ;



~~~~~  
I used to sit on my yoke, and crack a joke,  
With any boy undher the sun.  
But the Fenian boys my time employs,  
For them I've rambled far,  
And I left poor Erin's Isle, my boys,  
And my horse and jauntin' car.  
Dhrivin', etc.

---

## LIMERICK IS BEAUTIFUL.

LIMERICK is beautiful,  
As everybody knows,  
The river Shannon, full of fish,  
Through that city flows.  
But 'tis not the river or the fish,  
That weighs upon my mind,  
Nor with the town of Limerick  
I've any fault to find.  
Ochone, ochone.

The girl I love is beautiful,  
And soft-eyed as the fawn,  
She lives in Garryowen,  
And is called the Colleen Bawn.  
And proudly as that river flows,  
Through that famed city,  
As proudly and without a word,  
That colleen goes by me.  
Ochone, ochone.

If I was made the Emperor  
Of Russia to command,  
Or Julius Cæsar, or the  
Lord lieutenant of the land,  
I'd giye my plate and golden store,  
I'd give up my army,  
The horse, the rifles, and the foot,  
And the Royal artillery.  
Ochone, ochone.

I'd give the crown from off my head,  
My people on their knees,  
I'd give the fleet of sailing ships  
Upon the briny seas ;  
A beggar I would go to bed,  
And happy rise at dawn,  
If by my side for my sweet bride  
I had found my Colleen Bawn.  
Ochone, ochone

---

FAR, FAR UPON THE SEA.

C. MACKAY.

FAR, far upon the sea,  
The good ship speeding free,  
Upon the deck we gather young and old ;  
And view the flapping sail  
Swelling out before the gale,  
Full and round, without a wrinkle or a fold.

Or watch the waves that glide -  
By the vessel's stately side,  
Or the wild sea-birds that follow through  
the air ;  
Or gather in a ring,  
And with cheerful voices sing.  
Oh ! gaily goes the ship when the wind  
blows fair.

Far, far upon the sea,  
With the sunshine on our lee,  
We talk of pleasant days when we were  
young  
And remember, though we roam,  
The sweet melodies of home—  
The happy songs of childhood which we  
sung ;  
And though we quit her shore  
To return to it no more,  
Sound the glories that Britannia yet  
shall bear—  
That " Britons rule the waves,  
And never shall be slaves."  
Oh ! gaily goes the ship when the wind  
blows fair.

Far, far upon the sea,  
Whate'er our country be,  
The thought of it shall cheer us as we go,

~~~~~  
And Scotland's sons shall join  
"In the days of auld lang syne,"  
With voice by mem'ry soften'd clear and  
low ;  
And the men of Erin's isle,  
Battling sorrow with a smile,  
Shall sing "St. Patrick's morning" void  
of care ;  
And thus we pass the day,  
As we journey on our way—  
Oh ! gaily goes the ship when the wind  
blows fair.

---

### WHAT WILL YOU DO, LOVE ?

SAMUEL LOVER.

"WHAT will you do, love, when I am  
going  
With white sail flowing—the seas  
beyond ?  
What will you do, love, when waves  
divide us,  
And friends may chide us for being  
fond ?"  
"Though waves divide us, and friends  
be chiding,  
In faith abiding, I'll still be true,

~~~~~  
And I'll pray for thee on the stormy  
ocean,  
With deep devotion—that's what I'll  
do."

"What will you do, love, if distant  
tidings

Thy fond confidings should undermine?  
And I abiding 'neath sultry skies,  
Should think other eyes were bright  
as thine?"

"Oh! name it not, though guilt and  
shame

Were on thy name, I'd still be true ;  
•But that heart of thine, should another  
share it,  
I could not bear it—what would I do?"

"What would you do, love, when home  
returning,

With hope high burning, with wealth  
for you,  
If my bark that bounded o'er foreign  
foam,

Should be lost near home, ah! what  
would you do?"

"So thou wert spared I'd bless the  
morrow,

In want and sorrow, that left me you,

~~~~~  
And I'd welcome thee from the wasting  
    billow,  
    Thy heart my pillow—that's what I'd  
    do."

---

ROCKED IN THE CRADLE OF THE  
DEEP.

MRS. WILLARD.

Rock'd in the cradle of the deep  
I lay me down in peace to sleep,  
Secure, I rest upon the wave,  
For Thou, oh ! Lord, hast power to save.  
I know Thou wilt not slight my call,  
For Thou dost mark the sparrow's fall,  
And calm and peaceful shall I sleep,  
Rock'd in the cradle of the deep.

And such the trust that still were mine,  
Though stormy winds sweep o'er the  
    brine,  
Or though the tempest's fiery breath  
Roused me from slumber to wreck and  
    death !  
In ocean cave, still safe with Thee  
The germ of immortality !  
And calm and peaceful shall I sleep,  
Rock'd in the cradle of the deep.

## SHUILE AGRA.

As I roved through my new garden  
bowers,

To gaze upon fast-fading flowers,  
And think upon the happiest hours

That fled in summer's bloom,  
Shuile, shuile, shuile agra,  
Time can only ease my woe,  
Since the lad of my heart from me did go,  
Gotheen mavourneen slaun.

'Tis often I sat on my true love's knee,  
And many a fond story he told me :  
He told me things that ne'er would be,  
Gotheen mavourneen slaun.

Shuile, shuile, etc.

I'll sell my rock, I'll sell my reel,  
When flax is spun I'll sell my wheel,  
To buy my love a sword and shield,  
Gotheen mavourneen slaun.

Shuile, shuile, etc.

I'll dye my petticoat, I'll dye it red,  
And round the world I'll beg my bread,  
That all my friends would wish me dead,  
Gotheen mavourneen slaun.

Shuile, shuile, etc.

I wish I was on Brandon Hill,  
'Tis there I'll sit and cry my fill,  
That every tear would turn a mill,  
Gotheen mavourneen slaun.

Shuile, shuile, etc.

No more am I that blooming maid  
That used to rove the valley shade :  
My youth and bloom are all decayed,  
Gotheen mavourneen slaun.

Shuile, shuile, etc.

---

### THE COLLEEN BAWN.

J. E. CARPENTER.

OCH ! Patrick darlin', would you lave me  
To sail across the big salt sea ?  
I never thought you'd thus decave me ;  
It's not the truth you're tellin' me !  
Though Dublin is a mighty city,  
It's there I should be quite forlorn,  
For, poor and friendless, who would pity—  
Left lonely there—your Colleen Bawn?

You tell me that your friends are leaving .  
'The dear green isle, to cross the main,  
But don't you think they'll soon be  
grieving  
For dear ould Ireland once again ?



~~~~~  
Can they forget each far-famed river ?  
Each hill a thousand songs adorn ?  
Can *you* depart from them for ever—  
Could you *forget* your Colleen Bawn ?

Sure, Patrick, me you've been beguiling,  
It's not my heart you mane to break,  
Tho' fortune may not now be smiling,  
Your Colleen Bawn you'll not forsake;  
I'll go with you across the sea, dear,  
If brighter days for us wont dawn ;  
No matter where our home may be, dear,  
I still will be your Colleen Bawn.

---

### THE GREEN BUSHES.

As I was a-walking one morning in May,  
To hear the birds whistle and see lamb-  
kins play,  
I espied a young damsel ; so sweetly  
sang she,  
Down by the green bushes, where she  
chanced to meet me.

“ O, why are you loitering here, pretty  
maid ? ”

“ I'm waiting for my true love,” softly  
she said.

~~~~~  
" Shall I be your true love, and will you  
agree

To lave your own true love, and folly  
with me ?

" I'll give you fine bavers, and fine silken  
gowns ;

I'll give you smart petticoats, flounced  
to the ground ;

I'll buy you fine jewels, and live but for  
thee,

If you'll lave your own true love, and  
folly with me."

" I want none of your bavers, nor fine  
silks or hose,

For I'm not so poor as to marry for  
clothes ;

But if you'll be constant and true unto me,  
I'll lave my own true love, and marry  
with thee.

' Come, let us be going, kind sir, if you  
please,

O, let us be going from under these  
trees ;

For yonder is coming my true love, I see,  
Down by the green bushes, where he  
thinks to meet me."

~~~~~  
And when he came there and found she  
was gone,  
He looked very sheepish, and cried quite  
forlorn,  
“She’s gone with another, and forsaken  
me,  
And left the green bushes, where she  
vowed to meet me.”

---

## IF I HAD A THOUSAND A-YEAR.

MRS. P. MILLARD.

“OH ! if I had a thousand a year,  
Gaffer Green,  
But I ne’er shall have it, I fear,  
What a man I should be,  
And what sights I would see,  
If I had a thousand a-year, Gaffer Green.  
Oh ! if I had a thousand a-year !”

“The best wish you could have (take  
my word, Robin Rough)  
Will not pay for your bread and your  
beer ;  
But be honest and true,  
Say what would you do,  
If you had got a thousand a-year, Robin  
Rough ?  
Oh ! if you had got a thousand a-year !”

~~~~~  
"I would do—why, I cannot tell what,  
Gaffer Green ?

I would go—I scarcely know where !  
I would scatter the chink,  
And leave others to think,  
While I lived on a thousand a-year, Gaf-  
fer Green !

While I lived on a thousand a-year !"

"And when you are aged and gray,  
Robin Rongh,  
And the day of your death it draws  
near,

What, 'midst all your pains,  
Would you do with your gains,  
If you then had a thousand a-year, Rob-  
in Rongh ?

If you then had a thousand a-year !"

"I ne'er can tell what you're at, Gaffer  
Green,

Your questions are always so queer ;  
But as other folks die,  
I suppose so must I."

"What ! and give up your thousand  
a-year !

What ! and give up your thousand  
a-year !

~~~~~  
"There's a place, too, that's better than  
this, Robin Rough,  
And I hope in my heart you'll go there,  
Where the poor man's as great,  
Though he has no estate,  
As one with a thousand a-year, Robin  
Rough !  
Aye, as if he had a thousand a-year."

---

## JUDGE NOT A MAN.

JUDGE not a man by the cost of his  
clothing,  
Unheeding the life-path that he may  
pursue ;  
Or, oft you'll admire a heart that needs  
loathing,  
And fail to give honor where honor is  
due.  
The palms may be hard, the fingers stiff-  
jointed,  
The coat may be tatter'd, the cheek  
worn with tears ;  
But greater than kings are labors  
anointed,  
You can't judge a man by the coat  
that he wears.  
*[Repeat the two last lines of each verse.]*

Give me the man, as a friend and a  
neighbor,  
Who toils at the loom, the spade, or  
the plough,  
Who wins his diploma of manhood by  
labor,  
And purchases wealth by the sweat  
of his brow.  
And that man shall be found 'mid the  
close ranks of labor,  
And be known by the work which his  
industry rears ;  
And the chieftom when won shall be  
dear to his labor,  
And we'll honor the man whatever he  
wears.

Judge of a man by the work he is  
doing,  
Speak of a man as his actions demand,  
Watch well the path that each is pur-  
suing,  
And let the most worthy be chief in  
the land.  
Why should the broadcloth alone be  
respected,  
And the man be despised who in  
fustian appears ?

~~~~~  
While the angels in heaven have their  
limbs unprotected,  
You can't judge a man by the coat  
that he wears.

---

KATE O'SHANE.

GEORGE LINLEY.

THE cold winds of autumn wail mournfully  
here,

The leaves round me falling are faded  
and sere ;

But chill though the breeze be, and  
threat'ning the storm,

My heart full of fondness beats kindly  
and warm.

Oh ! Dennis, dear, come back to me,

I count the hours away from thee,

Return and never part again

From thine own darling—Kate  
O'Shane.

'Twas here we last parted, 'twas here  
we first met,

And ne'er has he caused me one tear of  
regret ;

The seasons may alter, their change I defy,

My heart's one glad summer when Dennis  
is by.

Oh ! Dennis, dear, etc.

## THE COTTAGE BY THE SEA.

J. H. THOMAS.

CHILDHOOD days now pass before me,  
Forms and scenes of long ago,  
Like a dream they hover o'er me—  
Calm and bright as evening glow ;  
Days that knew no shade of sorrow,  
When my young heart, pure and free,  
Joyful hail'd each coming morrow,  
In the cottage by the sea.

Fancy sees the rose-tree twining  
Round the old and rustic door,  
And beneath the wild waves shining,  
Where I've gathered shells of yore ;  
Here I heard my mother's warning,  
As she took me on her knee,  
And I feel again life's morning,  
In the cottage by the sea.

What, though years have passed above me,  
Though through fairer scenes I roam,  
Yet I ne'er shall cease to love thee,  
Childhood's dear and happy home ;  
And when life's long day is closing,  
Oh, how happy would it be,  
On some faithful breast reposing—  
In the cottage by the sea.



~~~~~  
WAIT TILL I PUT ON MY BONNET.

CHARLES SWAIN.

My father loves counting his cattle,  
My mother she's fond of her chair ;  
But I—oh ! I dote upon moonlight,  
Sweet walks, and the soft quiet air ;  
The field, with the dew-star upon it,  
The scent of the newly-mown hay ;  
Oh, wait till I put on my bonnet,  
Night's sweeter by far than the day.  
There are bonnets with ribbon and  
feather,  
But mine's like a gipsy's, so  
brown ;  
A bonnet that's careless of weather,  
But happy's the head 'neath its  
crown.

The day was intended for labor,  
But night was a gift to the heart,  
When neighbor might visit with neighbor,  
And love have his whisper apart.  
The morn finds a bloom still upon it,  
And eve walks in silver array.  
Oh, wait till I put on my bonnet,  
Night's sweeter by far than the day.  
There are bonnets with ribbon and  
feather, etc.

## WILLIE, WE HAVE MISSED YOU.

S. C. FOSTER.

OH! Willie, is it you, dear, safe, safe  
at home?

They did not tell me true, dear, they  
said you would not come;

I heard you at the gate, and it made my  
heart rejoice,

For I knew that welcome footstep and  
that dear familiar voice.

Making music on my ear in the lonely  
midnight gloom.

Oh, Willie, we have missed you—  
welcome, welcome home.

We've longed to see you nightly, but  
this night of all,

The fire was blazing brightly, and lights  
were in the hall.

The little ones were up till 'twas ten  
o'clock and past,

Then their eyes began to twinkle, and  
they've gone to sleep at last;

But they listened for your voice till they  
thought you'd never come,

Oh! Willie, we have missed you—  
welcome, welcome home.

The days were sad without you, the  
nights long and drear,  
My dreams have been about you, oh,  
welcome, Willie, dear.  
Last night I wept and watched, by the  
moonlight's cheerless ray,  
Till I thought I heard your footstep,  
when I wiped my tears away ;  
But my heart grew sad again, when I  
found you had not come ;  
Oh, Willie, we have missed you—  
welcome, welcome home.

---

### A CURE FOR THE NIGHTMARE.

AIR.—“ Lord Lovel.”

VEN I lies mineself down in mine lonely  
ped-room,  
Un dries for to shleep very sound,  
De treams, oh how into mine head dey  
vill come,  
Till I vish I vas under de ground—  
Yaw, ground,  
Un I vish I vas under de ground !  
Zomedimes, ven I eats a pig supper, I  
treams  
Dat my shtomach is filled up mit  
shtones ;

Un out in my shleep, like de night-owl,  
I shcreams,  
Un kicks off de ped-clothes, un  
groans—  
Yaw, groans,  
Un kicks off de ped-clothes, un  
groans !

Den dere as I lies, mit de ped-clothes all  
off,  
I gits mineself all ofer froze ;  
In de morning I vakes mit a head-ache  
un cough,  
Un I'm zick from mine head to mine  
toes—  
Yaw, toes,  
Un I'm zick from mine head to mine  
toes.

Oh, vot shall pe done for a poor mans  
like me ?  
Oh, vot for I lead zuch a life ?  
Zome says dere's a cure for dis droubles  
of me :  
Dinks I'll try it, un—git me a vife,  
Yaw, vife—  
Dinks I'll try it, un git me a frow.

## THE YOUNG MAY MOON.

THE young May Moon is beaming, love,  
The glowworm's lamp is gleaming, love;  
How sweet to rove

Through Morna's grove,  
While the drowsy world is dreaming, love,  
Then awake !—the heavens look bright,  
my dear,

'Tis never too late for delight, my dear,  
And the best of all ways  
To lengthen our days  
Is to steal a few hours from the night,  
my dear.

Now all the world is sleeping, love,  
But the sage, his star-watch keeping,  
love,

And I, whose star,  
More glorious far,  
Is the eye from that casement peeping,  
love,

Then awake !—till the rise of the sun,  
my dear,

The sage's glass we'll shun, my dear,  
Or, in watching the flight  
Of bodies of light,

He might happen to take thee for one,  
my dear.

## OH ! BAY OF DUBLIN.

LADY DUFFERIN.

OH ! Bay of Dublin ; my heart you're  
troublin',

Your beauty haunts me like a fevered  
dream,

Like frozen fountains, that the sun sets  
bubbling,

My heart's blood warms when I but  
hear your name ;

And never till this life pulse ceases,

My earliest thought you'll cease to be ;

Oh ! there's no one here knows how fair  
that place is,

And no one cares how dear it is to me.

Sweet Wicklow mountains ! the sunlight  
sleeping

On your green banks is a picture rare,

You crowd around me, like young girls  
peeping,

And puzzling me to say which is most  
fair ;

As tho' you'd see your own sweet faces,

Reflected in that smooth and silver sea,

Oh ! my blessin' on those lovely places,

Tho' no one cares how dear they are  
to me.

~~~~~

How often when at work I'm sitting,  
And musing sadly on the days of yore,  
I think I see my Katey knitting,  
And the children playing round the  
cabin door ;  
I think I see the neighbors' faces  
All gather'd round, their long-lost  
friend to see ;  
Oh ! tho' no one knows how fair that  
place is,  
Heaven knows how dear my poor  
home was to me.

---

### RECRUITING SONG FOR THE IRISH BRIGADE.

Is there a youthful gallant here  
On fire for fame—unknowing fear—  
Who in the charge's mad career  
On Erin's foes would flesh his spear ?  
Come, let him wear the White Cockade,  
And learn the soldier's glorious trade ;  
'Tis of such stuff a hero's made ;  
Then let him join the Bold Brigade.

Who scorns to own a Saxon Lord,  
And toils to swell a stranger's hoard ?

Who for rude blow or gibing word  
Would answer with the Freeman's  
sword?

Come, let him wear, etc.

Does Erin's foully slandered name  
Suffuse thy cheek with generous shame—  
Would'st right her wrongs—restore her  
fame?

Come, then the soldier's weapon claim—  
Come, then, and wear, etc.

Come, free from bonds your father's faith,  
Redeem its shrines from scorn and scath ;  
The Hero's fame, the Martyr's wreath,  
Will gild your life or crown your death.  
Then, come, and wear, etc.

To drain the cup—with girls to toy,  
The serf's vile soul with bliss may cloy ;  
But would'st thou taste a manly joy?—  
O ! it was ours at Fontenoy !  
Come, then, and wear, etc.

To many a fight thy fathers led,  
Full many a Saxon's life-blood shed ;  
From thee, as yet, no foe has fled—  
Thou wilt not shame the glorious dead ?  
Then, come, and wear, etc.



~~~~~  
O ! come—for slavery, want, and shame,  
We offer vengeance, freedom, fame,  
With Monarchs, comrade rank to claim,  
And, nobler still, the Patriot's name !  
O ! come and wear, etc.

---

## GRA GAL MACHREE.

My Darling, I swear I will love you for-  
ever ;

O, look in my face, love, and dry those  
sad eyes ;

Though to-morrow we part, yet this bo-  
som shall never

Forget the dear home where my soul's  
treasure lies.

The bee loves the flowers, the small birds  
the bowers ;

Fair meadows look gay when the sun-  
light they see,

But ah, more sincerely my heart prizes  
dearly,

The bloom on thy cheek, my sweet  
Gra Gal Machree.

Long years I may wander o'er earth and  
wide ocean,

From the friends of my youth doomed  
an exile to roam ;

~~~~~  
Long years, yet the thoughts of this  
bosom shall never  
Forget the dear friends of my own  
dearest home.  
By night or by day, love, dejected or  
gay, love,  
Never from thee, love, my thoughts  
they can stray,  
Till the exile, returning with hopes  
brightly burning,  
Claims the vows of his betrothed Gra  
Gal Machree.

---

CHEER ! BOYS, CHEER !

CHEER ! boys, cheer ! no more of idle  
sorrow ;  
Courage ! true hearts shall bear us on  
our way ;  
Hope points before, and shows the bright  
to-morrow ;  
Let us forget the darkness of to-day ;  
So farewell, Erin, much as we may love  
thee,  
We'll dry the tears that we've shed  
before ;  
Why should we weep to sail in search  
of fortune,

~~~~~  
So farewell, Erin, forevermore.  
Cheer ! boys, cheer ! for Erin, dearest  
Erin ;  
Cheer ! boys, cheer ! the willing  
strong right hand ;  
Cheer ! boys, cheer ! there's wealth for  
honest labor ;  
Cheer ! boys, cheer ! for the new and  
happy land.

Cheer ! boys, cheer ! the steady breeze  
is blowing,  
To float us freely o'er the ocean's  
breast,  
The world shall follow in the track we're  
going,  
The star of empire glitters in the West.  
Here we had toil, and little to reward it,  
But there shall plenty smile upon our  
pain,  
And ours shall be the prairie and the  
forest,  
And boundless meadows ripe with  
golden grain.  
Cheer ! boys, cheer ! for Erin, dearest  
Erin ;  
Cheer ! boys, cheer ! united heart and  
hand ;

Cheer ! boys, cheer ! there's wealth for  
honest labor ;

Cheer ! boys, cheer ! for the new and  
happy land.

---

### KATY, DARLING.

THE flowers are blooming, Katy, darling,  
And the birds are singing on each  
tree,

Never mind your mother's cruel snarling,  
My love, you know I'm waiting for  
thee ;

The sun is sweetly shining,  
With his face so clear and bright,  
Haste to your lover, Katy, darling,  
Ere the morning will change into night.

Katy, Katy,  
The flowers are blooming, etc.

Meet me in the valley, Katy, darling,  
When the moon is shining o'er the  
sea,

O, meet me near the stream, Katy, dar-  
ling,

And tales of love I'll tell to thee ;  
When the twinkling stars are peeping,  
Sure these eyes shine far more bright,

O, meet me in the valley, Katy, dar-  
 • ling,  
 And our vows of love we'll pledge to-  
 night.

Faith, I'm smiling at your fears, Katy,  
 darling,  
 Then you say you never can be  
 mine—  
 I've sworn by heaven, Katy, darling,  
 That this heart, love, alone was thine !  
 The sun is sweetly shining,  
 With his face so clear and bright,  
 O, come to your lover, Katy, darling,  
 Ere the morning change into night.

---

THE BOYS OF KILKENNY.

O, THE boys of Kilkenny, are brave rov-  
 ing blades,  
 And if ever they meet with the nice  
 little maids,  
 They'll kiss them, and coax them, and  
 spend their money free,  
 And of all towns in Ireland, Kilkenny  
 for me.

And of all towns, etc.

In the town of Kilkenny there runs a  
clear stream,  
In the town of Kilkenny there dwells a  
pretty dame ;  
Her cheeks are like roses, her lips much  
the same,  
Like a dish of fresh strawberries smothered  
in cream.

Fal de ral, etc.

Her eyes are as black as Kilkenny's large  
coal,  
Which through my poor bosom have  
burned a big hole ;  
Her mind, like its rivers, is mild, clear  
and pure,  
But her heart is more hard than its marble,  
I'm sure.

Fal de ral, etc.

Kilkenny's a pretty town, and shines  
where it stands,  
And the more I think on it, the more  
my heart warms ;  
For if I was in Kilkenny, I'd think myself  
at home,  
For its there I'd get sweethearts, but  
here I get none.

Fal de ral, etc. ' ' .

## COLLEEN DHAS CRUTHIN AMOE.

THE beam on the streamlet was playing,  
The dewdrop still hung on the thorn,  
When a blooming young couple wa  
straying,

To taste the mild fragrance of morn.  
He sighed as he breathed forth his ditty,  
And she felt her breast softly to grow ;  
O, look on your lover with pity,  
Ma Colleen dhas Cruthin Amoe.

Whilst green is yon bank's mossy pillow,  
Or evening shall weep the soft tear,  
Or the streamlet shall steal 'neath the  
willow,

So long shall thy image be dear.  
O, fly to these arms for protection,  
If pierced by the arrow of woe,  
Then smile on my tender affection,  
Ma Colleen dhas Cruthin Amoe.

She sighed as his ditty was ended,  
Her heart was too full to reply ;  
O, joy and compassion was blended,  
To light the mild beam of my eye.  
He kissed her soft hand : what above thee,  
Could heaven, in its bounty, bestow ?  
He kissed her soft cheek : O, I love thee,  
Ma Colleen dhas Cruthin Amoe.

O, ERIN, MY COUNTRY! MY HEART  
BEATS FOR THEE.

O, ERIN, my country! though strangers  
may roam

The hills and the valleys I once called  
my own,

Thy lakes and thy mountains no longer  
I see,

Yet warmly as ever my heart beats for  
thee.

O cushlamachree,

My heart beats for thee,

Erin! Erin! my heart beats for  
thee.

Though years have rolled over since last  
time we met,

Yet lived I a thousand I could not for-  
get

The true hearts that loved me, the bright  
eyes that shone

Like stars in the heavens, of days that  
are gone.

O cushlamachree, etc.

Dear home of my youth, I may see thee  
no more ;

Yet memory treasures the bright days  
of yore,



~~~~~  
And my heart's latest wish, the last sigh  
    of my breast,  
Shall be given to thee, dearest land of  
    the west.

O cushlamachree, etc.

~~~~~  
THE BLACKBIRD.

UPON a fair morning for soft recreation,  
I heard a fair lady making great moan,  
With sighing, and sobbing, and sad  
    lamentation,

Saying, my blackbird most royal is  
    flown ;

My thoughts they deceive me,

Reflection doth grieve me,

And I'm overburdened with sad misery ;

Yet if death it should blind me,

As true love inclines me,

My blackbird I'll seek out wherever  
    he be.

Once in fair England my blackbird did  
    flourish ;

He was the chief flower that in it did  
    spring,

Prime ladies of honor his person did  
    nourish,

Because that he was the true son of a  
    king ;

~~~~~  
But that false fortune,  
Which is still uncertain,  
Has caused this parting between him  
and me ;  
His name I'll advance  
In Spain and in Franco,  
And seek out my blackbird wherever  
he be.

The birds of the forest they all meet  
together,  
The turtle was chosen to dwell with  
the dove,  
But I am resolved in fair or foul weather,  
To seek out until I find my true  
love ;  
He is all my heart's treasure,  
My joy and my pleasure,  
And justly, my love, my heart will follow  
thee,  
Who is constant and kind,  
And courageous in mind.  
All bliss to my blackbird wherever  
he be.

In England my blackbird and I were  
together,  
Where he was noble and generous of  
heart ;

~~~~~  
And woe to the time that he first went  
thither ;

Alas ! he was forc'd from thence to  
depart ;

In Scotland he is deemed,

And highly esteemed ;

In England he seemed a stranger to be ;

Yet his name I'll advance

In Spain and in France,

All bliss to my blackbird, wherever he be

---

### OLD IRELAND I ADORE.

WILLIAM CARLETON.

Oh ! Erin's Isle, my heart's delight,

I long to see thee free—

Where'er I am by day or night,

This heart beats warm for thee.

I'm grieved to see thee so oppressed,

But what can I do more—

Oh ! gramachree, I weep for thee,

Old Ireland I adore.

Your scenes surpasses all on earth,

They are so rich and rare,

Your sons are of the noblest birth,

None with them can compare ;

Oppressed and starved, they are

Compelled to wander from your shore.

Oh, gramachree, I weep for thee,  
Old Ireland I adore.

Oh, hard must be the tyrant's heart,  
To link you to his chains,  
And yet your sons have took his part  
On many well-fought plains ;  
And yet you're bound there as a slave,  
While we our loss deplore.  
Oh, gramachree, I weep for thee,  
Old Ireland I adore.

I'd like to know what you have done,  
That still you can't be free ;  
But this I know, you had a son,  
That struggled hard for thee ;  
O'Connell was that hero's name,  
He was known from shore to shore ;  
Oh, gramachree, he'd have set thee free ;  
But, alas ! he is no more.

If we were free, as once we were,  
How happy might we be !  
No foreign landlord then would dare  
To lord it over thee.  
We'd have our homes, and bread to eat,  
As once we had before.  
Oh, gramachree, may we live to see  
Old Ireland free once more.

## KATE OF GARNAVILLA.

HAVE you been at Garnavilla ?

Have you seen at Garnavilla  
Beauty's train trip o'er the plain  
With lovely Kate of Garnavilla ?

O, she's pure as virgin snows,  
Ere they light on woodland hill-O;  
Sweet as dewdrop on wild rose,  
Is lovely Kate of Garnavilla !

Philomel, I've listened oft  
To thy lay, nigh weeping willow ;  
O, the strain's more sweet, more soft,  
That flows from Kate of Garnavilla.  
Have you been, etc

As a noble ship I've seen  
Sailing o'er the swelling billow,  
So I've marked the graceful mien  
Of lovely Kate of Garnavilla.  
Have you been, etc.

If poets' prayers can banish cares,  
No cares shall come to Garnavilla ;  
Joy's bright rays shall gild her days,  
And dove-like peace perch on her pillow,  
Charming maid of Garnavilla !  
Lovely maid of Garnavilla !  
Beauty, grace, and virtue wait  
On lovely Kate of Garnavilla !

## A SONG FOR THE POPE.

BY REV. P. MURRAY, D. D., OF MAYNOOTH COL.

A song for the Pope, for the royal Pope,  
Who rules from sea to sea,  
Whose kingdom or sceptre never can  
fail ;

What a grand old king is he !  
No warrior hordes has he with their  
swords

His rock-built throne to guard ;  
For against it the gates of hell shall  
war

In vain, as they ever have warred.

O never did mightiest monarch yet,  
In the day of his power and pride,  
Rule, as the good old Pontiff rules,  
With his Cardinals by his side.  
In terror and death is the conqueror's  
march,

As the steel tides rise and roll ;  
But the bonds he binds with are faith  
and love,  
Clasping the heart and the soul.

Great dynasties die, like flowers of the  
field,  
Great empires wither and fall ;

~~~~~  
Glories there have been, that blazed to  
the stars ;

There have been—and that is all.

But there is the grand old Roman See,

The ruins of earth amoug,

Young with the youth of its earliest  
prime,

With the strength of Peter strong.

The heretic leader rears his head,

And the lie from his poisoned lips

Goes out, like a thousand shadows of  
death,

Black as the black eclipse ;

But sure and swift, in the destined hour,

The Anathema from on high

Flashes, and down the doomed one falls,

As Lucifer fell from the sky.

Two hundred millions of loyal hearts,

The sheep at the shepherd's voice,

As the tongues of the Angels\* echo it on,

To the ends of the earth, rejoice.

From clime to clime, and throughout all  
time,

It lives and speaks and thrills,

Away beyond the seas and the streams,

Beyond the eternal hills.

\*Bishop, so called in the Apocalypso.

~~~~~  
Over all the orb no land more true  
Than our own old Catholic land,  
Through ages of blood to the Rock hath  
stood—

True may she ever stand !  
O, ne'er may the star St. Patrick set  
On her radiant brow decay !  
Hurra for the grand old Catholic Isle !  
For the grand old Pope hurra !

---

#### NORAH CREINA.

Who are you that walks this way  
So like the Empress Dejanina ?  
Is it true what people say,  
That you're the famous Shilnagirah ?  
Or are you the great Pompey ?  
Or Britain's Queen, bold Tilbureena ?  
Or are you Dido, or Doctor Magee ?  
O no, says she, I'm Norah Creina.  
I'm the girl that makes the stir,  
From Cork along to Skibbereena ;  
All the day we drink strong tea,  
And whiskey too, says Norah Creina.

Who are you that *ax* my name ?  
Othello, Wat Tyler, or Julius Cæsar ?  
Or are you Venus, of bright fame ?  
Or that old foggy Nebuchaduezzar ?



Or maybe you are Pluto stout ;  
Or jolly old Bacchus, drunk and  
hearty ;  
There my lass, your eye is out,  
For I'm Napoleon Bonaparte.  
I'm the girl, etc

Won't you dine with me to-day ?  
I'll send for you a horse and crupper ;  
And lest you should refuse to stay,  
I'll tell you who we'll have to supper :  
Macgillicuddy of the Reeks,  
And Donaghue Glen, the Duke of  
Glo'ster,  
Oliver Cromwell, and Brian O'Linn,  
Cadwallader Waddy, and Leslie Fos-  
ter.  
I'm the girl, etc.

---

#### VILLIKINS AND HIS DINAH.

'Tis of a rich merchant who in London  
did dwell,  
He had but one daughter, an unkim-  
mon nice young gal ;  
Her name it was Dinah, scarce sixteen  
years old,  
With a very large fortune in silver and  
gold.  
Too ral lal, loo ral lal, too ral lal la.

---

*Chorus for the silver and gold.*

Too ral lal, etc.

As Dinah was a valiking in the garden  
one day,

Her papa he came to her, and thus he  
did say :

“Go dress thyself, Dinah, in gorgeous  
array,

And take yourself a husband both gal-  
liant and gay.”

Too ral lal, etc.

*Chorus for the expectant husband.*

Too ral lal, etc.

*Spoken.*—This is what the infant prog-  
edy said to the author of her being.

“O, papa, O, papa, I’ve not made up  
my mind,

And to marry just yet, why, I don’t feel  
inclined ;

To you my large fortune I’ll gladly give  
o’er,

If you’ll let me live single a year or two  
more.”

Too ral lal, etc.

*Chorus for the suppliant maiden.*

Too ral lal, etc.

*Spoken.*—This is what the indignant parient replied—I represent the father.

“Go, go, boldest daughter,” the parient replied ;

“If you won’t consent to be this here young man’s bride,

I’ll give your large fortune to the nearest of kin,

And you shan’t reap the benefit of one single pin.”

Too ral lal, etc.

*Chorus for indignant parient—very bass.*

Too ral lal, etc.

*Spoken.*—Now comes the conflagration of the lover.

As Vilikins was valiking the garden around,

He spied his dear Dinah laying dead upon the ground,

And a cup of cold pison it lay by her side,

With a billet-doux a stating ’twas by pison she died.



Too ral lal, etc.

*Chorus for the chemist round the corner,  
where the pison was bought.*

Too ral lal, etc.

*Spoken.*—This is what the lovyer did.  
He kissed her cold corpus a thousand  
times o'er,  
And called her his Dinah, though she  
was no more,  
Then swallowed the pison like a lovyer  
so brave,  
And Vilikins and his Dinah lie both in  
one grave. Too ral lal, etc.

*Chorus for the disconsolate lovyer.*

Too ral lal, etc.

#### MORAL.

Now, all you young maidens, take warn-  
ing by her,  
Never not by no means disobey your  
governor ;  
And all you young fellows mind who you  
clap eyes on,  
Think of Vilikins and Dinah and the cup  
of cold pison.

Too ral lal, etc.

*Chorus for pisoned people*

Too ral lal, etc.

~~~~~  
THE BOYS OF THE IRISH BRIGADE.

WHAT for should I sing you of Roman  
or Greek,

Or the boys we hear tell of in story ?  
Come match me for fighting, for frolic,  
or freak,

An Irishman's reign in his glory ;  
For Ajax, and Hector, and bold Aga-  
memnon

Were up to the tricks of our trade, O,  
But the rollicking boys, for war, ladies,  
and noise,

Are the boys of the Irish Brigade, O !

What for should I sing you of Helen of  
Troy,

Or the mischief that came by her flirt-  
ing ?

There's Biddy M'Clinchy the pride of  
Fermoy,

Twice as much of a Helen, that's cer-  
tain.

Then for Venns, so famous, or Queen  
Cleopatra,

Bad luck to the word should be said, O,  
By the rollicking boys, for war, ladies,  
and noise,

The boys of the Irish Brigade, O !

~~~~~  
What for should I sing you of classical  
fun,  
Or of games, whether Grecian or Per-  
sian ?  
Sure the Curragh's the place where the  
knowing one's done,  
And Mallow that flogs for diversion.  
For fighting, for drinking, for ladies and  
all,  
No time like our times e'er were  
made, O,  
By the rollicking boys, for war, ladies,  
and noise,  
The boys of the Irish Brigade, O !

---

THE TOWN OF PASSAGE.

THE town of Passage  
Is both large and spacious,  
And situated  
Upon the say ;  
'Tis nate and dacent,  
And quite adjacent,  
To come from Cork  
On a summer's day.  
There you may slip in,  
To take a dippin'  
Foreuent the shippin'  
That at anchor ride ;

Or in a wherry  
Cross o'er the ferry  
To Carrigaloe  
On the other side.

Mud cabins swarm in  
This place so charmin'  
With sailors' garments  
Hung out to dry ;  
And each abode is  
Snug and commodious,  
With pigs melodious,  
In their straw-built sty  
'Tis there the turf is,  
And lots of murphies,  
Dead sprats and herrings,  
And oyster shells ;  
Nor any lack, O !  
Of good tobacco,  
Though what is smuggled  
By far excels.

There are ships from Cadiz,  
And from Barbadoes,  
But the leading trade is  
In whiskey punch ;  
And you may go in  
Where one Molly Bowen

Keeps a nate hotel  
For a quiet lunch.  
But land or deck on,  
You may safely reckon,  
Whatsoever country  
You come hither from,  
On an invitation  
To a jollification  
With a parish priest,  
That's called "Father Tom."

Of ships there's one fixed  
For lodging convicts,  
A floating "stone jug,"  
Of amazing bulk :  
The hake and salmon,  
Playing at bagammon,  
Swim for divarsion  
All round this hulk ;  
There "Saxon" jailors  
Keep brave repailers,  
Who soon with sailors  
Must anchor weigh  
From th' em'rald island,  
Ne'er to see dry land  
Until they spy land  
In sweet Bot'ny Bay.



## BLARNEY.

WILLIAM CARLETON.

Air—"Crusoe the Second."

ALL mankind love praise, of that there's  
little doubt,

It matters not what be their station ;  
There is not an ear in the company here,  
But is partial to vain approbation.

To be gammoned in what we all fairly  
detest,

While the language of flattery may  
charm you ;

But I sing in the praise of that expressive  
phrase,

That queer little word, namely, Blar-  
ney.

*Chorus.*—Flattery, gammon, and blarney,  
Flattery, gammon, and blar  
ney ;

They are closely allied, but it  
can't be denied,

That the worst of the three  
is the blarney.

In the windows you'll meet, as you walk  
through the street,  
Such bargains as fairly surprise you ;

~~~~~  
And to your eyes seem a great sacrifice,  
But they're only put there to entice  
you.

To view the inside you're induced to proceed,  
The sight for the moment may charm  
you ;

It need not be told, when you buy you  
are sold,

And fairly hood-winked by the blarney.

Flattery, gammon, etc.

If you get ill, and require doctor's skill,  
And call some one in to attend you ;  
He'll take all the claim to the praise and  
the fame,

Though nature had done most to mend  
you.

Rewarding his skill, when he hands in  
his bill,

The sight for a moment alarms you ;  
You say thanks to him or I might have  
been dead,

That's a cool draught of medical blarney.

Flattery, gammon, etc.

~~~~~  
And those gents of the cloth, that's the  
clergy in troth,  
Are constantly striving to teach us  
Ne'er to covet or steal, but study to feel  
That contentment is better than riches.  
Their day and night dreams are collec-  
tions and schemes,  
To be liberal they oftentimes warn you;  
And cry blessed be the poor, though I'm  
pretty shure,  
That's a little bit clerical blarney.  
Flattery, gammon, etc.

To you young ladies here, I've a word  
for your ear,  
I think to my counsel you'll listen ;  
You could not do worse than in placing  
your trust  
In those chaps that's too partial to  
kissing.  
Who vow on their knees, while your soft  
hand they squeeze,  
And say such sweet words meant to  
charm you ;  
That they'll love you through life, and  
make you their wife,  
That's nothing but amorous blarney.  
Flattery, gammon, etc.

~~~~~  
When women get married they gammon  
the men ;

If you doubt it, you'd better just try  
them—

If a bonnet's required, they're with blarney inspired,

And you're fairly unfit to deny them.

They'll wheedle and coax till they manage their point,

Of refusal they fairly disarm you ;

For who could resist when a woman insists,

And to her aid brings in the soft blarney ?

Flattery, gammon, etc.

'Tis perfectly true that by blarney you do

At times often master an object ;

While you're trying its fame without knowing the same,

As the prelude to many a project.

Now I would solicit your honest applause,

Pray grant it, it surely won't harm you ;

Although in return I've given you naught,

But flattery, gammon, and blarney.

Flattery, gammon, etc.

~~~~~  
THE BEAUTIFUL MAID OF SEVENTY

YE lovers, behold a poor maiden for-  
lorn,

But as pretty a creature as ever wa  
born ;

My nose it is flat, and my eyes they are  
sunk,

And they goggle about just as if they  
were drunk ;

My cheeks, like a turnip, are fair, O !

Like carrots my beautiful hair, O !

My charms make the gentlemen stare,  
O !

And they call me the beautiful maid.

My legs they are bent, but I dance with  
a grace,

And the hump on my back adds a charm  
to my face ;

Though dimples I've none, I have wrin-  
kles a score,

And I'm sure you ne'er saw such a  
beauty before.

But pray what's beauty, alas, O !

With the beaux now-a-days 'tis a  
farce, O !

For lovers all look for the brass, O !  
And they slight the poor beautiful  
maid.

I have lived in the world about seventy  
years,  
And I weep every night half-a-pail full  
of tears ;  
For I fear that, alas ! there'll be soon  
no escapes  
From the terrible doom, sir, of leading  
of apes.

It makes me look wonderful blue, sir,  
I really don't know what to do, sir,  
Some prospect I hope there's in view,  
sir,  
To marry the beautiful maid.

O, gentlemen, surely your hearts are all  
stone,  
To turn a deaf ear to my pitiful moan,  
To look with contempt on my love and  
my truth,  
And be blind to the graces of beauty  
and youth.

O, gentlemen, what are you arter ?  
My neck I will hang in a garter,  
Or plunge in the New River water,  
If you frown on the beautiful maid.

I've a secret to tell that will alter the  
case,  
And will surely remove every frown from  
your face ;  
Then spouses in plenty will come in a  
swarm ;  
Though our hearts they are cold, my  
purse it is warm.  
You'll call me an adorable creature,  
Discover a charm in each feature,  
For beauty no Venus can beat her,  
And you'll marry the beautiful maid.

---

## NED OF THE HILL.

DARK is the evening, and silent the hour ;  
Who is the minstrel by yonder lone  
tower ?  
His harp all so tenderly touching with  
skill ;  
O, who should it be, but Ned of the  
Hill ?  
Who sings, " Lady love, come to me now,  
Come and live merrily under the bough,  
And I'll pillow thy head  
Where the fairies tread,  
If thou wilt but wed with Ned of the  
Hill ! "

Ned of the Hill has no castle nor hall,  
Nor spearmen nor bowmen to come at  
his call ;

But one little archer, of exquisite skill,  
Has shot a bright shaft for Ned of the  
Hill,

Who sings, "Lady love, come to me  
now,

Come and live merrily under the bough,  
And I'll pillow thy head

Where the fairies tread,  
If thou wilt but wed with Ned of the  
Hill !"

'Tis hard to escape from that fair lady's  
bower,

For high is the window, and guarded  
the tower ;

"But there's always a *way* where there  
is a *will*,"

So Ellen is off with Ned of the Hill !

Who sings, "Lady love, thou art mine  
now !

We will live merrily under the bough,  
And I'll pillow thy head

Where the fairies tread,  
For Ellen is wed to Ned of the Hill !"



## THE IRISH MAIDEN'S SONG.

THROUGH lofty Scotia's mountains,  
Where savage grandeur reigns,  
Though bright be England's fountains,  
And fertile be her plains ;  
When 'mid their charms I wander,  
Of thee I think the while,  
And seem of thee the fonder,  
My own green Isle !

While many who have left thee,  
Seem to forget thy name,  
Distance hath not bereft me  
Of its endearing claim.  
Afar from thee sojourning,  
Whether I sigh or smile,  
I call thee still " Mavourneen,"  
My own green Isle !

Fair as the glittering waters,  
Thy emerald banks that lave,  
To me thy graceful daughters ;  
Thy generous sons are brave.  
O there are hearts within thee,  
That know not shame nor guile,  
And such proud homage win thee,  
My own green Isle !

~~~~~  
For their dear sakes I love thee,  
Mavourneen, though unseen ;  
Bright be the sky above thee,  
Thy shamrock ever green !  
May evil ne'er distress thee,  
Nor darken, nor defile,  
But Heaven forever bless thee  
My own green Isle.

---

PARODY ON THE COTTAGE BY THE  
SEA.

"Childhood's days have passed before me,  
Dear Tom, Just twenty years ago ;  
'Tis Columbia's greatest glory,  
Paddy's Museum and Baby-Show.  
When this cruel war is over,  
Sally is the gal for me :  
Thou hast learned to love another  
In the cottage by the sea ;  
Let me kiss him for his mother,  
In the cottage by the sea."

"We are coming, Sister Mary,  
In The Irish jaunting-car,  
Hold your horses, Paddy Carey,  
There is whiskey in the jar ;  
Here I am, as you diskiver,—  
Maiden, wilt thou dwell with mo,

---

Near the banks of that lone river,  
In the cottage by the sea ?  
Our starry flag shall wave forever,  
In the cottage by the sea."

"Since I've been in the army,  
In the days of old lang syne,  
Near, The pleasant groves of Blarney,  
I'd offer thee this hand of mine.  
The old gray mare, sleeps, In the valley,  
She was, The belle of Avenue B,  
No one to love, but Old Aunt Sally,  
In the cottage by the sea.  
To Limerick Races, Freeman Rally,  
In the cottage by the sea."

"Alice Gray, Last Rose of Summer,  
We'll meet again, at Donnybrook Fair,  
Come into my cabin, old bummer,  
For you're The boy with the auburn  
hair.  
You're Played out, Sweet Highland  
Mary,  
Since Doran's Ass went On a spree,  
With The men of Tipperary,  
In the cottage by the sea.  
And sweet William of the Ferry,  
In the cottage by the sea."

~~~~~  
" We have lived and loved together,  
On The Yankee man-o'-war ;  
With a jockey hat and feather,  
Thou art so near, and yet so far !  
One good turn deserves another ;  
Then, O, Woodman, spare that tree !  
What is home without a mother,  
In the cottage by the sea ?  
Bryan O'Lynn, Scorn not thy brother,  
In the cottage by the sea."

---

### PASTHEEN FION.

Translated from the Irish.

SAMUEL FERGUSON, M. R. I. A.

[In Hardiman's "Irish Minstrelsy," vol. 1, p. 330, there is a note upon the original of *Paisheen Fion*. The name may be translated either fair youth or fair maiden, and the writer supposes it to have a political meaning, and to refer to the son of James II. Whatever may have been the intention of the author, it is, on the surface, an exquisite love song, and as such I have retained it in this class of ballads, rather than in the next.—ED.]

Oh, my fair Pastheen is my heart's de-  
light ;  
Her gay heart laughs in her blue eye  
bright ;  
Like the apple blossom her bosom white,  
And her neck like the swan's on a March  
morn bright !

Then, Oro, come with me ! come  
with me ! come with me !

Oro, come with me ! brown girl,  
sweet !

And, oh ! I would go through snow  
and sleet

If you would come with me, my  
brown girl, sweet !

Love of my heart, my fair Pastheen !  
Her cheeks are as red as the rose's sheen,  
But my lips have tasted no more, I ween,  
Than the glass I drank to the health of  
my queen !

Then, Oro, come, etc.

Were I in the town, where's mirth and  
glee,

Or 'twixt two barrels of barley bree,  
With my fair Pastheen upon my knee,  
'Tis I would drink to her pleasantly !

Then, Oro, come etc.

Nine nights I lay in longing and pain,  
Betwixt two bushes, beneath the rain,  
Thinking to see you, love, once again ;  
But whistle and call were all in vain !

Then, Oro, come, etc.

I'll leave my people, both friend and foe ;  
From all the girls in the world I'll go ;  
But from you, sweetheart, oh, never !  
                  oh, no !  
'Till I lie in the coffin stretched, cold and  
                  low !

Then, Oro, come, etc.

---

### THE FLOWERS O' THE FOREST.

MRS. COCKBURN.

I'VE seen the smiling of fortune beguil-  
ing,  
I've tasted her pleasures and felt her  
decay ;  
Sweet was her blessing, and kind her  
caressing,  
But now they are fled, they are fled  
far away.  
I've seen the forest adorned the fore-  
most,  
Wi' flowers o' the fairest baith pleasant  
and gay,  
Sae bonnie was their blooming, their  
scent the air perfuming,  
But now they are wither'd and a'  
wede away.

I've seen the morning with gold the hills  
adorning,  
And loud tempests storming before the  
mid-day.  
I've seen Tweed's silver streams, shining  
in the sunny beams,  
Grow drumly and dark as he row'd  
on his way.  
Oh, fickle fortune ! why this cruel  
sporting ?  
Oh, why still perplex us poor sons of a  
day ?  
Nae mair your smiles can cheer me, nae  
mair your frowns can fear me ;  
For the flowers o' the forest are a'  
wede away. .

---

### MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.

ROBERT BURNS.

Air " Portmore."

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart  
is not here,  
My heart's in the Highlands, chasing  
the deer ;  
Chasing the wild deer, following the roe,  
My heart's in the Highlands, wherever  
I go.

My heart's, etc.

~~~~~  
All hail to the Highlands, all hail to  
the north,  
The birthplace of valor, the country of  
worth ;  
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,  
The hills of the Highlands for ever I  
love.

My heart's, etc.

Farewell to the mountains, high covered  
with snow,  
Farewell to the streams and green valleys  
below ;  
Adieu to the forests and high hanging  
woods,  
Adieu to the torrents and loud pouring  
floods.

My heart's, etc.

Adieu for awhile, I can ne'er forget thee,  
The land of my fathers, the soil of the  
free :  
I sigh for the hour that will bid me  
retrace  
The path of my childhood, my own native  
place.

My heart's, etc.



## THE HIGHLAND MINSTREL BOY.

HARRY STOE VAN DYK.

I HA'E wander'd mony a night in June,  
Alang the banks o' Clyde,  
Beneath the bright and bonnie moon,  
Wi' Mary by my side.

As simmer was she to my ee,  
And to my heart a joy,  
And weel she lo'ed to roam with me,  
Her Highland minstrel boy.

Oh ! her presence could on every star  
New brilliancy confer ;  
And I thought the flowers were sweeter  
far,

When they were seen with her.  
Her brow was calm as sleeping sea,  
Her glance was fu' o' joy,  
An' oh ! her heart was true to me,  
Her Highland minstrel boy.

I ha'e played to ladies fair and gay  
In mony a southern ha',  
But there was ane, far, far away,  
A world aboon them a'.  
And now, when weary years ha'e fled,  
I think wi' mournfu' joy  
Upon the time when Mary wed  
Her Highland minstrel boy.

## WITHIN A MILE OF EDINBURGH TOWN

TOM D'URFEY.

(Modernised.)

'Twas within a mile of Edinburgh town,  
In the rosy time of the year ;  
Sweet lilacs bloom'd, and the grass was  
down,

And each happy shepherd woo'd his  
dear.

Bonnie Jockey, blithe and gay,  
Kissed sweet Jenny making hay ;  
The lassie blushed and frowning cried,  
Na, na, it winna do,  
I canna, canna, winna, winna, maunna  
buckle to.

Jockey was a wag that never would wed,  
Tho' lang he had follow'd the lass ;  
Contented she earn'd and eat her brown  
bread,

And merrily turn'd up the grass.  
Bonnie Jockey, blithe and free,  
Won her heart right merrily ;  
Yet still she blushed and frowning cried,  
Na, na, it winna do,  
I canna, canna, winna, winna, maunna  
buckle to.

~~~~~  
But when he vow'd he would mak' her  
his bride,

Tho' his flocks and herds were not few,  
She gave him her hand, and a kiss beside,  
And vow'd she'd forever be true.

Bonnie Jockey, blithe and free,  
Won her heart right merrily.  
At kirk she nae mair frowning cried,  
Na, na, it winna do,  
I canna, canna, winna, winna, maunna  
buckle to.

---

### BONNY PRINCE CHARLIE.

JAMES HOGG.

CAM' ye by Athole braes, lad wi' the  
philabeg,

Down by the Tummel, or banks o' the  
Garry :

Saw ye my lad with his bonnet and white  
cockade,

Leaving his mountains to follow Prince  
Charlie ?

Charlie, Charlie, wha wadna follow thee ?  
Lang hast thou loved and trusted us  
fairly !

Charlie, Charlie, wha wadna follow thee ?  
King of the Highland hearts, bonny  
Prince Charlie !

I ha'e but ae son, my brave young Donald ;

But if I had ten they should follow  
Glengarry :

Health to Macdonald and gallant Clan-  
ronald,

For they are the men that wad die for  
their Charlie.

Charlie, Charlie, etc.

I'll to Lochiel and Appin, and kneel to  
them,

Down by Lord Murray and Roy of  
Kildarlie ;

Brave Macintosh, he shall fly to the field  
wi' them ;

They are the lads I can trust with my  
Charlie.

Charlie, Charlie, etc.

Down through the Lowlands, down wi'  
the Whigamore,

Loyal true Highlanders, down wi'  
them rarely !

Ronald and Donald, drive on wi' the  
brave claymore

Over the necks of the foes of Prince  
Charlie !

Charlie, Charlie, etc.

## ANNIE LAURIE.

From an older song by MR. DOUGLAS of Finland.

MAXWELTON braes are bonnie,  
Where early fa's the dew,  
And it's there that Annie Laurie  
Gied me her promise true ;  
Gied me her promise true,  
Which ne'er forgot will be ;  
And for bonnie Annie Laurie  
I'd lay me doun and dee.

Her brow is like the snaw-drift,  
Her throat is like the swan,  
Her face it is the fairest  
That e'er the sun shone on,  
That e'er the sun shone on ;  
And dark blue is her ee ;  
And for bonnie Annie Laurie  
I'd lay me doun and dee.

Like dew on the gowan lying  
Is the fa' o' her fairy feet ;  
And like winds in summer sighing,  
Her voice is low and sweet ;  
Her voice is low and sweet,  
And she's all the world to me ;  
And for bonnie Annie Laurie  
I'd lay me doun and dee.

WAE'S ME FOR PRINCE CHARLIE.

A WEE bird cam' to our ha' door

He warbled sweet and clearly,

An' aye the o'ercome o' his sang

Was "Wae's me for Prince Charlie !"

Oh! when I heard the bonnie, bonnie  
bird,

The tears cam' drappin' rarely,

I took my bannet aff my head,

For weel I lo'ed Prince Charlie.

Quoth I, "My bird, my bonnie, bonnie  
bird,

Is that a tale ye borrow,

Or is't some words ye've learnt by heart,

Or a lilt o' dool an' sorrow ?"

"Oh ! no, no, no," the wee bird sang,

"I've flown sin' mornin' early,

But sic a day o' wind and rain—

Oh ! wae's me for Prince Charlie !"

But now the bird saw some red coats,

An' he shook his wings wi' anger,

"Oh ! this is no land for me,

I'll tarry here nae langer."

Awhile he hovered on the wing

Ere he departed fairly,

But weel I mind the fareweel strain

Was "Wae's me for Prince Charlie !"

---

HERE'S A HEALTH TO THEM THAT'S  
AWA.

Partly by ROBERT BURNS.

HERE'S a health to them that's awa,  
Here's a health to them that's awa ;  
And wha winna wish guid luck to our  
cause,

May never guid luck be their fa.'  
It's guid to be merry and wise,  
It's guid to be honest and true,  
It's guid to support Caledonia's cause,  
And bide by the buff and the blue.

Here's a health to them that's awa,  
Here's a health to them that's awa ;  
Here's a health to Charlie, the chief o'  
the clan,

Altho' that his band be but sma'.  
May liberty meet wi' success !  
May prudence protect her frae evil !  
May tyrants and tyranny tine in the  
mist,

And wander their way to the devil !

Here's a health to them that's awa,  
Here's a health to them that's awa ;  
Here's a health to Tammie, the Norland  
laddie,

That lives at the lug o' the law !

~~~~~  
 Here's freedom to him that wad read,  
 Here's freedom to him that wad write !  
 There's nane ever feared that the truth  
     should be heard,  
 But they wham the truth wad indict. 1

---

### WILL YE NO COME BACK AGAIN.

FINLAY DUN.

Jacobite Ballad.

BONNIE Charlie's now awa'  
     Safely owre the friendly main ;  
 Mony a heart will break in twa,  
     Should he ne'er come back again.  
     Will ye no come back again ?  
     Will ye no come back again ?  
     Better lo'ed ye canna be—  
     Will ye no come again ?

Ye trusted in your Hieland men,  
     They trusted you, dear Charlie !  
 They kent your hiding in the glen,  
     Death or exile braving.

Will ye no, etc.

English bribes were a' in vain,  
     'Tho' puir and puirer we maun be ;  
 Siller canna buy the heart  
     That beats aye for thine and thee.  
     Will ye no, etc.



~~~~~  
We watched thee in the gloaming hour,  
We watched thee in the morning gray  
Tho' thirty thousand pounds they gie,  
Oh, there is nane that wad betray.  
Will ye no, etc.

Sweet's the lavrock's note an' lang,  
Lilting widely up the glen ;  
But aye to me he sings ae sang,  
Will you come back again ?  
Will ye no, etc.

---

COME, SIT THEE DOWN.

COME, sit thee down, my bonnie, bonnie  
love,  
Come sit thee down by me,  
And I will tell thee many a tale  
Of the dangers of the sea ;  
Of the perils of the deep, love,  
Where the angry tempests roar ;  
And the raging billows wildly dash  
Upon the groaning shore.  
Come, sit thee down, etc.

The skies are flaming red, my love,  
The skies are flaming red ;  
And darkly rolls the mountain wave,  
And rears its monstrous head.

While skies and ocean blending,  
And bitter howls the blast,  
And the daring tar, 'twixt life and death,  
Clings to the shattered mast !  
Come, sit thee down, etc.

---

MARY WEEP NO MORE FOR ME.

JOHN LOWE.

THE moon had climb'd the highest hill  
That rises o'er the source of Dee,  
And from the eastern summit shed  
Her silver light on tower and tree ;  
When Mary laid her down to sleep,  
Her thoughts on Sandy far at sea ;  
Then soft and low a voice was heard  
Saying—" Mary weep no more for  
me."

She from her pillow gently raised  
Her head to ask who there might be,  
And saw young Sandy shiv'ring stand,  
With pallid cheek and hollow ee.  
" O, Mary dear ! cold is my clay,  
It lies beneath a stormy sea ;  
Far, far from thee I sleep in death,  
So Mary, weep no more for me !

“Three stormy nights and stormy days  
We tossed upon the raging main,  
And long we strove our bark to save,  
But all our striving was in vain.  
E’en then, when horror chill’d my blood,  
My heart was fill’d with love for thee ;  
The storm is past, and I at rest,  
So Mary, weep no more for me !

“O maiden dear, thyself prepare !  
We soon shall meet upon that shore  
Where love is free from doubt or care,  
And thou and I shall part no more.”  
Loud crow’d the cock, the shadow fled !  
No more of Sandy could she see !  
But soft the passing spirit said,  
“O Mary, weep no more for me !”

---

#### HIBERNIA’S LOVELY JEAN.

WHEN parting from the Scottish shore,  
And the Highland’s mossy banks,  
To Germany we all sailed o’er,  
To join the hostile ranks ;  
At length in Ireland we arrived,  
After a long campaign,  
Where a bonny maid my heart be-  
trayed—  
She’s Hibernia’s lovely Jean.

~~~~~  
Her cheeks were of the roseate hue,  
With the bright blinks of her e'en,  
Besparkling with the drops of dew,  
That spangle the meadows green.  
Jean Cameron ne'er was half so fair,  
No ! nor Jessie of Dunblane ;  
No princess fine can her outshine—  
She's Hibernia's lovely Jean.

This bonny lass of Irish braw,  
Was of a high degree,  
Her parents said a soldier's bride,  
Their daughter ne'er should be.  
Overwhelmed with care, grief and de-  
spair,  
No hope does now remain,  
Since the nymph divine cannot be mine,  
She's Hibernia's lovely Jean.

My tartan plaid I will forsake,  
My commission I'll resign,  
I'll make this bonny lass my bride,  
If the lassie will be mine.  
Then in Ireland where the graces dwell,  
Forever I'll remain,  
And in Hymen's band join heart in  
hand,  
Wi' Hibernia's lovely Jean.

Should war triumphant sound again,  
And call her sons to arms,  
Or Neptune waft me o'er the flood,  
Far from Jeannie's charms ;  
Should I be laid in honor's bed,  
By a ball or a dart be slain,  
Death's pangs would cure the pains I  
bear  
For Hibernia's lovely Jean.

---

## NOREEN.

G. LINLEY.

NOREEN, darling ! don't look so shy—  
It kills me, that glance of your eye ;  
Oh, go where I will,  
It follows me still,  
Beaming bright, like a star in the sky.  
While pressing your hand yesterday,  
As idly we saunter'd along,  
Each word that I wanted to say  
Expired at the point of my tongue—  
For as in a book  
I read by your look,  
That you seem well to know what I  
mean.  
Yes, I love you, my darling Noreen !

Noreen ! if to love you be wrong,  
The blame to my heart doth belong.  
For morn, noon, and night,  
You're all its delight,  
And your name the sweet theme of my  
song.

Then, darling, no longer delay,  
Your glances my heart have undone,  
That smile says what I wish'd to say,  
To-morrow we two shall be one.  
The priest and a ring,  
Will best settle the thing,  
And explain what I really do mean.  
Yes, I love you my darling Noreen !

---

### THE MAY-DEW.

SAMUEL LOVER.

COME with me, love, I'm seeking  
A spell in the young year's flowers ;  
The magical May-dew is weeping,  
Its charm o'er the summer bow'rs ;  
Its pearls are more precious than those  
they find  
In jewell'd India's sea ;  
For the dew-drops, love, might serve to  
bind  
Thy heart, for ever, to me !

Oh come with me, love, I'm seeking  
A spell in the young year's flowers;  
The magical May-dew is weeping  
Its charms o'er the summer bow'rs.

Haste, or the spell will be missing,  
We seek in the May-dew now ;  
For soon the warm sun will be kissing  
The bright drops from blossom and  
bough :  
And the charm is so tender the May-  
dew sheds  
O'er the wild flowers' delicate dyes,  
That e'en at the touch of the sunbeam,  
'tis said,  
The mystical influence flies.  
Oh, come with me, etc.

---

### OH! FOR A HUSBAND.

**AIR**—" Oh ! for a husband," Early in the 17th  
century.

THERE was a maiden, well-a-day !  
Thus mourn'd her hapless lot :—  
" A wife may be merry and gay,  
But maids, alas ! may not.  
Full eighteen years have pass'd," she  
said,

~~~~~  
" All lonely and forlorn,  
Oh, if I chance to die unwed,  
Would I had ne'er been born.  
Oh, oh, oh, for a husband,  
Oh, oh, oh, for a husband."  
Still this was her song,  
" I will have a husband,  
I'll have a husband  
Be he old or young !"

An ancient suitor to her came,  
His head was very gray ;  
He talked to her of Cupid's flame,  
And stole her heart away.  
Her mother said, " Don't wed too fast,  
Lest you should soon repent."  
Quoth she, " Dear mother, I'm in haste."  
And thus the ditty went,  
" Oh, oh, oh, for a husband,  
Oh, oh, oh, for a husband,"  
Still this was her song,  
" I will have a husband,  
I'll have a husband,  
Be he old or young !"

When she had been a wedded wife  
A twelvemonth and a day,  
She found her dear, her lord, her life,  
Was mean as well as gray.



~~~~~  
He grudg'd the price of cap and gown,  
Of velvet and of lace ;  
On trinkets he would grimly frown,  
'Twas such a piteous case.  
"Oh, oh, oh, with a husband,  
Oh, oh, oh, with a husband,  
What a life lead I,  
Plague take such a husband,  
Take such a husband,  
Husband, fie, fie, fie !"

Another twelvemonth slowly pass'd,  
A widow she became ;  
But soon the weeds aside she cast,  
Pray don't the lady blame.  
A second lover sought her hand,  
Young, gen'rous, brave and free,  
She did not shilly-shally stand,  
But joyously said she,  
"Oh, oh, oh, for a husband,  
Oh, oh, oh, for a husband,  
This is still my song,  
I will have a husband,  
I'll take a husband,  
But he must be young !"



## LADY MARY.

J. E. CARPENTER.

'Twas lovely Lady Mary, the pride of  
Scotland's Earl,  
Whose tresses were of auburn, whose  
brow was like the pearl ;  
Whose gentleness and beauty caused  
many a noble knight  
To seek Earl March's towers, their fealty  
there to plight ;  
But cold was Lady Mary to all who  
came to woo,—  
Though nobler gallants were not, search  
bonnie Scotland through.

'Twas lovely Lady Mary had met in si-  
lent dell  
Young Donald o' the Islands, and he  
loved her full well ;  
"Ye have no wealth—no broad lands"  
—so spake the stern old Earl.  
"Then deem not in your bosom to place  
my lovely pearl."  
Oh ! sad was Lady Mary, for Donald  
came to woo,  
And braver gallant lived not, search  
bonnie Scotland through.

~~~~~  
'Twas gentle Lady Mary—yet none, alas,  
could trace

The sunshine of the beauty that once  
beamed in her face !

In silent grief she wandered the leafy  
wood and dell

Where every flow'ret told her of him she  
loved so well ;

And *then* the Earl relented—" Let Don-  
ald come to woo.

Although he be the poorest, search bon-  
nie Scotland through."

'Twas lovely Lady Mary, was waiting in  
the hall,

Three sturdy men had ridden young  
Donald back to call ;

From day to day they sought him, and  
when at last he came,

A belted knight was Donald, of honor  
and of fame.

'Then blithe was Lady Mary, for Donald  
came to woo,

And happier twain there lived not, search  
bonnie Scotland through.



---

**THE GIRL I'VE LEFT BEHIND ME.**

---

**ANONYMOUS.****AIR—"Brighton Camp."**

I'm lonesome since I cross'd the hill,  
And o'er the moor and valley ;  
Such heavy thoughts my heart do fill,  
Since parting with my Sally.

I seek no more the fine and gay,  
For each does but remind me  
How swift the hours did pass away  
With the girl I left behind me.

Oh ! ne'er shall I forget the night,  
'The stars were bright above me,  
And gently lent their silv'ry light,  
When first she vow'd to love me.  
But now I'm bound to Brighton camp,  
Kind Heaven, then pray guide me,  
And send me safely back again  
'To the girl I've left behind me.

Had I the heart to sing her praise  
With all the skill of Homer,  
One only theme should fill my lays,  
The charms of my true lover.  
So let the night be e'er so dark,  
Or e'er so wet and windy,  
Kind Heaven send me back again  
To the girl I've left behind me.

~~~~~  
Her golden hair in ringlets fair,  
Her eyes like diamonds shining,  
Her slender waist, with carriage chaste,  
May leave the swain repining.  
Ye gods above ! oh, hear my prayer,  
To my beauteous fair to bind me,  
And send me safely back again  
To the girl I've left behind me.

The bee shall honey taste no more,  
The dove become a ranger,  
The falling waves shall cease to roar,  
E'er I shall seek to change her.  
The vows we register'd above  
Shall ever cheer and bind me  
In constancy to her I love,  
The girl I've left behind me.

My mind her form shall still retain  
In sleeping or in waking,  
Until I see my love again,  
For whom my heart is breaking.  
If ever I return that way,  
And she should not decline me,  
I evermore will live and stay  
With the girl I've left behind me.

## THE ATHLONE LANDLADY.

'Twas in the sweet town of Athlone  
Lived the beautiful Widow Malone,  
She kept the Black Boy,  
Was an armful of joy,  
And had plenty of lovers, och hone, och  
hone !

O the world for you, Widow Malone !

There was Bolus, the medical drone,  
And Latitat, all skin and bone ;  
But physic and law  
Both stuck in her craw,  
And she couldn't digest them, och hone,  
och hone !

O success to sweet Mistress Malone !

But Cupid, who's the devil's own,  
Sent a lad who soon altered her tone,  
'Twas brave Sergeant MacWhack,  
With long sword and broad back,  
And his roguish black eyes at her  
thrown, och hone !

O they bother'd the Widow Malone.

The love-sick sweet Mistress Malone  
So fond of the soldier was grown,  
That in secret she'd sigh,  
" For the Sergeant I die !

~~~~~  
Oh, would I were bone of his bone, och  
hone ! ”

More of that to you, Mistress Malone.

Still the lawyer and doctor will groan,  
And tease the poor widow, och hone !  
Till one day Pat MacWhack  
Kick'd them out in a crack,  
And a smack gave sweet Katty Malone,  
och hone !

“ O you've won me ! ” cried Widow Ma-  
lone.

So they wedded one morning, och hone !  
And with fun sure the stocking was  
thrown ;

And he's man of the house,  
And his beautiful spouse  
Is sweet Mistress MacWhack, late Ma-  
lone, Malone ;  
So more luck to MacWhack and Malone.

---

## TWO HEADS ARE BETTER THAN ONE.

J. E. CARPENTER.

“ SURE, Katty, you'd much better tarry,”  
One day said my mother to me,  
“ For you still over young are to marry,  
My darling, to that you'll agree.”

~~~~~  
"Oh ! mother, your frown sorely tries  
me,

Why should I not do as you've done ?"

"Sure," said she, "I had none to advise  
me,

And two heads are better than one."

Then who should I meet but dear Larry,  
I told him the worst of my fears ;

"It's my mother that wont let me marry,"  
Said I, nearly choked by my tears :

"Och ! your mother's advice don't be  
dreading,

Sure it's just the right thing to be done,  
For the best of all reasons for wedding  
Is—that two heads are better than  
one."

To my mother I went the next morning,  
I blushed as I showed her the ring,

"So it's all my advice you've been scorn-  
ing !"

"Sure, mother, it's no such a thing."

"Larry said that you never could scold  
me,

For but doing what others have done,  
And besides we've but proved what you  
told me,

That two heads are better than one !"



## THE COQUETTE.

JOHN G. SAXE.

AIR.—"The Charming Woman."

"You're clever at drawing, I own,"  
Said my beautiful cousin, Lisette,  
As we sat by the window, alone,  
"But, say, can you paint a coquette?"  
"She's painted already," quoth I;  
"Nay, nay," said the laughing Lisette,  
"Now, none of your joking—but try  
And paint me a thorough coquette."

"Well, cousin," at once I began  
In the ear of the eager Lisette,  
"I'll paint you as well as I can  
That wonderful thing, a coquette.  
She wears a most beautiful face"  
("Of course!" said the pretty Li-  
sette)  
"And isn't deficient in grace,  
Or else she were not a coquette."

"And then she is daintily made"  
(A smile from the dainty Lisette),  
"By people expert in the trade  
Of forming a proper coquette."

~~~~~  
She's the winningest ways with the  
beaux "

• ("Keep on !" said the winning Li-  
sette)

"But there isn't a man of them knows  
The mind of the fickle coquette !

"She knows how to weep and to sigh "  
(A sigh from the tender Lisette),

"But her weeping is all in my eye—  
Not that of the cunning coquette.

In short, she's a creature of art "

("O, hush !" said the frowning Li-  
sette),

"With merely the ghost of a heart—  
Enough for a thorough coquette.

"And yet I could easily prove "

("Now, don't !" said the angry Li-  
sette),

"The lady is always in love—

In love with herself—the coquette.

• There—do not be angry—you know,

My dear little cousin Lisette,

You told me a moment ago,

To paint *you*—a thorough coquette."



## O'BLARNEY.

J. E. CARPENTER.

AIR.—"Kate Kearney."

OH ! have you not heard of O'Blarney,  
Who came all the way from Killarney,

    If you fear a black eye,  
    Take warning and fly,  
For a broth of a boy is O'Blarney.

When the potteen, that's whisky, is  
    steaming,

'Tis nought but of fighting he's dream-  
    ing,

    And, och, I can tell

    Where mischief does dwell—

The shillelah of Paddy O'Blarney. .

Then should you e'er meet this O'Blar-  
    ney,

Who rode all on foot from Killarney,

    Beware of his smile,

    Mind your eye all the while,

A shillelah has Paddy O'Blarney !

Though he looks so bewitchingly simple,

Och, faith ! but he'd soon crack your  
    pimple,

    And should he inhale

    A drop of the *rale*,

Then fatal's the blow of O'Blarney !

## MISS ELLEN GEE, OF KEW.

AIR.—“There’s nae luck.”

PEERLESS, yet hopeless maid of Q,

Accomplish’d L N G ;

Never again shall I and U

Together sip our T.

For oh ! the fates, I know not Y,

Sent midst the flowers a B ;

Which ven’mous, stung her in the I,

So that she could not C.

L N exclaimed, “Vile, spiteful B,

If ever I catch U,

On Jess’mine, rosebud, or sweet P

I’ll change your stinging Q.

I’ll send you like a lamb or U,

Across the Atlantic C ;

From our delightful village Q,

To distant O Y E.

A stream runs from my wounded I,

Salt as the briny C,

As rapid as the X or Y,

The O I O or D.

L N exclaimed, etc.

Then fare thee ill, insensate B,

Which stung nor yet knew Y,

Since not for wealthy Durham’s C

Would I have lost my I.

They bear with tears poor L N G  
 In funeral R A,  
 A clay-cold corse now doom'd to B,  
 Whilst I mourn her D K.  
 L N exclaimed, etc.

Ye nymphs of Q, then shun each B,  
 List to the reason Y ;  
 For should A B C U at T,  
 He'll surely sting your I.  
 Now in a grave L deep in Q,  
 She's cold as cold can B ;  
 Whilst robins sing upon A U,  
 Her dirge and L E G.  
 L N exclaimed, etc.

---

DOMESTIC ASIDES ;  
 Or, Truth in Parenthesis.

T. HOOD.

AIR.—“Yankee Doodle.”

I REALLY take it very kind—  
 This visit, Mrs. Skinner—  
 I have not seen you such an age—  
 (The wretch has come to dinner !)  
 Your daughters, too—what loves of  
 girls—  
 What heads for painters' casels !  
 Come here, and kiss the infant, dears—  
 (And give it, p'rhaps, the measles !)

~~~~~  
Your charming boys I see are home,  
From Reverend Mr. Russell's—  
'Twas very kind to bring them both—  
(What boots for my new Brussels ! )  
What ! little Clara left at home ?  
Well, now I call that shabby !  
I should have lov'd to kiss her so—  
(A flabby, dabby babby ! )

And Mr. S., I hope he's well—  
But, though he lives so handy,  
He never once drops in to sup—  
(The better for our brandy ! )  
Come, take a seat—I long to hear  
About Matilda's marriage ;  
You've come, of course, to spend the  
day—  
(Thank Heaven ! I hear the carriage ! )

What ! must you go ? next time, I hope  
You'll give me longer measure.  
Nay, I shall see you down the stairs—  
(With most uncommon pleasure ! )  
Good bye ! good bye ! Remember, all,  
Next time you'll take your dinners—  
(Now, David—mind, I'm not at home,  
In future, to the Skinners.)

## LA BELLE CUISINIÈRE.

JACOB COLE.

Air—"The Swiss boy."

'Twas at Battersea in Surrey that  
lived with Mr. Murray,  
As happy as a gardener could be,  
Where I grew exceeding partial to the  
pretty Kitty Marshall  
Who lived cook in the same family :  
So beautiful she looked, so deliciously  
she cooked,  
That I fell in love so deep I could  
neither eat nor sleep,  
But this love can convey many raptures  
they say,  
Yet it steals many comforts away.

I wooed and pursued in the best way I  
could,  
But as cold as a prude was the fair,  
Had you seen us in the green'us, and the  
looks that passed between us,  
You'd have thought she was Venus, I  
declare ;  
Then I sat and watched her sewing of  
her caps, when indeed  
I ought to have been mowing my own  
borders instead,

~~~~~  
Oh ! my love was above all that words  
    can convey,  
But I found hers was all—t'other way.

To admire I've sat by her near a roaring  
    kitchen fire,  
And tried to inspire her with pity,  
But in vain for 'twas plain that disdain  
    and pain  
Were all I should gain from my Kity;  
'Twas whispered in my ear that the  
    coachman came to see her,  
And that she decided-*ly* gave the prefer-  
    ence to *he*,  
Thus the hopes of my love which had  
    been *bud*-ding night and day  
Stood a chance to be pruned quite  
    away.

One night she chanced to see me, and  
    walked in the garden with me,  
When this coachman had dared to  
    intrude,  
He sought us near the hot'us, and he  
    looked when he caught us  
As if he would have shot us—if he  
    could.



~~~~~  
So we raked up a quarrel and we plant-  
ed some knocks  
And in boxing for the laurel we trampled  
down the box  
But he stood against a bay, and I should  
have won the day  
But the fair one she fairly ran away.  
Oh ! 'tis pain to explain how this coach-  
man did gain,  
What to me she was fain to deny,  
But by striving and contriving he'd been  
driving on to wiving,  
And he married Mrs. Kitty on the sly;  
Thus I found my suit non-suited and my  
flow'ry hopes uprooted,  
For this coachman he had druv' over me  
to Kitty's love,  
But we all felt our disgraces, and in three  
diff'rent *places*,  
For alas ! we were all turned away.

## MORAL.

Now young men who go a wooing just  
take care of what you're doing, . .  
Lest the maid you are pursuing should  
be wed ;  
She may part with her heart, but with  
very little smart,

A heart may be recovered ;  
But by this you'll understand, if she's  
    once bestowed her hand,  
    And 'tis fastened by a ring, why that's  
    quite another thing ;  
So that when you find a lady has a hus-  
    band got already,  
I'd advise you from her—keep away.

---

### THE CAPTAIN AND HIS WHISKERS.

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

As they marched through the town  
    With their banners so gay,  
I ran to the window  
    To hear the band play ;  
I peeped through the blinds  
    Very cautiously then,  
Lest the neighbors should say  
    I was looking at the men.  
Oh ! I heard the drums beat,  
    And the music so sweet,  
But my eyes at the time  
    Caught a much greater treat ;  
The troop was the finest  
    That I ever did see,  
And the Captain with his whiskers  
    Took a sly glance at me.

When we met at the ball  
I of course thought it right,  
To pretend that we never  
Had met till that night ;  
But he knew me at once  
I perceived by his glance,  
And I hung down my head  
When he asked me to dance ;  
Oh ! he sat by my side  
At the end of the set,  
And the sweet words he said  
I shall never forget ;  
My heart was enlisted  
And could not get free,  
As the Captain with his whiskers  
Took a sly glance at me.

But he marched from the town  
And I saw him no more,  
Yet I think of him still  
And the whiskers he wore ;  
I dream all the night,  
And I talk all the day  
Of the love of a Captain  
Who has gone far away ;  
I remember with super-  
Abundant delight,  
When we met in the street

And we danced all the night ;  
And I keep in my mind  
How my heart jump'd with glee,  
As the Captain with his whiskers  
Took a sly glance at me.

## FRENCH AND ENGLISH.

T. HOOD.

AIR.—"Bob and Joan."

NEVER go to France,  
Unless you know the lingo—  
If you do, like me,  
You will repent, by jingo !  
Staring like a fool,  
And silent as a mummy,  
There I stood, alone,  
A nation with a dummy.  
Never go, etc.

Chaises stand for chairs,  
They christen letters *Billies*,  
They call their mothers *mares*,  
And all their daughters *fillies*.  
Strange it was to hear,  
I'll tell you what's a good 'un,  
They call their leather *queer*,  
And half their shoes are wooden.  
Never go, etc.

Signs I had to make,  
For every little notion—  
Limbs all going like  
A telegraph in motion.  
For wine I reel'd about,  
To show my meaning fully,  
And make a pair of horns,  
To ask for "beef and bully."  
Never go, etc.

Moo ! I cried for milk ;  
I got my sweet things snugger—  
When I kiss'd Jeannette,  
'Twas understood for sugar.  
If I wanted bread,  
My jaws I set a-going ;  
And ask'd for new-laid eggs  
By clapping hands and crowing.  
Never go, etc.

If I wish'd to ride,  
I'll tell you how I got it—  
On my stick astride,  
I made believe to trot it.  
Then their cash was strange,  
It bored me ev'ry minute,  
Now here's a *hog* to change,  
How many *sows* are in it ?  
Never go, etc.

---

**OUT, JOHN! OUT, JOHN!****THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.**

**Out, John ! out, John ! what are you  
about, John !**

**If you don't say " Out " at once, you  
make the fellow doubt, John !**

**Say I'm out, whoever calls ; and hide  
my hat and cane, John ;**

**Say you've not the least idea when I  
shall come again, John.**

**Let the people leave their bills, but tell  
them not to call, John ;**

**Say I am courting Miss Rupee, and  
mean to pay them all, John.**

**Out, John ! out, John ! etc.**

**Run, John ! run, John ! there's another  
dun, John ;**

**If it's Prodger, bid him call to-morrow  
week at one, John.**

**If he says he saw me at the window, as  
he knock'd, John,**

**Make a face, and shake your head, and  
tell him you are shock'd, John ;**

**Take your pocket-handkerchief, and put  
it to your eye, John ;**

**Say your master's not the man to bid  
you tell a lie, John.**

**Out, John ! out, John ! etc.**

~~~~~  
Oh ! John, go, John ! there's Noodle's  
knock, I know, John ;  
Tell him that all yesterday you sought  
him high and low, John ;  
Tell him, just before he came, you saw  
me mount the hill, John,  
Say—you think I'm only gone to pay  
his little bill, John ;  
Then, I think, you'd better add—that if  
I miss to-day, John,  
You're sure I mean to call when next I  
pass his way, John.

Out, John ! out, John ! etc.

Hie, John ! fly John ! I will tell you  
why, John—  
If there is not Grimshaw at the corner,  
let me die, John !  
He will hear of no excuse—I'm sure he'll  
search the house, John,  
Peeping into corners hardly fit to hold a  
mouse, John ;  
Beg he'll take a chair and wait—I know  
he wont refuse, John—  
And I'll pop through the little door that  
opens on the mews, John.

Out, John ! out, John ! etc.

## THE CHARMING MAN.\*

J. E. CARPENTER.

I MEET him at every party,  
He's present wherever I go,  
They all with civility treat him,  
And to him the preference show ;  
I can't tell the reason—I've often  
Endeavor'd his merits to scan,  
I ask why it is, and they answer,  
"He is really a *charming* man."

I own that his looks are attractive,  
His figure is good, I confess,  
It doesn't need much to imagine  
What can be accomplish'd by dress ;  
Some people are fortunes to tailors,  
And others don't pay when they can,  
But patronage does not mean payment,  
And he is such a *charming* man.

His hair it is jet-black, and curly,  
His dark eyes, as diamonds, are  
bright ;  
His teeth, which he's constantly showing,  
Are as *real ivory*, white :

\* This song was written as a companion to the  
"Charming Woman."



I know he *had* lost the two front ones,  
And his hair *was* as ruddy as tan,  
But who could suspect *he'd* wear false  
ones,  
When he is such a *charming* man.

He has plenty to say to the women,  
And more than they ought to believe,  
Though a few pretty names I *could* mention,  
Have reason to know he'll deceive :  
He don't even hint about marriage,  
'Tis not, of course, part of his plan,  
What a pity it is, pretty women  
*Will* encourage a *charming* man.

He writes in their albums fine sonnets,  
Of which he's a stock of a score,  
Their authorship stands undisputed  
But he gets the *ideas* from Tom  
Moore ;  
But they do very well, and much better  
Than Byron's or Tom Moore's e'er  
can,  
For the verses are thought rather  
pretty,  
And the author, a *charming* man.

~~~~~  
'Tis not to the daughters though, always,  
His calls are intended to be,  
There are several young married ladies,  
With whom he, at times, will take tea,  
The husband proposes a rubber,  
And the wives then lose all that they  
can,  
How strange he's the only winner,  
But then—he's a *charming* man.

Some say he's a latin scholar,  
And some that he's versed in Greek,  
But he seldom quotes the former,  
Of the latter he'll never speak ;  
He talks about foreign authors,  
And speak *of the* French, he can ;  
But what if he isn't clever,  
He still is a *charming* man.

Some say he's a younger brother,  
And others he's something more ;  
But he's seen in the city often,  
Between ten o'clock and four :  
He *may be* a fortune hunter,  
But, ladies,—be this your plan,  
Unless you're a *charming* woman,  
Don't marry a *charming* man.

## A FEW WORDS AFTER MARRIAGE.

J. E. CARPENTER.

Air—"Fanny Grey."

No, Hal ! I'm not at all deceiv'd,  
So don't think that I am ;  
Excepting that I *once* believ'd  
You far above—a sham !  
Is this your promis'd "Eden," then ?  
Oh, bitter are its fruits !  
You are not worse than other men,  
But *all* mankind are brutes.

I know—don't interrupt me so—  
You *will* have a latch-key ;  
"You *can't* disturb the servants," though  
You don't care much for me.  
Your foreign letters, posted late,  
All sham, sir—idle tales ;  
I know all letters after eight  
Do *not* go by the *Mails*.

Your club !—of course you can't be fined,  
You must obey the rules ;  
You may not leave when you have dined  
With those "unmarried fools ;"  
Your rubber, which "you *never* lose,  
The men are all such sticks !"  
Yet all *I* ask for you refuse ;  
I'm up, sir, to your *tricks*.

You vow'd you know, when we were  
wed,

Your aunt should not come here,  
If she should take into her head

With us to interfere ;

But only yesterday she came,

And said the fault was *mine*  
That you could get no peace at home,  
And *must* go out to dine.

And then she said, she thought it right  
Downstairs to take a look ;

And I discover'd, long ere night,

That she'd discharg'd the cook.

I'll tell you what, Hal—things *must*  
mend

Or this I mean to do—

If she comes here, then I intend

To give *you* warning too.

She's rich, so you'd bear with her still

That makes me no atone :

For me she's free to keep *her will*—

• I'll have one of *my own*.

So don't expect it, for I can't

Endure this kind of life :

Abjure your club—offend your aunt—

I'll be—or not—your wife.

## THE GIRLS OF THIS AGE.

J. E. CARPENTER.

Air—"Irish Washerwoman."

OH ! the girls of this age put me quite  
in a rage,

They care not for fathers or brothers;  
And who shall pretend to say where  
'twill end

Now they think they know more than  
their mothers !  
French, Latin, and Greek, now they all  
want to speak—

As to music 'tis easy—quite easy—  
Learn painting and chalks, and each one  
she talks

About singing and thinks she's a Grisi.  
I don't know what's come to girls  
of their age

At their mothers they always  
are mocking,  
With all sorts of nonsense them-  
selves they engage

It really is shocking—quite shock-  
ing.

When I was sixteen, with the rest I was  
seen

Doing plain work, and hemming and  
sewing ;

~~~~~  
Of a needle and thread, now each girl  
    has a dread,  
And their *dear* Berlin wool-work's  
    quite ruin ;  
They work patterns so large—never  
    heeding the charge  
And still their designs they get bold-  
    er—  
In my day I declare, an accomplishment  
    rare,  
Was a cat on a small kettle-holder.  
I don't know what's come, etc.

I hear people say that we live in the  
    day  
Of intellect, stéam, and improvement;  
Each new bonnet or shawl no longer they  
    call  
A new fashion, but say it's "a move-  
    ment."  
As to bonnets—oh law ! all the good  
    they are for ;  
The sight in my mind still it rankles ;  
Don't you think I am right when I say  
    that they might  
Just as well have been tied round the  
    ankles ?  
I don't know what's come, etc.

~~~~~  
Sometimes, though, they go to the other  
extremes,

For at all the famed watering places,  
The hats that they wear have such brims,  
I declare,

That you can't see a bit of their faces.  
They surely can't know, if they wish for  
a beau !

That this is the plan ne'er to gain one ;  
For the gentlemen vow that they cannot  
tell now

Which a pretty girl is from a plain  
one.

I don't know what's come, etc.

Then for dancing, oh, dear ! every month  
in the year

From France comes some modern in-  
vention,

Some polka or valse, in a style that's  
quite false,

With a name one don't know how to  
mention ;

'Twas but t'other day that my youngest  
did say

She a bran new diversion had found  
now,

~~~~~  
She sings through her nose, makes balloons of her clothes,  
And that she calls "*bobbing around*"  
now.

I don't know what's come, etc.

Since the Empress of France has had  
the rare chance  
To set all the fashions, what mean  
they ?

The young ladies say that they dare not  
display

A dress that's not *à la Eugénie* ;  
Then the flounces one meets as one walks  
thro' the streets !

(In a carriage my daughter wont risk  
hers)

And under her hair she has taken to  
wear

A gentleman's pair of *false whiskers* !  
I don't know what's come to girls  
of their age

At their mothers they always  
are mocking,

With all sorts of nonsense them-  
selves they engage

It really is shocking—quite shock-  
ing.



## THE WEDDING OF BALLYPOREEN.

DESCEND, ye chaste nine, to a true Irish  
Bard,  
You're old maids, to be sure, but he  
sends you a card,  
To beg you'll assist a poor musical elf,  
With a song ready made, he'll compose  
it himself,  
About maids, boys, a priest, and a  
wedding,  
With a crowd you could scarce thrust  
your head in,  
A supper, good cheer, and a bedding,  
Which happen'd at Ballyporeen.

Tw'as a fine summer's morn, about  
twelve in the day,  
All the birds fell to sing, all the asses to  
bray,  
When Patrick the bridegroom and  
Oonagh the bride,  
In their best bibs and tuckers set off side  
by side :  
Oh ! the piper play'd first in the rear,  
sir,  
The maids blush'd, the bridesmen did  
swear, sir,

~~~~~  
Oh ! Lord, how the spalpeens did  
stare,

At this wedding of Ballyporeen.

They were soon tack'd together and  
home did return,

To make merry the day at the sign of  
the Churn,

When they sat down together, a frolic-  
some troop,

Oh, the banks of old Shannon ne'er saw  
such a group !

There were turf-cutters, thrashers, and  
tailors,

With harpers, and pipers, and nailors,  
And pedlers, and smugglers, and sail-  
ors,

Assembled at Ballyporeen.

There was Bryan Macdermot, and Shaug-  
nessy's brat,

With Terence, and Triscol, and platter-  
faced Patt ;

There was Norah Macormick, and Bryan  
O'Lynn,

And the fat red-hair'd cook-maid who  
lives at the inn ;

There was Sheelah, and Larry the  
genius.

---

With Patt's uncle, old Darby Dennis,  
Black Thady, and crooked Macgennis,  
Assembled at Ballyporeen.

Now the bridegroom sat down to make  
an oration,  
And he charm'd all their souls with his  
kind botheration,  
They were welcome, he said, and he  
swore, and he curs'd,  
They might eat till they swell'd, and  
might drink till they burst.  
The first christening I have, if I thrive,  
sirs,  
Here again I do hope you'll all drive,  
sirs,  
You'll be welcome, all dead or alive,  
sirs,  
To a christening at Ballyporeen.

Then the bride she got up to make a  
low bow,  
But she twitter'd and felt so—she could  
not tell how—  
She blush'd and she stammer'd—the few  
words she let fall,  
She whisper'd so low, that she bother'd  
them all—

But her mother cried, "What, are  
you dead, child,  
Oh, for shame of you, hold up your  
head, child,  
Though I'm sixty, I wish I was wed,  
child,  
Oh, I'd rattle at Ballyporeen !"

Now they sat down to meat, Father  
Murphy said grace ;  
Smoking-hot were the dishes, and eager  
each face,  
The knives and forks rattled, spoons and  
platters did play,  
And they elbow'd and jostled, and wal-  
lop'd away :  
Rumps, chines, and fat sirloins did  
groan, sirs,  
Whole mountains of beef were cut  
down, sirs,  
They demolish'd all to the bare bone,  
sirs,  
At this wedding of Ballyporeen.

There was bacon and greens, but the  
turkey was spoil'd,  
Potatoes dress'd both ways, both roasted  
and boil'd ;

Hogs' puddings, red herrings, the priest  
got the snipe ;

Culcannon, pies, dumplings, cod, cow  
heels and tripe !

Then they ate till they could eat no  
more, sirs,

And the whisky came pouring *galore*,  
sirs,

Oh, how Terry Macmanus did roar,  
sirs,

Oh, he bother'd all Ballyporeen.

Now the whisky went round, and the  
songsters did roar,

Tim sung "Paddy O'Kelly," Nell sung  
"Molly Astore ;"

Till a motion was made that their songs  
they'd forsake,

And each lad take his sweetheart their  
trotters to shake ;

Then the piper and couples advanc-  
ing,

Pumps, brogues, and bare feet fell a-  
prancing,

Such piping, such figuring, and dan-  
cing,

Was ne'er known at Ballyporeen.

~~~~~  
Now to Patrick the bridegroom, and  
Oonagh the bride,  
Let the harp of Old Ireland be sounded  
with pride,  
And to all the brave guests, young or  
old, gay or green,  
Drunk or sober, that jigged it at Bally-  
poreen.

And when Cupid shall lend you his  
wherry,  
To trip o'er the conjugal ferry,  
I wish you may be half so merry,  
As we were at Ballyporeen.

---

I'LL HANG MY HARP ON A WILLOW-  
TREE.

T. HAYNES BAYLY.

I'LL hang my harp on a willow-tree,  
I'll off to the wars again ;  
My peaceful home has no charms for me,  
The battle-field no pain.  
The lady I love will soon be a bride,  
With a diadem on her brow ;  
Oh ! why did she flatter my boyish pride?  
She's going to leave me now.

She took me away from my warlike lord,  
And gave me a silken suit ;

I thought no more of my master's  
sword,

When I played on my master's lute.  
She seem'd to think me a boy above  
Her pages of low degree.  
Oh ! had I but lov'd with a boyish love,  
It would have been better for me.

Then, I'll hide in my breast ev'ry selfish  
care,

I'll flush my pale cheek with wine,  
When smiles awake the bridal pair,  
I'll hasten to give them mine.  
I'll laugh and I'll sing, though my heart  
may bleed,  
And I'll walk in the festive train ;  
And if I survive it I'll mount my steed,  
And off to the wars again.

But one golden tress of her hair I'll  
twine

In my helmet's sable plume,  
And then, on the field of Palestine  
I'll seek an early doom :  
And if by the Saracen's hand I fall,  
'Mid the noble and the brave,  
A tear from my lady-love is all  
I ask for the warrior's grave.

## BEAUTIFUL ISLE OF THE SEA!

GEORGE COOPER.

BEAUTIFUL Isle of the sea !

Smile on the brow of the waters !

Dear are your mem'ries unto me,

Sweet as the songs of your daughters.

Over your mountains and vales,

Down by each murmuring river,

Cheer'd by the flow'r-loving gales,

Oh ! could I wander for ever !

Land of the True and the Old,

Home ever dear unto me—

Fountain of pleasure untold,

Beautiful Isle of the sea !

Fountain of pleasure untold,

Beautiful, Beautiful Isle of the sea !

Oft, on your shell-girdled shore,

Ev'ning has found me reclining,

Vision of youth dreaming o'er,

Down where the light-house was shining—

Far from the gladness you gave,

Far from all joys worth possessing,

Still, o'er the lone weary wave,

Comes to the wand'rer your blessing !

Land of the True and Old,

Home ever dear unto me—



Fountain of pleasure untold,  
Beautiful Isle of the sea !  
Fountain of pleasure untold,  
Beautiful, Beautiful Isle of the sea !

---

## THE VALLEY LAY SMILING.

THOMAS MOORE.

AIR.—“ Callin Deas Crutle na-m-bo ”

THE valley lay smiling before me,  
Where lately I left her behind ;  
Yet I trembled, and something hung  
o'er me,  
That sadden'd the joy of my mind.  
I look'd for the lamp which she told me  
Should shine when her Pilgrim re-  
turn'd,  
But, though darkness began to infold  
me ;  
No lamp from the battlements  
burn'd !

I flew to her chamber—'twas lonely  
As if the loved tenant lay dead !  
Ah ! would it were death, and death  
only !  
But no—the young false one had fled.

~~~~~  
And there hung the lute, that could  
soften

My very worst pains into bliss,  
While the hand that had waked it so  
often,  
Now throb'd to a proud rival's kiss.

There was a time, falsest of women !  
When Breffni's good sword would  
have sought  
That man, through a million of foemen,  
Who dared but to doubt thee in  
thought !  
While now—oh degenerate daughter  
Of Erin, how fall'n is thy fame !  
And, thro' ages of bondage and slaugh-  
ter,  
Our country shall bleed for thy shame.

Already the curse is upon her,  
And strangers her valleys profane ;  
They come to divide—to dishonor,  
And tyrants they long will remain !  
But, onward !—the green banner rear-  
ing,  
Go, flesh every sword to the hilt ;  
On our side is Virtue and Erin !  
On theirs is the Saxon and Guilt.

---

NORAH DARLING, DON'T BELIEVE  
THEM.

NORAH darling, don't believe them,  
Never heed their flattering wiles,  
Trust a heart that loves thee dearly,  
Lives but in thy sunny smiles—  
I must leave thee, Norah darling,  
But I leave my heart with thee ;  
Keep it, for 'tis true and faithful  
As a loving heart can be.

When the stars are round me glist'ning,  
And the moon shines bright above,  
Perhaps, my Norah, thou'lt be list'ning  
To another tale of love.  
Perhaps they'll tell thee I'll forget thee,  
Teach thy gentle heart to fear ;  
Oh, my Norah, never doubt me—  
Don't believe them, Norah dear.

They must love thee, Norah darling,  
When they look into those eyes,  
Oh, thou'lt never let them rob me  
Of the heart I dearly prize.  
Thou wilt not forget me, Norah,  
When their tales of love you hear,  
Never heed their treacherous whispers,  
Don't believe them, Norah dear.

## I SAW FROM THE BEACH.

AIR—"Miss Molly."

I SAW from the beach, when the morn-  
ing was shining,

A bark o'er the waters move glorious-  
ly on;

I came when the sun o'er that beach  
was declining,

The bark was still there, but the  
waters were gone.

And such is the fate of our life's early  
promise,

So passing the spring-tide of joy we  
have known ;

Each wave, that we danced on at morn-  
ing, ebbs from us,

And leaves us, at eve, on the bleak  
shore alone.

Ne'er tell me of glories, serenely adorn-  
ing

The close of our day, the calm eve of  
our night ;—

Give me back, give me back the wild  
freshness of Morning,

Her clouds and her tears are worth  
Evening's best light.

O, who would not welcome that moment's returning,  
When passion first waked a new life  
through his frame,  
And his soul, like the wood, that grows  
precious in burning,  
Gave out all its sweets to love's exquisite flame ?

---

I CANNOT SING THE OLD SONGS.

OLARIBEL.

I CANNOT sing the old songs  
I sung, long years ago :  
For, heart and voice would fail me,  
And foolish tears would flow ;  
For, by-gone hours come o'er my heart,  
With each familiar strain :  
I cannot sing the old songs,  
Or dream those dreams again ;  
I cannot sing the old songs,  
Or dream those dreams again !

I cannot sing the old songs,  
Their charm is sad and deep ;  
Their melodies would waken  
Old sorrows from their sleep ;  
And tho' all unforgotten still,  
And sadly sweet they be—

I cannot sing the old songs,  
They are too dear to me ;  
I cannot sing the old songs,  
They are too dear to me !—

I cannot sing the old songs :  
For, visions come again  
Of golden dreams departed,  
And years of weary pain.  
Perhaps, when earthly fetters shall  
Have set my spirit free,  
My voice may know the old songs,  
For all eternity !—  
My voice may know the old songs,  
For all eternity !—

#### LISTEN TO THE MOCKING-BIRD.

ALICE HAWTHORNE.

I'm dreaming now of Hally, sweet Hally,  
I'm dreaming now of Hally :  
For, the thought of her is one that  
never dies ;  
She's sleeping in the valley, the valley,  
the valley,  
She's sleeping in the valley,  
And the mocking-bird is singing where  
she lies.  
Listen to the mocking-bird,  
Listen to the mocking-bird,

The mocking-bird still singing o'er her  
grave ;

Listen to the mocking-bird,  
Listen to the mocking-bird,  
Still singing where the weeping willows  
wave.

Ah ! well I yet remember, remember,  
remember,

Ah ! well I yet remember  
When we gathered in the cotton, side  
by side :

'Twas in the mild September, September,  
September,

'Twas in the mild September,  
And the mocking-bird was singing far  
and wide.

Listen to the mocking-bird, etc.

When the charms of spring awaken,  
awaken, awaken,

When the charms of spring awaken,  
And the mocking-bird is singing on  
the bough,

I feel like one forsaken, forsaken, for-  
saken,

I feel like one forsaken,  
Since Hally is no longer with me now.  
Listen to the mocking-bird, etc.

## TERRY MALONE.

DESMOND RYAN.

ONE ev'ning from market returning,  
Just thinking of what I'll not name ;  
May be some of ye guess, ah ! now don't  
ye ?

For 'tis few have not thought of the  
same.

But my heart is as open as sunshine,  
A secret lies heavy as stone ;  
So I'll even confess, without blushing,  
I was thinking of Terry Malone.

If you spake of some one I'll not mention  
It is certain, they say, he'll appear ;  
And so of the lad I was thinking,  
By the bosheen I saw him draw near.  
I was pleased and yet sorry to see  
him,

And he asked me to meet him  
alone ;

For I very well knew what he  
wanted,

So avoided poor Terry Malone.

Coming home the next ev'ning quite  
lounely,

All at once who d'ye think I did spy ?  
But Terry himself in a flurry,



~~~~~  
And oh ! such a beam in his eye !  
Where's the use to descend to partic'lars,  
Enough if the end be made known—  
That same night, by the moon, I  
consented,  
To become Mistress Terry Malone.

---

## MAUREEN.

BRYAN WALLER PROCTER.

THE cottage is here, as of old I remember,  
The pathway is worn as it ever hath been :  
On the turf-piled hearth there still lives  
a bright ember ;  
But,—where is Maureen ?  
The same pleasant prospect still shineth  
before me,—  
The river—the mountain—the valley  
of green,  
And heaven itself (a bright blessing !)  
is o'er me !  
But,—where is Maureen ?  
Lost ! Lost !—Like a dream that hath  
come and departed  
(Ah, why are the loved and lost ever  
seen ?)

~~~~~  
She hath fallen,—hath flown, with a  
lover false-hearted ;  
So, mourn for Maureen !

And she, who so loved her, is slain (the  
poor mother,)

Struck dead in a day, by a shadow  
unseen !

And the home we now loved, is the  
home of another,

And—lost is Maureen !

Sweet Shannon ! a moment by thee let  
me ponder ;

A moment look back at the things  
that have been ;

Then, away to the world where the  
ruined ones wander,

To seek for Maureen !

Pale peasant, perhaps, 'neath the frown  
of high heaven,

She roams the dark desert of sorrow  
unseen,

Unpitied,—unknown ; but I—I shall  
know even

The ghost of Maureen !

## THE GIPSY'S WARNING.

TRUST him not, O Gentle Lady,  
Though his voice be low and sweet,  
Heed not him who kneels before thee,  
Softly pleading at thy feet.  
Now thy life is in its morning :  
Clond not this thy happy lot—  
Listen to the Gipsy's warning—  
Gentle Lady, trust him not.

Lady—once there lived a maiden,  
Young and pure, and like the fair :  
Yet, he wooed, he wooed, and won her,  
Thrilled her gentle heart with care—  
Then—he heeded not her weeping—  
He cared not her life to save !  
Soon she perished—now she's sleeping  
In the cold and silent grave !

Lady, turn not from me so coldly ;  
For, I have only told the truth—  
From a stern and withering sorrow,  
Lady, I would shield thy youth :  
I would shield thee from all danger—  
Shield thee from the Tempter's snare ;  
Lady, shun the dark-eyed stranger :  
I have warned thee—now, beware !—

~~~~~  
Take your gold—I do not want it :

Lady, I have prayed for this.—

For the hour that I might foil him,

And rob him of expected bliss.

Aye, I see thou art filled with wonder

At my looks so fierce and wild—

Lady, in the church-yard, yonder,

Sleeps the Gipsy's only child !

---

ANNIE LISLE.

Down, where the waving willows

'Neath the sunbeams' smile,

Shadowed o'er the murmuring waters,

Dwelt Sweet Annie Lisle.

Pure as the forest lily,

Never thought of guile

Had its home within the bosom

Of loved Annie Lisle.

CHORUS.

Wave, willows ; murmur, waters ;

Golden sunbeams, smile !

Earthly music cannot waken

Lovely Annie Lisle !

Sweet came the hallowed chiming

Of the Sabbath bell,

Borne on the morning breezes,

Down the woody dell.

~~~~~  
On a bed of pain and anguish  
Lay dear Annie Lisle :  
Changed were the lovely features,  
Gone the happy smile.  
Wave, willows ; etc.

Toll, bells of Sabbath morning ;  
I shall never more  
Hear your sweet and holy music,  
On this earthly shore.  
Forms, clad in heavenly beauty,  
Look on me and smile,  
Waiting for the longing spirit  
Of your Annie Lisle.  
Wave, willows ; etc.

Raise me in your arms, dear Mother ;  
Let me, once more, look  
On the green and waving willows,  
And the flowing brook !—  
Hark—those strains of angel music  
From the choirs above !  
Dearest Mother, I am going :  
Truly : God is love !  
Wave, willows ; etc.



## BONNY ELOISE.

W. PERCIVAL.

SWEET is the vale where the Mohawk  
gently glides,  
On the clear winding way to the sea,  
And dearer than all storied streams on  
earth besides,  
Is this bright rolling river to me,  
But sweeter, dearer, yes dearer far than  
these,  
Who charms when others all fail,  
Is blue-eyed bonny Eloise,  
The Belle of the Mohawk Vale.

Oh, sweet are the scenes of my boy-  
hood's sunny hour,  
That bespangle the gay vally o'er,  
And dear are the friends seen thro'  
memory's fond tears  
That have lived in the blest days of  
yore,  
But sweeter, dearer, yes dearer far than  
these,  
Who charms when others all fail,  
Is blue-eyed bonny Eloise,  
The Belle of the Mohawk Vale.

~~~~~  
Oh, sweet are the moments when dream-  
ing I roam,  
Through my loved haunts now mossy  
and grey,  
And dearer than all is my childhood's  
hallowed home,  
That is crumbling now slowly away,  
But sweeter, dearer, yes dearer far than  
these,  
Who charms when others all fail,  
Is blue-eyed bonny Eloise,  
The Belle of the Mohawk Vale.

---

## IRISH MARY.

JOHN BANIM.

AIR—" *Leabha hath a Beaming Eye.*"

FAR away from Erin's strand,  
And valleys wide and sounding waters  
Still she is, in every land,  
One of Erin's real daughters :  
Oh ! to meet her here is like  
A dream of home and natal mountains,  
On our hearts their voices strike—  
We hear the gushing of their fountains !  
Yes ! our Irish Mary dear !  
Our own, our real Irish Mary !  
A flower of home, fresh blooming come,  
Art thou to us our Irish Mary !

~~~~~  
Round about us here we see

Bright eyes like hers, and sunny faces,  
Charming all !—if all were free

Of foreign airs, of borrowed graces.  
Mary's eye it flashes truth !

And Mary's spirit, Mary's nature,  
"Irish Lady," fresh in youth,  
Have beam'd o'er every look and feature !

Yes ! our Irish Mary dear !

When La Tournure doth make us  
weary,  
We have you, to turn unto  
For native grace, our Irish Mary.

Sighs of home !—her Erin's songs

O'er all their songs we love to listen ;

Tears of home !—her Erin's wrongs

Subdue our kindred eyes to glisten !

Oh ! should woe to gloom consign

The clear fireside of love and honor,

You will see a holier sign

Of Irish Mary bright upon her !

Yes ! our Irish Mary dear

Will light that home, though e'er so  
dreary,

Shining still o'er clouds of ill,

Sweet star of life, our Irish Mary !



## NO ONE TO LOVE.

No one to love, none to caress,  
Roaming alone through this world's wilderness :

Sad is my heart, joy is unknown :  
For, in my sorrow, I'm weeping alone ;  
No gentle voice, no tender smile  
Makes me rejoice, or cares beguile.  
No one to love, none to caress,  
Roaming alone through this world's wilderness :

Sad is my heart, joy is unknown ;  
For, in my sorrow, I'm weeping alone.

In dreams alone, loved ones I see,  
And well-known voices then whisper to me :

Sighing I wake, waking I weep ;  
Soon with the loved and the lost I shall sleep :

Oh ! blissful rest ! what heart would stay  
Unloved, unblest'd, from Heaven away ?  
No one to love, etc.

No one to love, none to caress,  
None to respond to this heart's tenderness !—

Trusting I wait ; God, in his love,  
Promises rest in his mansions above—

~~~~~  
Oh, bliss in store ! oh, joy mine own !  
There never more to weep alone !—  
No one to love, etc.  
——

### THY HARP, BELOVED ERIN.

LEMAN BEDE.

Air—"Erin-go-bragh."

THY harp, beloved Erin, sounds over  
the deep,  
Like the murmuring sigh of an infant  
asleep—

My own native Ireland—my dear native  
Ireland,

Oh, Erin-go-bragh.

The gales that blow o'er thee, lovely  
Ireland, are dear,

As a mother's caress, or a penitent's tear,  
Oh, the heart homes of Ireland—the  
dear, dear homes of Ireland,

Oh, Erin-go-bragh.

The dove ne'er returned whom the ark  
saw depart,

For he built an abode in Hibernia's  
heart,

Olive branch'd Ireland, olive branch'd  
Ireland,

Oh, Erin-go-bragh.

~~~~~  
HAPPY BE THY DREAMS.

Oh, happy, happy, happy be thy dreams,  
Bright be thy vision that before thee  
lies,

Dreams of radiant hills and sunlit  
streams'

Dreams of the bright and blue un-  
clouded skies !

Sleep—for thy mother watches by thy  
side ;

O'er thee, unseen, the watchful spirits  
glide.

Pure as the star that o'er thee mildly  
beams,

Oh, happy, happy, happy be thy  
dreams,

Happy, happy, happy be thy  
dreams !

Oh, happy, happy, be thy path in life,  
Long still thy mother's tender love to  
share :

Till Heaven has called her from this vale  
of strife,

And purer bliss succeed to worldly  
care !

Then, if the Angels earth-ward turn  
their eyes,

~~~~~  
She will watch o'er thee from the  
radiant skies.  
Sleep—while yon Star still o'er thee  
mildly beams,  
Oh, happy, happy, happy be thy  
dreams,  
Happy, happy, happy be thy  
dreams !

---

### HERE IN SOLITUDE AND SILENCE.

Here, in solitude and silence,  
I can weep, unseen, unknown—  
Here, in sadness, I can wander,  
Musing on fond hopes o'erthrow—  
In this place, none can behold me :  
None can my sighs of anguish  
hear ;  
I my sad tale of love can whisper,  
To the zephyrs wandering near.

**THE END.**

# SONGS OF IRELAND,

## SECOND PART.



O'CONNER'S CHILD.



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## O'CONNOR'S CHILD



OH ! once the harp of Innisfail  
Was strung full high to notes of gladness,  
But yet it often told a tale  
Of more prevailing sadness.  
Sad was the note, and wild its fall,  
As winds that moan at night forlorn  
Along the isles of Fion-Gall,  
When, O'Conner's child to mourn,  
The harper told, how lone, how far  
From any mansion's twinkling star,  
From any path of social men,  
Or voice, but from the fox's den,  
The lady in the desert dwelt ;  
And yet no wrongs, nor fear she felt :  
Say, why should dwell in place so wild,  
O'Conner's pale and lovely child ?



**THE**  
**GEMS OF SONG.**

---

**STAR-SPANGLED BANNER**

**O! say, can you see, by the dawn's  
early light,  
What so proudly we hail'd at the  
twilight's last gleaming,  
Whose broad stripes and bright stars,  
through the perilous fight,  
O'er the ramparts we watch'd were  
so gallantly streaming;  
And the rocket's red glare, the bomb's  
bursting in air,  
Gave proof through the night that  
our flag was still there!  
O! say, does that star-spangled banner  
yet wave  
O'er the land of the free, and the  
home of the brave?**

~~~~~  
On the shore, dimly seen through the  
mists of the deep,

Where the foe's haughty host in  
dread silence reposes,

What is that which the breeze, o'er the  
tow'ring steep

As it fitfully blows, half conceals,  
half discloses ;

Now it catches the gleam of the morn-  
ing's first beam,

In full glory reflected, now shines on  
the stream :

'Tis the star-spangled banner ! O, long  
may it wave

O'er the land of the free, and the  
home of the brave.

And where is that band who so vaunt-  
ingly swore

That the havoc of war and the bat-  
tle's confusion,

A home and a country shall leave us  
no more ?

Their blood has wash'd out their foul  
footsteps' pollution :

No refuge could save the hireling and  
slave

~~~~~  
From the terror of flight, or the  
gloom of the grave,  
And the star-spangled banner in triumph  
doth wave  
O'er the land of the free, and the  
home of the brave.

O! thus be it ever, when freemen shall  
stand  
Between their loved home and the  
war's desolation;  
Blest with victory and peace, may the  
heaven-rescued land  
Praise the power that hath made and  
preserved us a nation!  
Then conquer we must, when our cause  
it is just,  
And this be our motto—"In God is  
our trust!"  
And the star-spangled banner in tri-  
umph shall wave  
O'er the land of the free, and the  
home of the brave!

---

WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE

WOODMAN! spare that tree:  
Touch not a single bough:

~~~~~  
In youth it shelter'd me,  
And I'll protect it now.  
'Twas my forefather's hand  
That placed it near his cot:  
There, woodman, let it stand:  
Thy axe shall harm it not

That old familiar tree,  
Whose glory and renown  
Are spread o'er land and sea—  
And wouldst thou hack it down?  
Woodman! forbear thy stroke:  
Cut not its earth-bound ties:  
Oh! spare that aged oak,  
Now towering to the skies

When but an idle boy,  
I sought its grateful shade,  
In all their gushing joy—  
Here, too, my sisters play'd  
My mother kiss'd me here;  
My father press'd my hand—  
Forgive this foolish tear,  
But let that old oak stand.

My heartstrings round thee cling  
Close as thy bark, old friend:  
Here shall the wild bird sing,  
And still thy branches bend.



~~~~~  
Old tree ! the storms still brave,  
And, woodman, leave the spot :  
While I've a hand to save,  
Thy axe shall harm it not.

---

SOME LOVE TO ROAM O'ER THE  
DARK SEA FOAM.

SOME love to roam o'er the dark sea foam,  
Where the shrill wind whistles free ;  
But a chosen band in a mountain land,  
And a life in the wood for me.

Where the shrill wind whistles free ;  
But a chosen band in a mountain land,  
And a life in a wood for me.

When morning beams o'er the moun-  
tain streams,

Oh ! merrily forth we go,  
To follow the stag to his slippery crag,  
And to chase the bounding roe.

To follow the stag to his slippery crag,  
And to chase the bounding roe.

Ho ! ho ! ho ! ho !—ho ! ho ! ho ! ho !  
Ho ! ho ! ho ! ho ! ho ! ho ! ho !

The deer we mark through the forest  
dark,  
And the prowling wolf we track ;

~~~~~  
And for right good cheer in the wild  
woods here

Oh! why should a hunter lack?  
For with steady aim at the bounding  
game,

And hearts that fear no foe,  
To the darksome glade in the forest  
shade,

Oh! merrily forth we go.—Ho! ho!  
Some love to roam, &c.

---

### THE BRAVE OLD OAK

A song of the oak, the brave old oak,  
Who hath ruled in the greenwood  
long;

Here's health and renown to his broad  
green crown,

And his fifty arms so strong.

There is fear in his frown when the  
sun goes down,

And the fire in the west fades out;  
And he showeth his might on a wild  
midnight,

When storms through his branches  
shout.

Then sing to the oak, the brave old  
oak,

~~~~~  
Who hath ruled in this land so long,  
And still flourish he, a hale green tree,  
When a hundred years are gone.

He saw the times when the Christmas  
chimes

Were a merry sound to hear ;  
And the squire's wide hall and the cot-  
tage small

Were full of American cheer ;  
And all the day, to the rebeck gay,  
They frolick'd with lovesome swains :  
They are gone, they are dead—in the  
churchyard laid,  
But the tree—he still remains.  
Then sing to the oak, &c.

---

#### THE BANKS OF THE BLUE MOSELLE

WHEN the glowworm gilds the elfin  
flower

That clings round the ruin'd shrine,  
Where first we met, where first we  
loved,

And I confess'd me thine ;  
'Tis there I'll fly to meet thee still,  
At sound of vesper bell,

~~~~~  
In the starry light of a summer night,  
In the starry light of a summer night,  
    On the banks of the blue Moselle,  
    On the banks of the blue Moselle,  
In the starry light of a summer night,  
    On the banks of the blue Moselle.

If the cares of life should shade thy  
    brow,  
    Yes, yes, in our native bowers,  
My lute and heart might best accord,  
    To tell of happier hours.  
Yes, there I'll soothe thy griefs to rest,  
    Each sigh of sorrow quell.  
        In the starry light, &c.

---

#### LIST THEE, DEAR LADY

LIST thee, dear lady, O listen, I pray,  
In life's early season, love is the lay :  
A young knight there came to his lady  
    love's bower,  
He touched his guitar, he sang of  
    love's power ;  
She was another's—oh ! there was the  
    sting—  
Start not, fair lady—another I sing.

~~~~~  
 Unknown was the knight ; for no one  
     could say  
 From whence he had come, or whither  
     his way ;  
 Disguise he assumed ; he hover'd  
     around ;  
 She was the charm that his bosom  
     had bound ;  
 E'en in her chamber his love-notes  
     they ring—  
 Start not, fair lady—another I sing.  
  
 Past vows are forgotten—'tis seen in  
     her eyes,  
 'Tis told in her blush, 'tis breathed in  
     her sighs ;  
 The young knight is urgent, love is  
     the tale—  
 Love over reason too oft will prevail :  
 Her thoughts are all his ; to a brigand  
     they cling—  
 Start not, fair lady—another I sing.

---

THE SPOT WHERE I WAS BORN

I HAVE wandered on through many a  
     clime,  
 Where flowers of beauty grew,

~~~~~  
Where all was blissful to the heart,  
And lovely to the view.  
I have seen them in their twilight pride,  
And in the dress of morn;  
But none appeared so sweet to me,  
As the spot where I was born.

---

### THE OLD ENGLISH GENTLEMAN

I'LL sing you a good old song, made  
by a good old pate,  
Of a fine old English gentleman, who  
had an old estate,  
And who kept up his old mansion at a  
bountiful old rate,  
With a good old porter to relieve the  
old poor at his gate,  
Like a fine old English gentleman, all  
of the olden time.

His hall so old was hung around with  
pikes, and guns, and bows,  
And swords, and good old bucklers,  
which had stood against old foes,  
And 'twas there "his worship" sat in  
state, in doublet and trunk hose,  
And quaff'd his cup of good old sack  
to warm his good old nose,  
Like a fine old, &c.

~~~~~  
When winter old brought frost and  
cold, he open'd house to all,  
And though threescore and ten his  
years, he featly led the ball :  
Nor was the houseless wanderer e'er  
driven from his hall ;  
For while he feasted all the great, he  
ne'er forgot the small,  
Like a fine old, &c.

But time, though sweet, is strong in  
flight, and years roll'd swiftly by,  
And autumn's falling leaf proclaim'd  
the old man he must die.  
He laid him down right tranquilly, gave  
up life's latest sigh,  
And mournful friends stood round his  
couch, and tears bedim'd each eye,  
For the fine old English gentleman, all  
of the olden time.

---

FALSE ONE, I LOVE THEE STILL.

STILL so gently o'er me stealing,  
Mem'ry will bring back the feeling,  
Spite of all my grief, revealing  
That I love thee, dearly love thee  
still ;

~~~~~  
Though some other swain may charm  
thee,

Ah! no other e'er can warm me,  
Yet, never fear, I will not harm thee—

No, thou false one, no, I fondly love  
thee still.

---

•  
WHEN THE TRUMP OF FAME

WHEN the trump of Fame,  
Loud sounding Freedom's call,  
Bids, in Freedom's name,  
To fight or bravely fall—  
Bold the hero goes,  
Where maddening war-shouts rise,  
And, midst countless foes,  
He flies, he flies.

Bright the sword now gleams,  
And banners wave on high;  
Round, the life-blood streams,  
'Mid cries of "Yield, or die!"  
'Till victory uprears  
Her pennon, red with gore,  
And shouts, to patriot ears,  
That slavery reigns no more.

When the voice of Love  
To rescue calls the brave,



Who so base would prove,  
He would not fly to save ?  
Love, whose torch in hall  
And bower doth brightly flame,  
Champions finds in all  
Who manhood claim.  
Then shame befall the knight,  
Who, false to honor's laws,  
Shuns the listed fight.  
In injured woman's cause  
May he from the foe,  
In battle, recreant fly,  
And by some traitor blow,  
Unpitied, fall and die !

---

## THE MERMAID'S CAVE.

Come, mariner, down in the deep  
with me,  
And hide thee under the wave ;  
For I have a bed of coral for thee,  
And quiet and sound shall thy slum-  
bers be  
In a cell of the mermaid' cave.  
Come, mariner, &c.  
And she who is waiting with cheek  
so pale,  
At the tempest and ocean's roar,

~~~~~  
And weeps when she hears the mena-  
cing gale,  
Or sighs to behold her mariner's sail  
Come whitening up the shore.  
Come, mariner, &c.

She has not long to linger for thee,  
Her sorrows will soon be o'er ;  
For the cord shall be broken, the pri-  
soners free ;  
Her eye shall close, and her dreams  
will be  
So sweet, she will wake no more.  
Come, mariner, &c

---

#### KATE KEARNEY

Oh ! did you ne'er hear of Kate  
Kearney ?  
She lives on the banks of Killarney :  
From the glance of her eye, shun dan-  
ger and fly,  
For fatal's the glance of Kate  
Kearney.  
  
For that eye is so modestly beaming,  
You ne'er think of mischief she's  
dreaming :

~~~~~  
Yet, oh! I can tell, how fatal's the  
spell,  
That lurks in the eye of Kate  
Kearney.

O should you e'er meet this Kate  
Kearney,  
Who lives on the banks of Killarney,  
Beware of her smile, for many a wile  
Lies hid in the smile of Kate Kearney.  
Though she looks so bewitchingly  
simple,  
Yet there's mischief in every dimple,  
And who dares inhale her sigh's spicy  
gale,  
Must die by the breath of Kate  
Kearney

---

### ANGELS' WHISPER

A BABY was sleeping,  
Its mother was weeping,  
For her husband was far on the wide  
raging sea,  
And the tempest was swelling  
'Round the fisherman's dwelling,  
And she cried, "Dermont, darling,  
oh! come back to me!"

~~~~~  
Her beads while she number'd,  
The baby still slumber'd,  
And smiled in her face as she bended  
her knee :

“ Oh ! bless'd be that warning,  
My child, thy sleep adorning,  
For I know that the angels are whis-  
pering to thee.

“ And while they are keeping  
Bright watch o'er thy sleeping,  
Oh ! pray to them softly, my baby,  
with me—

And say thou wouldst rather  
They'd watch o'er thy father,  
For I know that the angels are whis-  
pering with thee.”

The dawn of the morning  
Saw Dermont returning,  
And the wife wept with joy her babe's  
father to see ;  
And closely caressing  
Her child, with a blessing,  
Said, “ I knew that the angels were  
whispering with thee.”

~~~~~  
OH! BLAME NOT THE BARD.

AIR.—*Kitty Tyrrel.*

OH! blame not the bard if he fly to  
the bowers

Where Pleasure lies, carelessly smiling  
at Fame;

He was born for much more, and in  
happier hours

His soul might have burned with a  
holier flame.

The string that now languishes loose  
on the lyre,

Might have bent a proud bow to the  
warrior's dart;

And the lip which now breathes but  
the song of desire,

Might have pour'd the full tide of  
the patriot's heart.

But, alas for his country! her pride is  
gone by,

And that spirit is broken which  
never would bend:

Or the ruin her children in secret  
must sigh,

For 'tis treason to love her, and  
death to defend.

~~~~~  
Unprized are her sons till they've  
learn'd to betray

Undistinguish'd they live, if they  
shame not their sires ;  
And the torch that would light them  
through dignity's way  
Must be caught from the pile where  
their country expires.

Then blame not the bard, if in plea-  
sure's soft dream

He should try to forget what he  
never can heal :

Oh ! give but a hope—let a vista but gleam  
Through the gloom of his country,  
and mark how he'll feel !

That instant his heart at her shrine  
would lay down

Every passion it nursed, every bliss  
it adored,

While the myrtle now idly entwin'd  
with his crown,

Like the wreath of Harmodius,  
should cover his sword.

But, though glory be gone, and though  
hope fade away,

Thy name, loved Erin, shall live in  
his songs :

~~~~~  
Not e'en in the hour when his heart is  
    most gay  
    Will he lose the remembrance of  
        thee and thy wrongs !  
The stranger shall hear thy lament on  
    his plains,  
    The sigh of thy harp shall be sent  
        o'er the deep,  
Till thy masters themselves, as they  
    rivet thy chains,  
    Shall pause at the song of their cap-  
        tive, and weep.

---

## HAIL COLUMBIA

HAIL, Columbia ! happy land !  
Hail, ye heroes ! heaven-born band !  
Who fought and bled in freedom's  
    cause,  
Who fought and bled in freedom's  
    cause,  
And when the storm of war was  
    gone,  
Enjoy'd the peace your valour won.  
Let Independence be our boast,  
Ever mindful what it cost ;  
Ever grateful for the prize,  
Let its altar reach the skies

~~~~~  
Firm—united—let us be,  
Rallying round our liberty ;  
As a band of brothers join'd,  
Peace and safety we shall find

Immortal patriots, rise once more ;  
Defend your rights, defend your  
shore ;  
Let no rude foe, with impious hand,  
Let no rude foe, with impious hand,  
Invade the shrine where sacred lies,  
Of toil and blood the well-earned  
prize.  
While offering peace sincere and  
just,  
In heaven we place a manly trust  
That truth and justice will prevail.  
And every scheme of bondage fail.  
Firm—united, &c.

Sound, sound, the trump of fame !  
Let Washington's great name  
Ring through the world with loud  
applause,  
Ring through the world with loud  
applause  
Let every clime to freedom dear,  
Listen with a joyful ear.



~~~~~  
With equal skill, and godlike  
power,  
He govern'd in the fearful hour  
Of horrid war ; or guides, with  
ease,  
The happier times of honest peace.  
Firm—united, &c.

Behold the chief who now com-  
mands,  
Once more to serve his country  
stands—  
The rock on which the storm will beat :  
The rock on which the storm will beat :  
But arm'd in virtue, firm and true,  
His hopes are fix'd on heaven and  
you.  
When hope was sinking in dismay,  
And glooms obscured Columbia's  
day,  
His steady mind, from changes  
free,  
Resolved on death or liberty.  
Firm—united—let us be,  
Rallying round our liberty ;  
As a band of brothers join'd,  
Peace and safety we shall find.

~~~~~

TAKE HEED! WHISPER LOW

BEHOLD! how brightly breaks the  
morning,  
Though bleak our lot, our hearts are  
warm ;  
To toil inured, all danger scorning,  
We'll hail the breeze, or brave the  
storm.  
Put off, put off, our course we  
know,  
Take heed, whisper low :  
Look out, and spread your net  
with care  
Take heed, whisper low—  
The prey we seek we'll soon  
ensnare.

Away! no cloud is lowering o'er us,  
Freely now we'll stem the wave :  
Hoist, hoist all sail, while full before us,  
Hope's beacon shines to cheer the  
brave.  
Put off, put off, our, &c.



## ALICE GRAY.

SHE's all my fancy painted her :  
She's lovely ! she's divine !  
But her heart is another's—  
She never can be mine.  
Yet loved I, as man ne'er loved,  
A love without decay,  
Oh ! my heart is breaking  
For the love of Alice Gray.

Her dark brown hair is braided o'er  
A brow of spotless white,  
Her soft blue eye now languishes—  
Now flashes with delight.  
The hair is braided not for me,  
The eye is turn'd away—  
Yet my heart, my heart is breaking,  
For the love of Alice Gray.

For her I'd climb the mountain side,  
For her I'd stem the flood :  
For her I'd dare the battle strife,  
Though I seal'd it with my blood.  
By night I'd watch her slumbers,  
And tend her steps by day—  
But scorn'd is the heart that's breaking  
For the love Alice Gray.

I've sank beneath the summer's sun,  
And trembled in the blast,  
But my pilgrimage is nearly done,  
The heavy conflict's past.  
And when the greensod wraps my grave,  
May pity haply say,  
"Oh ! his heart was broken  
For the love of Alice Gray."

---

#### HE STRIKES THE MINSTREL LYRE

He strikes the minstrel lyre again,  
And happy is his song ;  
For brightly beams his laughing eye,  
And rapture's on his tongue :  
The clouds that darken'd all his hopes  
Have floated all away ;  
Her heart, her heart is now his own,  
He's loved by Alice Gray.

He quits the dark and sorrowing scene  
His cares are hush'd to rest,  
His pilgrimage is past and gone,  
His faithful love is blest.  
And now for him, and him alone  
Her eye shines bright and gay,  
Her heart, her heart is now his own,  
*His bride is Alice Gray.*

## THE MELLOW HORN.

At dawn Aurora gayly breaks,  
In all her proud attire,  
Majestic o'er the glassy lakes,  
Reflecting liquid fire.  
All nature smiles to usher in  
The blushing queen of morn;  
And huntsmen, with the day, begin  
To wind the mellow horn.  
And huntsmen with, &c

At eve, when gloomy shades obscure  
The tranquil shepherd's cot—  
When tinkling bells are heard no more,  
And daily toil forgot;  
'Tis then the sweet enchanting note,  
On zephyrs gently borne,  
With witching cadence seems to float  
Around the mellow horn.  
With witching cadence, &c

## MY FRIEND AND PITCHER.

THE wealthy fool, with gold in store,  
Will still desire to grow richer;  
Give me but these, I ask no more,  
My charming girl, my friend, and  
pitcher.

~~~~~  
My friend so rare, my girl so fair,  
With such, what mortal can be  
richer?

Give me but these—a fig for care,  
With my sweet girl, my friend, and  
pitcher.

From morning sun I'd never grieve,  
To toil a hedger or a ditcher,  
If that, when I come home at eve,  
I might enjoy my friend and pitcher.  
My friend so rare, &c.

Though fortune ever shuns my door,  
I do not know what can bewitch  
her:

With all my heart can I be poor,  
With my sweet girl, my friend, and  
pitcher.

My friend so rare, &c

---

#### MY LUVE'S LIKE A RED, RED ROSE

Oh! my luve's like a red, red rose,  
That's newly sprung in June;  
Oh! my luve's like the melodie  
That's sweetly play'd in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,  
So deep in luve am I—

~~~~~  
And I will luve thee still, my dear,  
Till a' the seas gang dry.

'Till a 'the seas gang dry, my dear,  
And the rocks melt wi' the sun ;  
I will luve thee still, my dear,  
While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only luve,  
And fare thee weel a while !  
And I will come again, my luve,  
Though it were ten thousand mile

---

#### LIFE LET US CHERISH

LIFE let us cherish  
While yet the taper glows,  
And the fresh flow'ret  
Pluck ere it close.

Why are we fond of toil and care ?  
Why choose the rankling thorn to wear,  
And heedless by the lily stray,  
Which blossoms in our way ?

Life let us cherish, &c.

When clouds obscure the atmosphere,  
And forked lightnings rend the air,  
The sun resumes his silver crest,  
And smiles adorn the west.

Life let us cherish, &c.

~~~~~  
The genial seasons soon are o'er,  
Then let us, ere we quit this shore,  
Contentment seek—it is life's rest,  
The sunshine of the breast.

Life let us cherish, &c

Away with every toil and care,  
And cease the rankling thorn to wear,  
With manful heart life's conflicts meet,  
Till death sounds the retreat.

Life let us cherish, &c.

---

#### THE ROSE OF ALLANDALE.

THE morn was fair, the skies were clear,  
No breath came o'er the sea,  
When Mary left her highland cot,  
And wander'd forth with me :  
Though flowers deck 'd the mountain's  
side,  
And fragrance fill'd the vale,  
By far the sweetest flower there,  
Was the Rose of Allandale.

Where'er I wander'd, east or west,  
Though fate began to lower,  
A solace still was she to me,  
In sorrow's lonely hour :



~~~~~  
When tempests lash'd our gallant bark,  
And rent our shivering sail,  
One maiden form withstood the storm,  
'Twas the Rose of Allandale.

And when my fever'd lips were parch'd,  
On Afric's burning sands,  
She whisper'd hopes of happiness,  
And tales of distant lands :  
My life had been a wilderness,  
Unblest by fortune's gale,  
Had fate not link'd my lot to her's,  
The Rose of Allandale.

---

#### THE BRIDE.

OH ! take her, but be faithful still,  
And may the bridal vow  
Be sacred held in after years,  
And warmly breathed as now  
Remember, 'tis no common tie  
That binds her youthful heart :  
'Tis one that only truth should weave,  
And only death can part

The joys of childhood's happy hour,  
The home of riper years,  
The treasured scenes of early youth,  
In sunshine and in tears ;

~~~~~  
The purest hopes her bosom knew,  
When her young heart was free,  
All these and more she now resigns,  
To brave the world with thee.

Her lot in life is fix'd with thine,  
Its good and ill to share ;  
And well I know 'twill be her pride  
To sooth each sorrow there ;  
Then take her, and may fleeting time  
Mark only joy's increase ;  
And may your days glide sweetly on  
In happiness and peace.

---

#### SWISS BOY

Come, arouse thee, arouse thee, my  
brave Swiss boy,  
Take thy pail, and to labour away :  
Take thy pail, and to labour away :  
The sun is up with ruddy beam,  
The kine are thronging to the stream.  
Come, arouse thee, arouse thee, my  
brave Swiss boy,  
Take thy pail, and to labour away.  
Am noi I, am not I, say, a merry  
Swiss boy,  
When I hie to the mountains away ?

~~~~~  
For there a shepherd maiden dear,  
Awaits my song with listening ear,  
Am not I, &c.

Then at night! then at night—oh! a  
gay Swiss boy—  
I'm away—to my comrades, away :  
The cup we fill—the wine is pass'd  
In friendship round, until, at last,  
With good-night! and good-night! goes  
the happy Swiss boy  
To his home and his slumbers away.

---

#### THE SWISS MAID

Come, haste thee, come haste thee, my  
bonny Swiss maid :  
Take thy cloak, and to church let's  
away ;  
The plighted love, I claim so true,  
For true's my love, sincere to you,  
Then, haste thee, come, haste thee, my  
bonny Swiss maid,  
Take thy cloak, and to church let's  
away.

Am not I, am not I, then, a happy  
Swiss maid ?  
Now bless'd with my own true love ,

~~~~~  
My shepherd swain to welcome home,  
And hail with joy each night's return.  
Am not I, am not I, then a happy Swiss  
    maid,  
Now blest with my own true love ?  
Now at eve, now at eve, see the happy  
    Swiss maid,  
In her cot, with contentment and peace ;  
There's naught disturbs—devoid of care,  
Her rest is sweet : she knows no fear.  
Then "good-night," and "good-night,"  
    goes the happy Swiss maid,  
In her cot, to her slumbers in peace

---

## RINORDINE.

ONE evening as I rambled  
Two miles below Pomroy,  
I met a farmer's daughter,  
All on the mountains high,  
I said, " My pretty fair maiden,  
Your beauty shines most clear,  
And upon these lonely mountains,  
I'm glad to meet you here."

She said, " Young man, be civil,  
My company forsake,  
For to my great opinion,  
I fear you are a rake :

~~~~~  
And if my parents should it know  
My life they would destroy,  
For keeping of your company  
All on the mountains high."

I said, " My dear, I am no rake,  
But brought up in Venus' train,  
And looking out for concealments,  
All in the judge's name ;  
Your beauty has ensnared me,  
I cannot pass you by ;  
And with my gun I'll guard you,  
All on the mountains high "

This pretty little thing,  
She fell into amaze,  
With her eyes as bright as amber  
Upon me she did gaze.  
Her cherry cheeks, and ruby lips,  
They lost their former dye ;  
And then she fell into my arms,  
All on the mountains high.

I had but kissed her once or twice,  
Till she came to again ;  
She modestly then asked me,  
" Pray, sir, what is your name ?"  
" If you go to yonder forest,  
My castle you will find,

~~~~~  
Wrote in ancient history—  
My name is Rinordine.”

I said, “ My pretty fair maiden,  
Don't let your parents know,  
For if you do they'll prove my ruin  
And fatal overthrow ,  
But, when you come to look for me  
Perhaps you'll not me find,  
But I'll be in my castle—  
And call for Rinordine.”

Come, all ye pretty fair maidens,  
A warning take by me,  
And be sure you quit night walking  
And shun bad company ;  
For if you don't, you'll surely rue  
Until the day you die—  
And beware of meeting Rinordine,  
All on the mountains high.

---

#### MINSTREL'S RETURN FROM THE WAR.

THE minstrel's return'd from the war,  
With spirits as buoyant as air,  
And thus on his tuneful guitar,  
He sung in the bower of his fair--

~~~~~  
"The noise of the battle is over,  
The bugle no more calls to arms;  
A soldier no more—but a lover,  
I bend to the power of thy charms.  
Sweet lady, fair lady, I'm thine,  
I bend to the magic of beauty—  
Though the banner and helmet are mine  
Yet love calls the soldier to duty."

The minstrel his suit warmly press'd,  
She blush'd, sigh'd, and hung down  
her head;

Till, conquer'd, she fell on his breast,  
And thus to the happy youth said:

"the bugle shall part us, love, never;

My bosom thy pillow shall be,

Till death tears thee from me, forever,  
Still faithful, I'll perish with thee."

Sweet lady, &c.

But fame call'd the youth to the field;  
His banner waved high o'er his  
head—

He gave his guitar for a shield,  
And soon he lay low with the dead—

While she o'er her young hero bending,  
Received his expiring adieu—

"I die whilst my country defending,  
But I die to my lady love true"

~~~~~  
"Oh, death!" then she cried, "I am  
thine :

I tear off the roses of beauty ;  
The grave of my hero is mine,  
For he died true to love and to duty !"

---

### M ARSEILLES HYMN OF LIBERTY

YE sons of Freedom, wake to glory !  
Hark ! hark ! what myriads bid you  
rise,  
Your children, wives, and grandsires  
hoary,  
Behold their tears and hear their cries  
Shall hateful tyrants, mischiefs breed  
ing,  
With hireling hosts, a ruffian band,  
Affright and desolate the land,  
While peace and liberty lie bleeding ,  
To arms ! to arms ! ye brave !  
Th' avenging sword unsheath :  
March on, march on, all hearts resolved  
On victory or death.

Now, now, the dangerous storm is  
rolling,  
Which treacherous kings confederate  
raise,



~~~~~  
The dogs of war, let loose, are howling,  
And, lo ! our fields and cities blaze  
And shall we basely view the ruin,  
While lawless force, with guilty  
stride,  
Spreads desolation far and wide,  
With crimes and blood his hands im-  
braing ?  
To arms ! to arms ! ye brave, &c.

With luxury and pride surrounded,  
The vile insatiate despots dare—  
Their thirst of power and gold un-  
bounded—  
To mete and vend the light and air.  
Like beasts of burden would they  
load us,  
Like gods, would bid their slaves  
adore :  
But man is man, and who is more ?  
Then shall they longer lash and goad us ?  
To arms ! to arms ! ye brave, &c.

Oh ! Liberty, can man resign thee,  
Once having felt thy generous flame ?  
Can dungeons, bolts, and bars confine  
thee,  
Or whips thy noble spirit tame ?

~~~~~  
Too long the world has wept, bewailing  
That falsehood's dagger tyrants wield:  
But freedom is our sword and shield,  
And all their arts are unavailing  
To arms! to arms! ye brave, &c.

---

### THE MERRY MOUNTAIN HORN

Come, my gallant soldier, come :  
Leave the proud embattled field,  
Shrilly fife, and rolling drum—  
All the pleasures war can yield.  
Quickly come—again behold  
The happy land where thou wert  
born,  
And hear its music—sweet and bold,  
The merry mountain horn.  
The merry mountain,  
Yhu—i—eo—ei—o—yhu,  
The merry mountain horn!  
In thy native valley find,  
Far away from pomp and power,  
Constant love and peace of mind,  
Here, in bright affection's bower.  
Quickly come, &c

## SOLDIER'S TEAR

UPON the hill he turn'd, to take a last  
fond look

At the valley, and the village church,  
and the cottage by the brook ;

He listen'd to the sounds so familiar to  
his ear,

And the soldier lean'd upon his sword,  
and wiped away a tear.

Beside that cottage porch a girl was  
on her knees,

She held aloft a snowy scarf, which  
flutter'd in the breeze :

She breathed a prayer for him, a prayer  
he could not hear ;

But he paused to bless her as she knelt,  
and wiped away a tear.

He turn'd and left the spot—oh ! do not  
deem him weak,

For dauntless was the soldier's heart,  
though tears were on his cheek.

Go watch the foremost ranks in danger's  
dark career—

Be sure the hand most daring there has  
wiped away a tear.

~~~~~  
MY BOAT IS ON THE SHORE

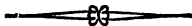
My boat is on the shore,  
And my bark is on the sea ;  
But, before I go, Tom Moore,  
Here's a double health to thee

Here's a sigh for those that love,  
And a smile for those who hate,  
And whatever sky's above,  
Here's a heart for every fate.

Though the ocean roars around me,  
Yet it still shall bear me on ;  
Though a desert should surround me,  
It hath springs that may be won

Wer't the last drop in the well,  
As I gasp upon the brink,  
Ere my sinking spirits fell,  
'Tis to thee that I would drink

In this water as this wine,  
The libations I would pour  
Should be peace to thee and thine,  
And a health to thee, Tom Moore



## TWILIGHT DEWS.

WHEN twilight dew's are falling fast  
Upon the rosy lea,  
I watch that star, whose beam so oft  
Has lighted me to thee.  
And thou, too, on that orb so dear,  
Ah! dost thou gaze at even,  
And think, though lost forever here,  
Thou'll yet be mine in heaven!  
And thou, too, on that, &c.  
There's not a garden walk I tread,  
There's not a flower I see,  
But brings to mind some hope that's fled,  
Some joy I've lost with thee:  
And still I wish that hour was near,  
When, friends and foes forgiven,  
The pains, the ills, we've wept through  
here  
May turn to smiles in heaven.  
And still I wish, &c

---

## MARCH TO THE BATTLE FIELD

MARCH to the battle field,  
The foe is now before us;  
Each heart is freedom's shield,  
And heaven is smiling o'er us

The woes and pains,  
The galling' chains,  
That keep our spirits under,  
In proud disdain,  
We've broken again,  
And tore each link asunder.

March to the, &c.

Who, for his country brave,  
Would fly from her invader?  
Who, his base life to save,  
Would, traitor-like, degrade her?  
Our hallow'd cause,  
Our home and laws,  
'Gianst tyrant power sustaining,  
We'll gain a crown  
Of bright renown,  
Or die—our rights maintaining '  
March to the, &c

---

### THE MINSTREL BOY.

The minstrel boy to the war is gone,  
In the ranks of death you'll find him :  
His father's sword he has girded on,  
And his wild harp slung behind him.  
" Land of song ! " said the warrior bard,  
" Though all the world betrays thee,

~~~~~  
One sword, at least, thy rights shall  
guard,

One faithful heart shall praise thee."

The minstrel fell—but the foeman's  
chain

Could not bring his proud soul under;  
The harp he loved ne'er spoke again,

For he tore its chords asunder;

And said, "No chains shall sully thee,  
Thou soul of love and bravery!

Thy songs were made for the pure and  
free,

They ne'er shall sound in slavery."

---

#### MEET ME BY MOONLIGHT

MEET me by moonlight alone,

And then I will tell you a tale,

Must be told by the moonlight alone,

In the grove at the end of the  
vale.

You must promise to come—for I said

I would show the night flowers their  
queen—

Nay, turn not away thy sweet head;

'Tis the loveliest ever was seen

Oh! meet me by moonlight alone.

~~~~~  
Daylight may do for the gay,  
The thoughtless, the heartless, the  
free ;  
But there's something about the moon's  
ray,  
That is sweeter to you and to me.  
Oh ! remember—be sure to be there ;  
For though dearly a moonlight I  
prize,  
I care not for all in the air,  
If I want the sweet light of your eyes  
So meet me by moonlight alone

---

### SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND

*AIR.—Open the door*

SHE is far from the land where her  
young hero sleeps,  
And lovers around her are sighing ;  
But coldly she turns from their gaze,  
and weeps,  
For her heart in his grave is lying !  
She sings the wild song of her dear  
native plains,  
Every note which he loved awaking ;



~~~~~  
Ah ! little they think, who delight in  
    • her strains,  
How the heart of the minstrel is  
    breaking !

He had lived for his love, for his coun-  
try he died !

They were all that to life had en-  
twined him :  
Nor soon shall the tears of his country  
    be dried,  
Nor long will his love stay behind  
    him !

Oh ! make her a grave where the sun-  
beams rest,  
When they promise a glorious mor-  
row ;  
They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a  
    smile from the west,  
From her own loved island of sorrow .

---

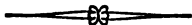
### HOME, SWEET HOME

'Mid pleasure and palaces though we  
    may roam,  
Be it ever so humble, there's no place  
    like home ;

~~~~~  
A charm from the skies seems to hal-  
low us there,  
Which, seek through the world, is  
ne'er met with elsewhere.  
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,  
There's no place like home.

I gaze on the moon as I trace the drear  
wild,  
And feel that my parent now thinks of  
her child :  
She looks on that moon from our own  
cottage door,  
Through woodbines whose fragrance  
shall cheer me no more.  
Home, home, sweet, sweet home, &c.

An exile from home splendour dazzles  
in vain,  
O give me my lowly, thatch'd cottage  
again ;  
The birds singing gaily—that came at  
my call,  
Give me them, with the peace of mind  
dearer than all.  
Home, home, sweet, sweet home, &c.



~~~~~  
THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.

THERE is not in the wide world a val-  
ley so sweet,  
As that vale in whose bosom the bright  
waters meet;  
Oh the last rays of feeling and life  
must depart,  
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade  
from my heart.

Yet it was not that nature had shed  
o'er the scene  
Her purest of crystal and brightest of  
green :  
'Twas not the soft magic of streamlet  
or hill,  
Oh ! no—it was something more exqui-  
site still.

'Twas that friends, the beloved of my  
bosom, were near,  
Who made each dear scene of enchant-  
ment more dear,  
And who felt how the best charms of  
nature improve,  
When we see them reflected from looks  
that we love

~~~~~  
Sweet vale of Avoca ! how calm could  
    I rest  
In thy bosom of shade with the friends  
    I love best,  
Where the storms which we feel in  
    this cold world should cease,  
And our hearts, like thy waters, be  
    mingled in peace !

---

#### BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,  
    As his corse to the ramparts we  
        hurried ;  
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot  
    O'er the grave where our hero we  
        buried.  
We buried him darkly at dead of night,  
    The sod with our bayonets turning,  
By the struggling moonbeam's misty  
    light,  
    And the lantern dimly burning.  
  
No useless coffin confined his breast,  
    Nor in sheet or shroud we bound  
        him :  
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,  
    With his martial cloak around him

~~~~~  
Few and short were the prayers we said,  
And we spoke not a word of sorrow ;  
But we steadfastly gazed on the face  
of the dead,  
And we bitterly thought of the mor-  
row.

We thought, as we heap'd his narrow  
bed,  
And smooth'd down his lonely pil-  
low,  
That the foe and the stranger would  
tread o'er his head,  
And we far away on the billow  
Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's  
gone,  
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him :  
But nothing he'll reck if they'll let him  
sleep on  
In the grave where a Briton has laid  
him.

But half our heavy task was done,  
When the clock told the hour for  
retiring ;  
And we heard by the distant and ran-  
dom gun,  
That the foe was sullenly firing.

~~~~~  
Slowly and sadly we laid him down,  
From the field of his fame fresh and  
gory,  
We carved not a line, we raised not a  
stone,  
But we left him alone in his glory

---

## AULD LANG SYNE

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,  
And never brought to mind ?  
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
And days o' lang syne ?  
For auld lang syne, my dear,  
For auld lang syne,  
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,  
For auld lang syne.

We twa hae run about the braes,  
And pu'd the gowans fine ;  
But we've wander'd mony a weary foot,  
Sin' auld lang syne.  
For auld lang syne, my dear, &c

We twa ha'e paidlet i' the burn,  
Frae morning sun till dine ;  
But seas between us braid ha'e roar'd  
Sin' auld lang syne,  
For auld lang syne, my dear, &c.

~~~~~  
And there's a hand, my trustie feire,  
And gi'es a hand o' thine :  
And we'll tak' a right gude willie waught  
For auld lang syne.  
For auld lang syne, my dear, &c

And surely you'll be your pint-stoup,  
And surely I'll be mine ;  
And we'll tak' a drop o' kindness yet,  
For auld lang syne.  
For auld lang syne, my dear, &c

---

### THE LAND OF LOVE AND LIBERTY

AIR.—*Rule Britannia.*

HAIL, great republic of the world !  
The rising empire of the west ;  
When fam'd Columbus' mighty mind  
impress'd,  
Gave Europe's sons a place of rest.  
Be thou for ever, ever blest and free,  
The land of love and liberty.

Bedeath thy spreading mantling vines,  
Beside thy flowery groves and springs,  
And on thy lofty, lofty mountains' brow  
May all thy sons and fair ones sing,  
Be thou for ever, &c.

~~~~~  
From thee may future nations learn  
To prize the cause thy sons began ;  
From thee may future, future tyrants  
    know,  
That sacred are the rights of man.  
    Be thou for ever, &c

Of thee may sleeping infancy  
The pleasing, wondrous story tell ;  
And patriot sage, in venerable mood,  
Instruct the world to govern well.  
    Be thou for ever, &c

May guardian angels watch around,  
From harm protect these new-born  
    states ;  
And all ye friendly, friendly nations join,  
And thus salute the child of fate—  
    Be thou for ever, &c.

---

### MY HIGHLAND HOME.

My Highland home, where tempests  
    blow,  
And cold thy wintry looks,  
Thy hills are crowned with driven snow,  
And ice-bound are thy brooks :



~~~~~  
But colder far the Scotsman's heart,  
    However far he roam,  
To whom these words no joy impart—  
    My native Highland home.  
Then gang with me to Scotland, dear,  
    We ne'er again will roam ;  
And with thy smiles, so bonny, cheer  
    My native Highland home.

When summer comes, the heather bell  
    Shall tempt thy feet to rove :  
The cushat dove, within the dell,  
    Invites to peace and love :  
For blithesome is the face of day,  
    And sweet's the bonnie broom ;  
And pure the dimpling rills that play  
    Around my Highland home.  
Then gang with me to Scotland, &c.

---

#### THE SPRIG OF SHILLELAH.

OCH, love is the soul of a nate Irishman,  
He loves all the lovely, loves all that  
    he can,  
    With his sprig of shillelah and sham-  
    rock so green.  
His heart is good-humour'd--'tis honest  
    and sound,

~~~~~  
No malice or hatred is there to be  
found,

He courts and he marries, he drinks  
and he fights,

For love, all for love, for in that he  
delights,

With his sprig of shillelah and sham-  
rock so green.

Who has e'er had the luck to see Don-  
nybrook fair?

An Irishman all in his glory is there,  
With his sprig of shillelah and sham-  
rock so green :

His clothes spick and span new, with-  
out e'er a speck,

A neat Barcelona tied round his white  
neck :

He goes to a tent and he spends half a  
crown,

He meets with a friend—and for love  
knocks him down

With a sprig of shillelah and sham-  
rock so green.

At evening returning, as homeward he  
goes,

His heart soft with whiskey, his head  
soft with blows

~~~~~  
From a sprig of shillelah and sham-  
rock so green,  
He meets with his Shelah, who, blush-  
ing a smile,  
Cries, "Get ye gone, Pat," yet con-  
sents all the while—  
To the priest then they go—and, nine  
months after that,  
A fine baby cries out "How d'ye do,  
father Pat,  
With your sprig of shillelah and  
shamrock so green."

Bless the country, say I, that gave Pat-  
rick his birth,  
Bless the land of the oak, and its neigh-  
bouring earth,  
Where grows the shillelah and sham-  
rock so green.  
May the sons of the Thames, the  
Tweed, and the Shannon,  
Drub the foe who dares plant on our  
confines a cannon :  
United and happy, at loyalty's shrine,  
May the rose, leek, and thistle long  
flourish and twine  
Round a sprig of shillelah and sham-  
rock so green.

## THE VESPER HYMN.

*Russian Air.*

HARK ! the vesper hymn is stealing  
O'er the waters, soft and clear—  
Nearer yet, and nearer pealing,  
Now it bursts upon the ear.  
'Jubilate,—————Amen.  
Farther now—now farther stealing  
Soft it fades upon the ear.

Now, like moonlight waves retreating,  
To the shore, it dies along :  
Now, like angry surges meeting,  
Breaks the mingled tide of song.  
Hark ! again ! like waves retreating  
To the shore, it dies along.

---

## GRACE DARLING,

## OR, THE WRECKER'S DAUGHTER

" OH ! father loved ! the storm is raging,  
And cold and heavy the night mist falls ;  
Some hapless crew, a prey to danger,  
For help, for help, despairing calls.

~~~~~  
Trim, trim the lamp—the boat launch  
quickly,

Though dangers threaten, the worst  
we'll brave.

The toil I heed not, if we can rescue  
The shipwreck'd wanderers from the  
grave.

Oh! father loved! the storm is raging,  
And cold and heavy the night wind  
falls;

The boat launch quickly—the boat  
launch quickly,  
Some hapless crew for help now  
calls."

"My gentle child, 'twere worse than  
madness,

To tempt the billow this fearful night;  
Again to sleep—to rest betake thee:  
Await—await the morning's light."

"I cannot sleep—their shrieks appal  
me—

Oh, father! heard you that piercing  
cry?

Arise thee! hasten! the day is break-  
ing!

Look out! look out!—a wreck I spy  
Oh! father loved! I fear no danger:

~~~~~  
With thee I will boldly breast the  
    wave ;  
The boat launch quickly—the boat  
    launch quickly,  
Yon hapless crew we yet may save.”

The boat is launch'd—through break-  
    ers roaring,  
Like some wild bird the frail skiff  
    flew ;  
That gentle girl, with love unshaken,  
Has saved from death that hapless  
    crew.

The danger past, her heart beats lightly,  
Her silent transport no pride betrays ;  
Though grateful tears are round her  
    falling,  
And hearts are throbbing to her  
    praise

The danger past, her heart beats lightly,  
Her silent transport no pride betrays,  
Though grateful tears are round her  
    falling,  
And hearts are throbbing to her  
    praise.



## THE BONNY SLEIGH.

AIR.—*The bonny boat*

O SWIFTLY glides the bonny sleigh,  
Just parted from the door,  
With jingling bells and horses' neigh  
The snow dash'd up before.  
This pleasure now, and happy cheer  
Are much enjoy'd indeed ;  
With blooming belles to us so dear,  
To Laurel Hill we'll speed.  
We cast our lines upon the rails,  
Where snow had drifted wide :  
Our bonny sleigh, coats, hats and vens,  
Were all then laid aside :  
Then happy proved the merry dance  
Upon the mansion floor ;  
While wine and cider, mull'd and warm,  
Came in at every door.

The skaters on the ice may sing,  
Whilst all around they charm ;  
But we prefer the sleigh bells ring,  
When all wrapp'd up so warm .  
It safely bears its lovely store  
Through many a stormy gale ;  
Whilst joyful shouts from half a score  
Our merry party hail.

~~~~~  
We cast our lines upon the rails,  
Where snow had drifted wide ;  
Our bonny sleigh, coats, hats and veils,  
Were all then laid aside :  
Then happy prov'd the jolly folks,  
With ne'er a sigh nor care :  
We'll now return and crack some  
jokes,  
Where all our treasures are.

Now near the city we are come,  
The lamps I plainly see ;  
From the good dame that we left at  
home,  
Our welcome warm will be :  
The well known shout, and sleigh bells'  
ring,  
Seem echoing in her ears ;  
Now come, my boys, let's loudly sing,  
She'll soon forget her fears.  
We'll cast our lines upon the post,  
That stands before the door,  
And then we'll all our fingers toast,  
And sleigh a little more.  
Then happy prove each pleasant jaunt  
Upon the wintry plain ;  
I'm sure we shall not sleighing want,  
If snow don't turn to rain.



## ERIN OF THE STREAMS.

TUNE.—*Crusken Lhan.*

You ask me then to sing ;  
Come your wine and goblets bring,  
**I've** a toast that shall light up your  
eyes—

It is my country's name,  
With her proud and holy fame—  
**Hear's** to Erin of the Streams—then  
arise !—then arise !  
**Hear's** to Erin of the Streams—then  
arise !

When last our proud flag rose,  
To strike ruin on our foes,  
**'Midst** the ranks of that foe did it **fall.**  
Next time our hands unfold  
This dear flag of green and gold,  
O'er a nation shall it wave—lov'd by  
all !—lov'd by all !  
O'er a nation shall it wave—loved by  
all !

Then fill your goblets high,  
And drink your bumpers dry,  
**Sure** souls like our own shall be **free !**

~~~~~  
Of love let others sing,  
Among us this toast shall ring—  
Here's to Erin of the Streams—drink  
with me—drink with me !  
Here's to Erin of the Streams—drink  
with me—drink with me !  
—————

## THE IRISHMAN.

THE savage loves his native shore,  
Tho' rude the soil and chill the air,  
Then well may Erin's sons adore  
Their isle which nature formed so fair.  
What flood reflects a show so sweet,  
As Shannon's great or pastoral band,  
Or who a friend or foe can meet,  
So gen'rous as an Irishman ?  
Tho, his hand be rash, his heart is warm  
And principle is still his guide,  
None more regrets a deed of harm,  
None more forgives with nobler pride ;  
He may be duped, but won't be dared ;  
But fit to practice and to plan,  
He ably earns his poor reward,  
And spends it like an Irishman.  
If poor in weal, he'll for you pay,  
And guide you where you safe may be ;

~~~~~  
If you're his comrade, whilst you stay,  
His cottage holds a jubilee ;  
His inmost soul he will unlock,  
And if he may your merits scan,  
Your confidence he scorns to mock,  
For faithful is an Irishman.

By honour bound in wo or weal,  
Whate'er she bids he dares to do,  
Try him with gold, it won't prevail,  
But e'en in fire you'll find him  
true ;  
He seeks not safety—let his post  
Be where there's aught in danger's  
van ;  
Or if the field of fame be lost  
It won't be by an Irishman.

Erin's lov'd land, from age to age,  
Be thou more great, more fam'd and  
free,  
May peace be yours, or should you  
wage  
Defensive wars, cheap victory ,  
May plenty flow in every field,  
And gentle breezes sweetly fan,  
May cheerful smiles serenely glide,  
In the breast of every Irishman.

## THE INDIAN HUNTER.

*AIR.—Meeting of the waters.*

LET me go to my home that is far distant west,

To the scenes of my youth that I like the best,

Where the tall cedars are and the bright waters flow,

Where my parents will greet me : white man, let me go !

Let me go to the spot where the cataract plays,

Where oft I have sported in my boyish days,

There is my poor mother, whose heart will o'erflow

At the sight of her child : O, there let me go !

Let me go to the hills and the valleys so fair,

Where oft I have breathed my own mountain air,

And there through the forest with quiver and bow

I have chased the wild deer : O there let me go !

~~~~~  
Let me go to my father, by whose val-  
iant side,  
I have sported so oft in the height of  
my pride,  
And exulted to conquer the insolent  
foe,  
To my father, that chieftain: O there  
let me go!

And O let me go to my dark-eyed  
maid,  
Who taught me love beneath the wil-  
low shade,  
Whose heart's like the fawn's, as pure  
as the snow,  
And she loves her dear Indian: to her  
let me go!

And O let me go to my fair forest  
home,  
And never again will I wish to roam,  
And there let my body in ashes lie low;  
To that scene in the forest, white man,  
let me go!



## IRISH MOLLY.

Oh! who is that poor foreigner that  
lately came to town,  
And like a ghost that cannot rest still  
wanders up and down?  
A poor unhappy Scottish youth;—if  
more you wish to know,  
His heart is breaking all for love of  
Irish Molly O!  
She's modest, mild and beautiful, the  
fairest I have known—  
The primrose of Ireland—all blooming  
here alone—  
The primrose of Ireland—for where-  
soe'er I go,  
The only one entices me is Irish Mol-  
ly O!

When Molly's father heard of it, a  
solemn oath he swore,  
That if she'd wed a foreigner he'd never  
see her more,  
He sent for young Mac-Donald and he  
plainly told him so—  
"I'll never give to such as you my Irish  
Molly O!"

She's modest, &c.

~~~~~  
Mac-Donald heard the heavy news,—  
and grievously did say —  
“ Farewell my lovely Molly—since I’m  
banished far away,  
A poor forlorn pilgrim I must wander  
to and fro,  
And all for the sake of my Irish Mol-  
ly O!

She’s modest, &c.

“ There is a rose in Ireland—I thought  
it would be mine ;  
But now that she is lost to me, I must  
for ever pine,  
’Till death shall come to comfort me,  
for to the grave I’ll go ;  
And all for the sake of my Irish Mol-  
ly O!

She’s modest, &c.

“ And now that I am dying—this one  
request I crave,  
To place a marble tomb-stone above my  
humble grave,  
And on the stone these simple words  
I’d have engraven so—  
Mac-Donald lost his life for love of  
Irish Molly O!”

She’s modest, &c.

## LAMENT OF THE IRISH EMIGRANT.

I 'm sittin' on the stile, Mary,  
Where we sat side by side  
On a bright May-mornin' long ago,  
When first you were my bride :  
The corn was springin' fresh and green,  
And the lark sang loud and high—  
And the red was on your lip, Mary  
And the love-light in your eye.

The *place* is little changed, Mary,  
The day is bright as then,  
The lark's loud song is in my ear,  
And the corn is green again ;  
But I miss the soft clasp of your hand,  
And your breath warm on my cheek,  
And I still keep list'nin' for the words  
You never more will speak.

'Tis but a step down yonder lane,  
And the little church stands near,  
The church where we were wed, Mary,  
I see the spire from here.  
But the graveyard lies between, Mary,  
And my step might break your rest—  
For I've laid you, darling ! down to sleep  
With your baby on your breast.



~~~~~  
I'm very lonely now, Mary,  
For the poor make no new friends,  
But, oh ! they love the better still  
The few our Father sends !  
And you were all *I* had, Mary,  
My blessin' and my pride :  
There's nothin' left to care for now,  
Since my poor Mary died.

Your's was the good, brave heart, Mary,  
That still kept hoping on,  
When the trust in God had left my soul,  
And my arm's young strength was  
gone ;  
There was comfort ever on *your* lip,  
And the kind look on your brow—  
I bless you, Mary, for that same,  
Though you cannot hear me now,

I thank you for the patient smile  
When your heart was fit to break,  
When the hunger pain was gnawin'  
there,  
And you hid it, for *my* sake !  
I bless you for the pleasant word,  
When your heart was sad and sore—  
Oh ! I'm thankful you are gone, Mary,  
Where grief can't reach you more .

~~~~~  
I'm biddin' you a long farewell,  
My Mary—kind and true!  
But I'll not forget *you*, darling!  
In the land I'm goin' to;  
They say there's bread and work for all,  
And the sun shines always there—  
But I'll not forget old Ireland,  
Were it fifty times as fair.

And often in those grand old woods  
I'll sit, and shut my eyes,  
And my heart will travel back again  
To the place where Mary lies;  
And I'll think I see the little stile  
Where we sat side by side:  
And the springin' corn, and the bright  
May-morn,  
When first you were my bride ^

---

#### THE IRISH DRAGOON.

“ Oh love is the soul of an Irish Dragoon,  
In battle, in bivouac, or in saloon—  
From the tip of his spur to his bright  
sabertasche.  
With his soldierly gait and his bearing  
so high,  
His gay laughing look, and his light  
speaking eye,

~~~~~  
He frowns at his rival, he ogles his wench,  
He springs in his saddle and *chasses* the  
French—

With his jingling spur and his bright  
sabertasche.

“His spirits are high, and he little  
knows care,  
Whether sipping his claret, or charging  
a square—

With his jingling spur and his bright  
sabertasche.

As ready to sing, or to skirmish he's  
found,

To take off his wine, or to take up his  
ground ;

When the bugle may call him, how  
little he fears,

To charge forth in column, and beat the  
Mounseers—

With his jingling spur and his bright  
sabertasche.

“When the battle is over, he gaily  
rides back

To cheer every soul in the night  
bivouac—

With his jingling spur and his bright  
sabertasche.

~~~~~  
 Oh! there you may see him in full  
     glory crown'd,  
 As he sits with his friends on the hardly  
     won ground,  
 And hear with what feeling the toast he  
     will give,  
 As he drinks to the land where all  
     Irishmen live—  
 With his jingling spur and his bright  
     sabertasche."

---

#### THE MAN FOR GALWAY

To drink a toast,  
 A proctor roast,  
     Or bailiff, as the case is ;  
 To kiss your wife,  
     Or take your life  
 At ten or fifteen paces :  
 To keep game cocks—to hunt the fox,  
 To drink in punch the Solway,  
 With debts galore, but fun far more  
 Oh, that's 'the man for Galway.'  
     Chorus—With debts, &c

The king of Oude  
 Is mighty proud,  
 And so were onst the *Caysars*—  
     (Cæsars ;<sup>1</sup>

~~~~~  
 But ould Giles Eyre  
 Would make them stare,  
 Av he had them with the Blazers.  
 To the devil I fling—ould Rungeet Sing,  
 He's only a Prince in a small way,  
 And knows nothing at all of a six foot  
 wall ;

Oh he'd never ' do for Galway '

" Ye think the Blakes  
 Are no ' great shakes ;'  
 They're all his blood relations,  
 And the Bodkins sneeze  
 At the grim Chinese,  
 For they come from the *Phenaycians*,  
 So fill to the brim, and here's to him  
 Who'd drink in punch the Solway  
 With debts galore, but fun far more ;  
 Q! that's ' the man, for Galway.'  
 Chorus—With debts, &c

---

#### THE WIDOW MALONE

Did ye hear of the Widow Malone,  
 Ohone !  
 Who lived in the town of Athlone  
 Alone !  
 Oh ! she melted the hearts  
 Of the swains in them parts,

~~~~~  
So lovely the Widow Malone,  
Ohone!

So lovely the Widow Malone

Of lovers she had a full score,  
Or more;

And fortunes they all had galore,  
In store;

From the minister down  
To the clerks of the crown,  
All were courting the widow Malone,  
Ohone!

All were courting the Widow Malone

But so modest was Mrs. Malone,  
'Twas known

No one ever could see her alone,  
Ohone

Let them ogle and sigh,  
They could ne'er catch her eye,  
So bashful the Widow Malone,  
Ohone!

So bashful the Widow Malone.

'Till one Mister O'Brien of Clare,  
How quare?  
It's little for blushin' they care  
Down there;

~~~~~  
Put his arms round her waist  
Gave ten kisses, at laste,  
'Oh,' says he, 'you're my Molly  
Malone,  
My own ;'  
'Oh,' says he, 'you're my Molly  
Malone.'

And the Widow they all thought so shy;  
My eye !  
Ne'er thought of a simper or sigh,  
For why ?

But 'Lucius,' says she,  
'Since you've made now so free  
You may marry your Mary Malone,  
Ohone !  
You may marry your Mary Malone.'

There's moral contained in my song,  
Not wrong ;  
And one comfort it's not very long,  
But strong :

If for widows you die  
Learn to *kiss not to sigh* ;  
For they're all like sweet Mistress  
Malone,

Ohone !  
Oh ! they're all like sweet Mistress  
Malone.

~~~~~

WE'LL MEET THE FRENCH IN THE  
MORNING.

AIR.—*Garyone.*

Now that we've pledged each eye of  
blue,  
And every maiden fair and true,  
And our green island home—to you,  
The ocean's wave adorning;  
Let's give one hip, hip, hip, hurra,  
And drink e'en to the coming day,  
When, squadron square,  
We'll all be there,  
To meet the French in the morning

May his bright laurels never fade,  
Who leads our fighting fifth brigade,  
Those lads so true in heart and blade,  
And famed for danger scorning:  
So join me in one hip, hurra,  
And drink e'en to the coming day,  
When, squadron square,  
We'll all be there,  
To meet the French in the morning.

And when with years and honours  
crowned,  
You sit some homeward hearth around,



~~~~~  
And hear no more the stirring sound,  
That spoke the trumpet's warning;  
You'll fill, and drink, one hip, hurra,  
And pledge the memory of the day,  
When, squadron square,  
They all were there,  
To meet the French in the morning.

---

## THE IRISH HUSSAR.

• In times not very old,  
There lived a baron bold,  
Who kept a lovely daughter under bolt  
and bar.

He was naturally mild,  
Till he found his only child  
Had been bother'd and beguiled  
By an Irish hussar.

His castle wall was steep,  
And the foss both wide and deep,  
And the lady's tower was lofty, as  
most ladies' towers are :  
But what foss or rampart stout,  
E'er yet held young love out,  
Or ever put to rout  
A true Irish hussar ?

~~~~~  
On one wild and stormy night,  
In that tower shone a light—  
'Twas Love's own beacon bright, high  
o'er the elemental war.  
Each sentry sought his box  
Trusting all to wall and locks,  
Little *drameing* what a fox  
Was a Irish hussar.

To the turret light, so ture  
A pebble lightly flew,  
When the wakeful maiden knew that  
her lover was not far :  
Back o'er the rampart wall  
She flung a silken ball,  
Knowing well that it must fall  
Near her Irish hussar.

Soon, according to her hope,  
She drew back a stair of rope,  
Which her own fair hands soon fasten'd  
to her window bar ;  
Whilst she heard a voice below  
Whisper, "Wo, good Shamroy wo"  
Till she comes—then off I go,  
Like an Irish hussar."

Though the turret rose so high,  
The true lover soon drew nigh,

~~~~~  
When the maiden gave a sigh, to see the  
ground so far :

“Now my love, come down with  
me !”

“But,” says she, “love, where’s  
your key ?”

“Hanging by my side,” cries he,  
Like an Irish hussar.

This light laugh soothed her fears :  
Soon she dried her maiden tears,  
Knowing well that a faint heart would  
now her fortune mar.

Soon beneath that tower they stood,  
Where he found his charger good,  
That would face both fire and  
blood

With an Irish hussar.

“Now mount, dear girl, with me.”

“O, la ! sweet love,” cries she,

“I looked, at least, to see a coach or  
jaunting car.”

“Up ! *ma coleen gra*,” he cried,

“Your sweet self must learn to  
ride,

If you look to be the bride  
Of an Irish hussar ”

~~~~~  
The maiden made no more ado,  
But *en croupe* full lightly flew—  
“And now, good steed, be true in love  
as you have been in war :  
Your soft arms round me throw,  
My own girl,” he cried, “just so ;  
Now, one kiss—and off you go—  
whoo !  
Like an Irish hussar.”

---

A SWEET IRISH GIRL IS THE  
DARLING.

If they talk about ladies, I'll tell them  
the plan  
Of myself—to be sure I'm a native  
Irishman,  
There is neither sultana nor foreign  
ma'mselle  
That has charms to please me, or can  
coax me so well  
As the sweet Irish girl, so charming  
to see :  
Och ! a tight Irish girl is the darling  
for me.  
And sing fillillloo, fire away, frisky  
she'll be,

~~~~~  
Och ! a sweet Irish girl is the darling  
for me :

For she's pretty,  
She's witty.  
She's hoaxing,  
And coaxing,  
She's smiling,  
Beguiling to see, to see :  
She rattles,  
She prattles,  
She dances,  
And prances,

Och ! a sweet Irish girl is the darling  
for me.

Now, some girls they are little, and  
and some they are tall,

Och, others are big, sure, and others  
are small ;

And some that are teasing, are bandy,  
I tell ;

Still none can please me, or can coax  
me so well,

As the dear Irish girl, so charming to see ;

Och ! a sweet Irish girl is the darling  
for me :

For she's pretty. &c

## MICKEY FREE'S LAMENT

Then, fare ye well, ould Erin dear;  
To part—my heart does ache well.  
From Carrickfergus to Cape Clear,  
I'll never see your equal.  
And, though to foreign parts we're  
bound,  
Where cannibals may ate us,  
We'll ne'er forget the holy ground  
Of poteen and potatoes.

Meddirederoo aroo, aroo, &c.

When good St. Patrick banished frogs,  
And shook, them from his garment,  
He never thought we'd go abroad,  
To live upon such varmint;  
Nor quit the land where whiskey  
grew,

To wear King George's button,  
Take vinegar for mountain dew,  
And toads for mountain mutton.

Meddirederoo aroo, aroo," &c



## RORY O'MORE.

YOUNG Rory O'More courted Kathleen  
Bawn :

He was bold as a hawk, and she as soft  
as the dawn ;

He wished in his heart pretty Kathleen  
to please,

And he thought the best way to do  
*that was to tease.*

"Now, Rory, be aisy," sweet Kathleen  
would cry,

Reproof on her lip, but a smile in her  
eye :

"With your tricks, I don't know, in  
troth, what I'm about,

Faith, you've teased till I've put on my  
cloak inside out."

"Oh, jewel," says Rory, "that same  
is the way

You've thrated my heart for this many  
a day :

And 'tis plazed that I am ; and why  
not, to be sure ?

For it's all for good luck," says bold  
Rory O'More.

~~~~~  
"Indeed, then," says Kathleen, "don't  
think of the like,

For I half gave a promise to soothing  
Mike :

The ground that I walk on he loves, I'll  
be bound."

"Faith," says Rory, "I'd rather love  
you than the ground."

"Now, Rory, I'll cry, if you don't let  
me go :

Sure I dream every night that I'm  
hating you so !"

"O !" says Rory, "that same. I'm  
delighted to hear,

For dhramas always go by conthraries,  
my dear.

Oh ! jewel, keep dhraming that same  
till you die,

And bright morning will give dirty night  
the black lie ;

And 'tis plazed that I am ; and why not  
to be sure ?

Since 'tis all for good luck," says bold  
Rory O'More.

"Arrah, Kathleen, my darlint, you've  
teazed me enough,



~~~~~  
And I've thrash'd for your sake Dinny  
Grimes and Jim Duff,  
And I've made myself, drinking your  
health, quite a baste,  
So I think, after that, I may *talk to the  
praste.*"

Then Rory, the rogue, stole his arm  
round her neck,  
So soft and so white, without freckle  
or speck ;

And he look'd in her eyes, that were  
beaming with light,

And he kiss'd her sweet lips—Don't you  
think he was right ?

"Now, Rory, leave off, sir—you'll hug  
me no more ;

That's eight times to-day that you've  
kiss'd me to before."

"Then here goes another," says he,  
"to make sure,

For there's luck in odd numbers," says  
Rory O'More.

---

#### MOLLY CAREW

Och hone ! and what will I do ?  
Sure me love is all crost  
Like a bud in the frost ;

And there's no use at all in my going to  
bed,

For 'tis *dhramas* and not sleep that  
comes into my head,

And 'tis all about you,

My sweet Molly Carew—

And indeed 'tis a sin and shame !

You're complater than nature

In every feature,

The snow can't compare

With your forehead so fair,

And I rather would see just one blink  
of your eye,

Than the prettiest star that shines out  
of the sky,

And by this and by that,

For the matter o' that,

You're more distant by far than that  
same !

Och hone ! *weirasthru* !

I'm alone in this world without you.

Och hone ! but why should I spake

Of your forehead and eyes,

When your nose it defies

Paddy Blake, the schoolmaster, to put  
it in rhyme,

~~~~~  
Tho' there's one BURKE, he says, that  
would call it sublime ;

And then for your cheek,  
Troth 't would take him a week,  
It's beauties to tell, as he'd rather ;  
Then your lips ! oh, machree !  
In their beautiful glow,  
They a pattern may be  
For the cherries to grow.

'Twas an apple that tempted our mother,  
we know,

For apples were *scarce*, I suppose, long  
ago,

But at this time o' day,  
'Pon my conscience I'll say,  
Such cherries might tempt a man's  
father !

Och hone ! weirasthru !  
I'm alone in this wide world without  
you.

Och hone ! by the man in the moon,  
You taze me all ways  
That a woman can plaze,  
For you dance twice as high with that  
thief, Pat Magee,  
As when you take share of a jig, dear,  
with me.

~~~~~  
Tho' the piper I bate,  
For fear the owld cheat  
Wouldn't play you your favorite tune

When you're at mass,  
My devotion you crass,  
For 'tis thinking of you,  
I am, Molly Carew.  
While you wear, on purpose, a bonnet  
so deep,  
That I can't at your sweet purty face  
get a peep.

Oh, lave off that bonnet,  
Or else I'll lave on it  
The loss of my wandering sowl !  
Och hone ! weirasthru !  
Och hone ! like an owl,  
Day is night, dear to me, without you!  
Och hone ! don't provoke me to do it ;  
For there's girls by the score  
That loves me—and more,  
And you'd look very quare if some  
morning you'd meet  
My wedding all marching in pride  
down the street ;

• Troth, you'd open your eyes,  
And you'd die with surprise  
To think 'twasn't you was come to it .

~~~~~  
And faith, Katty Naile,  
And her cow, I go bail,  
Would jump, if I'd say  
"Katty Naile, name the day."

And tho' you're fair and fresh as a  
morning in May,  
While she's short and dark like a cold  
winter's day :

Yet if you don't repent  
Before Easter, when Lent  
Is over, I'll marry for spite,  
Och hone ! weirasthru !  
And when I die for you,  
My ghost will haunt you every night.

— — —  
A SONG.

A PLACE in thy memory, dearest,  
Is all that I claim,  
To pause and look back when thou  
hearest  
The sound of my name.  
Another may woo thee, nearer,  
Another may win and wear ;  
I care not though he be dearer,  
If I am remembered there

Remember me—not as a lover  
Whose hope was cross'd—  
Whose bosom can never recover  
The light it hath lost.  
As the young bride remembers the  
mother  
She loves, though she never may see,  
As a sister remembers a brother,  
O, dearest! remember me.

Could I be thy true-lover, dearest,  
Could'st thou smile on me ;  
I would be the fondest and nearest  
That ever loved thee !  
But a cloud on my pathway is glooming,  
That never must burst upon thine ;  
And Heaven that made thee all bloom-  
ing,  
Ne'er made thee to wither on mine

Remember me then—O, remember  
My calm, light-love ;  
Though bleak as the blasts of November,  
My love may prove.  
That life will, though lonely, be sweet  
If its brightest enjoyment should be  
A smile and kind-look when we meet,  
And a place in thy memory.

---

**THE FAIR HILLS OF IRELAND.**

A PLENTEOUS place is Ireland for hospitable cheer,

Uileacan dubh O !

Where the wholesome fruit is bursting  
from the yellow barley-ear ;

Uileacan dubh O !

There is honey in the trees where her  
misty vales expand,

And her forest path, in summer, are by  
falling waters fanned,

There is dew at high moontide there,  
and springs i' the yellow sand,

On the fair hills of holy Ireland.

Curled he is and ringletted, and plaited  
to the knee,

Uileacan dubh O !

Each captain who comes sailing across  
the Irish sea,

Uileacan dubh O !

And I will make my journey, if life and  
health but stand,

Unto that pleasant country, that fresh  
and fragrant strand,

And leave your boasted braveries, your  
wealth and high command,

For the fair hills of he'y Ireland.

~~~~~  
Large and profitable are the stacks  
upon the ground;

Uileacan dubh O!

The butter and cream do wondrously  
abound,

Uileacan dubh O!

The cresses on the water and the  
sorrels are at hand,

And the cuckoo's calling daily his note  
of music bland,

And the bold thrush sings so bravely  
his song i' the forests grand,

On the fair hills of holy Ireland.

---

ERIN! THE TEAR AND THE SMILE  
IN THINE EYES

AIR—"Aileen Aroon."

ERIN! the tear and the smile in thine  
eyes,

Blend like the rainbow that hangs in  
thy skies!

Shining through sorrows-streams,

Saddening through pleasure's beam,

Thy sons with doubtful gleam,

Weep while they rise!



~~~~~  
 Erin! thy silent-tear never shall cease,  
 Erin! thy languid smile ne'er shall  
   increase,  
   'Till, like the rainbow's light,  
   Thy various tints unite,  
   And form in Heaven's sight,  
   One arch of peace!

---

## GAILY SOUNDS THE CASTANET

*Maltese Air.*

GAILY sounds the Castanet,  
   Beating time to bounding feet,  
 When, after daylight's golden set,  
   Maids and youth by moonlight meet

Oh! then, how sweet to move  
   Thro' all that maze of mirth,  
 Lighted by those eyes we love,  
   Beyond all eyes on earth.

Then the joyous banquet spread  
   On the cool and fragrant ground,  
 With night's bright eye-beams overhead,  
   And still brighter sparkling round.

Oh! then, how sweet to say,  
   Into the lov'd one's ear,  
 Thoughts reserv'd thro' many a day,  
   To be thus whisper'd there!

~~~~~  
 When the dance and feast are done,  
     Arm and arm as home we stray,  
 How sweet to see the dawning sun  
     O'er her cheek's warm blushes play

Then, then the farewell kiss,  
     And words whose parting tone  
 Lingers still in dreams of bliss  
     That haunt young hearts alone.

---

### THE OLD HAT

*AIR—Washing Day.*

WHEN this old hat was new, my boy,  
     Full threescore years and ten,  
 There's few that's living now can tell  
     How plenty things were then.  
 Good liquor in a poor man's house  
     Was a pleasant thing to view—  
 Besides, we had both ale and rouse,  
     When this old hat was new.

When this old hat was new, my boys,  
     'Twas Christmas in the morn;  
 We did not want for the best of food—  
     We had both wheat and corn.  
 The rich they wanted no waiting on,  
     Which they were kindly welcome to,  
 Besides, there was no cheating then,  
     When this old hat was new.

~~~~~  
When this old hat was new, my boys,  
Soldiers were not press'd ;  
They boldly enter'd volunteers,  
Their fortunes proved the best ;  
The tories they all took to flight,  
Which they most welcome were to do ;  
For they might as well be hang'd as fight  
When this old hat was new.

---

## BAVARIAN BROOM GIRL.

FROM Teuchland I come, with my light  
wares all laden,  
To dear happy England, in summer's  
gay bloom,  
Then listen, fair lady, and young pretty  
maiden—  
Oh ! buy of the wand'ring Bavarian  
a broom.  
Buy a broom ! buy a broom !  
Buy a broom ! buy a broom !  
Oh ! buy of the wand'ring Bavarian  
a broom.

To brush away insects that sometimes  
annoy you,  
You'll find it quite handy to use  
night and day ;

~~~~~  
And what better exercise, pray, can  
employ you,  
Than to sweep all vexatious intru-  
ders away.

Buy a broom ! buy a broom !  
Buy a broom ! buy a broom !  
Than to sweep all vexatious intru-  
ders away.

Ere winter comes on, for sweet home  
soon departing,  
My toils for your favour again I'll  
resume ;  
And while gratitude's tear in my eyelid  
is starting,  
Bless the time that in England I cried,  
Buy a broom !  
Buy a broom ! buy a broom !  
Buy a broom ! buy a broom !  
Bless the time that in England I cried,  
Buy a broom !

---

BELIEVE ME, IF ALL THOSE ENDEAR-  
ING YOUNG CHARMS.

AIR—"My Lodging is on the Cold Ground."

BELIEVE me, if all those endearing  
young charms,  
Which I gaze on so fondly to-day,

~~~~~  
Were to change by to-morrow, and  
fleet in my arms,  
Like fairy gifts fading away!  
Thou wouldst still be adored, as this  
moment thou art,  
Let thy loveliness fade as it will,  
And around the dear ruin, each wish  
of my heart  
Would entwine itself verdantly still!

It is not while beauty and youth art  
thine own,  
And thy cheeks unprofaned by a tear,  
That the fervor and faith of a soul can  
be known,  
To which time will but make thee  
more dear!  
Oh! the heart that has truly loved,  
never forgets,  
But as truly loves on to the close,  
As the sun-flower turns on her god,  
when he sets,  
The same look which she turn'd  
when he rose!



## COME REST IN THIS BOSOM

*AIR—Lough Sheeliny.*

COME, rest in this bosom, my own  
stricken dear?

Though the herd have fled from thee,  
thy home is still here;

Here still is the smile, that no cloud  
can o'ercast

And the heart and the hand all thy  
own to the last!

Oh! what was love made, for if 'tis  
not the same

Through joy and through torrents,  
through glory and shame?

I know not, I ask not, if guilt's in that  
heart,

I but know that I love thee, whatever  
thou art!

Thou hast call'd me thy angel in mo-  
ments of bliss,

And thy angel I'll be, 'mid the horrors  
of this—

Through the furnace, unshrinking, thy  
steps to pursue,

And shield thee, and save thee, or—  
perish there too.

## WHERE IS THE SLAVE.

*AIR—Sios agus sios Liam.*

WHERE is the slave, so lowly,  
Condemn'd to chains unholy,  
Who, could be burst  
His bonds at first,  
Would pine beneath them slowly?  
What soul, whose wrongs degrade it,  
Would wait 'till time decay'd it,  
When thus its wing  
At once may spring  
To the throne of Him who made it?  
Farewell, Erin—farewell all  
Who live to weep our fall!

Less dear the laurel growing,  
Alive, untouch'd, and blowing,  
Than that whose braid  
Is pluck'd to shade  
The brows with victory glowing!  
We tread the land that bore us,  
Her green flag glitters o'er us,  
The friends we've tried  
Are by our side,  
And the foe we hate before us!  
Farewell, Erin!—farewell all  
Who live to weep our fall!

~~~~~  
WE MAY ROAM THROUGH THIS  
WORLD

AIR—*Garyone.*

WE may roam through this world like  
a child at a feast,  
Who but sips of a sweet, and then  
flies to the rest ;  
And when pleasure begins to grow dull  
in the east,  
We may order our wings and be off  
to the west.  
But if hearts that feel, and eyes that  
smile,  
Are the dearest gifts that Heaven  
supplies,  
We never need leave our own green  
isle,  
For sensitive hearts and for sun-  
bright eyes.  
Then remember, wherever your goblet  
is crown'd,  
Through this world whether east-  
ward or westward you roam,  
When a cup to the smile of dear woman  
goes round  
Oh ! remember the smile which  
adorns her at home.



~~~~~  
In England, the garden of beauty is kept  
By a dragon of prudery, placed within  
call ;  
But so oft this unamiable dragon has  
slept,  
That the garden's but carelessly  
watch'd after all.  
Oh ! they want the wild sweet briery  
fence,  
Which round the flowers of Erin  
dwells,  
Which warms the touch, while winning  
the sense,  
Nor charms us least when it most  
repels.  
Then remember, wherever your goblet  
is crown'd,  
Through this world whether east-  
ward or westward you roam,  
When a cup to the smile of dear woman  
goes round,  
Oh ! remember the smile which  
adorns her at home.  
  
In France, when the heart of a woman  
sets sail,  
On the ocean of wedlock its fortune  
to try,

~~~~~  
Love seldom goes far in a vessel so  
frail,

But just pilots her off, and then bids  
her good-bye!

While the daughters of Erin keep the  
boy

Ever smiling beside his faithful oar,  
Through billows of woe and beams of  
joy

The same as he look'd when he left  
the shore.

Then remember, wherever your goblet  
is crown'd,

Through this world whether east-  
ward or westward you roam,

When a cup to the smile of dear woman  
goes round

Oh! remember the smile which  
adorns her at home.

---

### MY HEART AND LUTE.

I give thee all, I can no more,

Though poor the off'ring be ;

My heart and lute are all the store  
That I can bring to thee.

A lute, whose gentle song reveals  
The soul of love full well —

~~~~~  
And, better far, a heart that feels  
Much more than lute can tell  
I give thee all, I can no more,  
Though poor the offering be ;  
My heart and lute are all the store  
That I can bring to thee.

Though love and song may fail, alas !  
To keep life's clouds away ;  
At least 'twill make them lighter pass,  
Or gild them if they stay.  
If ever care his discord flings  
O'er life's enchanted strain,  
Let love but gently touch the strings,  
'Twill all be sweet again.  
I give thee all, &c.

---

### BLACK-EYED SUSAN

ALL in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,  
The streamers waving in the wind,  
When black-eyed Susan came on  
board—

“Oh ! where shall I my true love  
find ?

Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,  
Does my sweet William sail among  
your crew ?”

~~~~~  
William, who, high upon the yard,  
Rock'd with the billows to and fro ;  
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,  
He sigh'd, and cast his eyes below.  
The cord slides swiftly through his  
glowing hands,  
And, quick as lightning, on the deck he  
stands.

So the sweet lark, high poised in air,  
Shuts close his pinions to his breast,  
If, chance, his mate's shrill note he hear,  
And drops at once into her nest.  
The noblest captain in the British fleet  
Might envy William's lips those kisses  
sweet.

“ Oh ! Susan ! Susan ! lovely dear !  
My vows shall ever true remain ;  
Let me kiss off that falling tear—  
We only part to meet again.  
Change, as ye list, ye winds—my heart  
shall be  
The faithful compass that still points  
to thee.

“ Believe not what the landmen say,  
Who tempt, with doubts, thy con-  
stant mind :

~~~~~  
They'll tell thee, sailors, when away,  
In every port a mistress find—  
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell  
thee so ;  
For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

“ If to far India's coast we sail,  
Thine eyes are seen in diamonds  
bright ;  
Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale ;  
Thy skin is ivory so white :  
Thus every beauteous object that I view,  
Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely  
Sue.

“ Though battle calls me from thy  
arms,  
Let not my pretty Susan mourn ;  
Though cannons roar, yet, safe from  
harms,  
William shall to his dear return :  
Love turns aside the balls that round  
me fly,  
Lest precious tears should drop from  
Susan's eye.”

The boatswain gave the dreadful word—  
The sails their swelling bosoms  
spread—

~~~~~  
No longer must she stay aboard :  
    They kiss'd ; she sigh'd ; he hung  
        his head—  
Her lessening boat unwilling rows to  
    land !  
“ Adieu ! ” she cried, and waved her  
    lily hand.

---

### REMEMBER THE GLORIES.

REMEMBER the glories of Brian the  
    brave,  
    Though the days of the hero are o'er.  
Though lost to Mononia, and cold in  
    the grave,  
    He returns to Kinkorah no more !  
That star of the field, which so often  
    has pour'd  
    Its beam on the battle, is set ;  
But enough of its glory remains on  
    each sword  
    To light us to victory yet.  
Mononia ! when nature embellish'd  
    the tint  
    Of thy fields, and thy mountains so  
    fair,  
Did she ever intend that a tyrant should  
    print

~~~~~  
The footstep of slave y there?  
No !—Freedom, whose smile we shall  
never resign,  
Go, tell our invaders, the Danes,  
That 'tis sweeter to bleed for an age at  
thy shrine,  
Than to sleep but a moment in  
chains.

Forget not our wounded companions,  
who stood,  
In the day of distress, by our side ;  
While the moss of the valley grew red  
with their blood,  
They stirr'd not, but conquer'd and  
died ;  
The sun, that now blesses our arms  
with his light,  
Saw them fall upon Ossory's plain !  
Oh ! let him not blush, when he leaves  
us to-night,  
To find that they fell there in vain.



## MA ALLIEEN ASTHORE.

WHEN waking with the rosy day,  
From golden dreams of thee,  
I watch the orient sunbeams play,  
Along the purple sea ;  
O then I could not choose but weep,  
As thou were mine no more,  
Ah, grammachree, ma cholleenouge,  
Ma Ailleen Asthore !

When twilight brings the weeping hours,  
That sadden all the grove,  
And angels leave their starry bowers  
To watch o'er faithful love,  
Thy *parting words*, to me so sweet,  
I breathe them o'er and o'er,  
Ah, grammachree, ma cholleenouge,  
Ma Ailleen Asthore !

But soon they'll lay me in the grave,  
Where broken hearts should be ;  
And when, beyond the distant wave,  
Thou dream'st of meeting me,  
My sorrows all will be forgot,  
And all the love I bore,  
Ah, grammachree, ma cholleenouge,  
Ma Ailleen Asthore !



## THE VOW OF TIPPERARY.

FROM Carrick streets to Shannon shore  
From Slievenamon to Ballindeary  
From Longford-pass to Galtymore—  
Come, hear The Vow of Tipperary.

“Too long we fought for Britain’s cause,  
And of our blood were never chary ;  
She paid us back with tyrants laws,  
And thinned The Homes of Tipperary.

“But never more we’ll win such thanks :  
We swear by God, and Virgin Mary,  
Never to list in British ranks ;”  
And *that’s* The Vow of Tipperary.

---

## NORAH THE PRIDE OF KILDARE.

As beauteous as Flora, is charming  
young Nora,  
The joy of my heart and the pride  
of Kildare ;  
I ne’er will deceive her, for sadly  
’t would grieve her,  
To find that I sigh’d for another less  
fair,  
Her heart with truth teeming, her eye  
with smiles beaming,

~~~~~  
What mortal could injure a blossom  
so rare ?  
Oh ! Norah, dear Norah, the pride of  
Kildare.

Where'er I may be, love, I'll never  
forget thee, love,  
Tho' beauties may smile and try to  
ensnare,  
Yet nothing shall ever my heart from  
thine sever,  
Dear Norah, sweet Norah, the pride  
of Kildare ;  
Thy heart with truth teeming, thy eye  
with smiles beaming,  
What mortal could injure a blossom  
so rare ?  
Oh ! Norah, dear Norah, the pride of  
Kildare.

---

#### A HIGHLAND LADDIE HEARD OF WAR.

A HIGHLAND laddie heard of war,  
Which set his heart in motion ;  
He heard the distant cannon roar,  
He saw the smiling ocean :  
Come weal, come wo,  
'To sea he'd go,

~~~~~  
And left, one morning early,  
Loch Lomond Ben,  
And the willow glen,  
And Jean, who loved him dearly.

He wander'd east, he wander'd south,  
But joy, he could not find it ;  
But he found out this wholesome truth,  
And had the sense to mind it—  
Of a' the earth,  
The bonny north  
To cherish late and early ;  
Loch Lomond Ben,  
And the willow glen,  
And Jean, who loved him dearly.

—

## THE SHAMROCK.

AIR—*Alley Croker.*

THROUGH Erin's isle,  
To sport a while,  
As Love and Valour wander'd,  
With Wit, the sprite,  
Whose quiver bright  
A thousand arrows squander'd ;  
Where'er they pass,  
A tripple grass  
Shoots up, with dew-drops streaming,

~~~~~  
As softly green,  
As emeralds, seen  
Through purest crystal gleaming.  
Oh ! the shamrock—the green, immortal shamrock !  
Chosen leaf  
Of bard and chief,  
Old Erin's native shamrock !

Says Valour, " See !  
They spring for me,  
Those leafy gems of morning !"  
Says Love, " No, no,  
For me they grow,  
My fragrant path adorning !"  
But Wit perceives  
The triple leaves,  
And cries, " Oh ! do not sever  
A type, that blends  
Three godlike friends—  
Love, Valour, Wit, for ever !"  
Oh ! the shamrock, the green, immortal shamrock.  
Chosen leaf  
Of bard and chief,  
Old Erin's native shamrock !

## THE FIREMAN'S BARCAROLE.

*AIR—The Barcarole in Massaniello.*

THE fireman's task is ever glorious—  
His motives just—his actions brave ;  
And, midst the elements victorious,  
His only thoughts to dare and save.  
And when again the State-house  
bell  
Shall ring alarm.  
And sure the point of danger tell,  
Unfearing harm,  
Will fly to save, nor death nor danger  
fear.

When high and bright the fierce fire  
rages,  
His fear-proof heart sustains him  
there ;  
No gold rewards—no hireling wages  
Impels him hardship's path to dare.  
And when again, &c.

No more, no more the fire is burning,  
'The danger's past, his task is done,  
Each fireman, to his home returning,  
Enjoys the rest his toil hath won.  
And when again, &c

**RICH AND RARE WERE THE GEMS.***AIR—The Summer is coming.*

**RICH** and rare were the gems she wore,  
And a bright gold ring on her wand she  
bore ;

But, oh ! her beauty was far beyond  
Her sparkling gems and snow-white  
wand.

“ Lady ! dost thou not fear to stray,  
So lone and lovely, through this bleak  
way ?

Are Erin’s sons so good or so cold,  
As not to be tempted by woman or  
gold ? ”

“ Sir Knight, I feel not the least alarm ;  
No son of Erin will offer me harm :  
For though they love women and  
golden store,  
Sir Knight, they love honour and virtue  
more. ”

On she went, and her maiden smile  
In safety lighted her round the green  
isle ;  
And bless’d for ever is she who relied  
Upon Erin’s honour, and Erin’s pride.

## I'D MOURN THE HOPES.

*AIR—The Rose Tree.*

I'd mourn the hopes that leave me,  
If thy smiles had left me too;  
I'd weep when friends deceive me,  
Hadst thou been, like them, untrue.

But while I've thee before me,  
With heart so warm, and eyes so  
bright,  
No clouds can linger o'er me,  
That smile turns them all to light.

'Tis not in fate to harm me,  
While fate leaves thy love to me;  
'Tis not in joy to charm me,  
Unless joy be shared with thee.

One minute's dream about thee  
Were worth a long and endless year  
Of waking bliss without thee,  
My own love, my only dear!

And though the hope be gone, love,  
That long sparkled o'er our way,  
Oh! we shall journey on love,  
More safely without its ray.

~~~~~  
Far better lights shall win me,  
Along the path I've yet to roam ;  
The mind that burns within me,  
And pure smiles from thee at home

Thus, when the lamp that lighted  
The traveller, at first goes out,  
He feels a while benighted,  
And looks round in fear and doubt.

But soon, the prospect clearing,  
By cloudless starlight on he treads,  
And thinks no lamp so clearing  
As that light which heaven sheds .

---

TYROLESE EVENING HYMN.

Come to the sunset tree !  
The day is past and gone ;  
The woodman's axe lies free,  
The reaper's work is done.  
The twilight star to heaven,  
And the summer dew to flowers,  
And rest to us is given  
In the cool refreshing bowers.  
Come to the sunset tree, &c.

Sweet is the hour of rest,  
Pleasant the wind's low sigh .



~~~~~  
The gleaming of the west,  
And the turf whereon we lie.  
When the burden and the heat  
Of labour's task is o'er,  
And kindly voices greet,  
• The tired one at his door.  
Come to the sunset tree, &c

Yes, tuneful is the sound  
That dwells in whispering boughs ;  
Welcome the freshness round,  
And the gale that fans our brows.  
Then though the wind an altered tone  
Through the young foliage bear,  
Though every flower of something gone,  
A tinge may wear ;  
Come to the sunset tree, &c.

---

#### A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SEA.

A wet sheet ! and a flowing sea,  
And a wind that follows fast,  
And fills the white and rustling sail,  
And bends the gallant mast ;  
And bends the gallant mast. my boys  
While like an eagle free,  
Away our good ship flies, and leaves  
Columbia on our lea.

~~~~~  
Oh, give me a wet sheet, a flowing sea,  
And a wind that follows fast,  
And fills the white and rustling sail,  
And bends the gallant mast.

For a soft and gentle wind,  
I heard a fair one cry ;  
But give to me the roaring breeze,  
And white waves heaving high ;  
And white waves heaving high, my boys,  
The good ship tight and free ;  
The world of waters is our home,  
And merry men are we.  
Oh, give me, &c.

There's tempest in yon horned moon,  
And lightning in yon cloud—  
And hark the music, mariners,  
The wind is piping loud,  
The wind is piping loud, my boys !  
The lightning flashes free ;  
While the hollow oak our palace is.  
Our heritage the sea !  
Oh, give me &c.

---

**'TIS GONE, AND FOR EVER.**

*AIR—Savournah Deelish.*

'Tis gone, and for ever, the light we  
saw breaking  
Like heaven's first dawn o'er the  
sleep of the dead,  
When man, from the slumber of ages  
awaking,  
Look'd upward and bless'd the pure  
ray ere it fled.  
'Tis gone, and the gleams it has left of  
its burning,  
But deepen the long night of bondage  
and mourning,  
That dark o'er the kingdoms of earth is  
returning,  
And darkest of all, hapless Erin!  
o'er thee.

For high was thy hope, when those  
glories were darting  
Around thee, through all the gross  
clouds of the world;  
When Truth, from her fetters indig-  
nantly starting,  
At once, like a sun-burst her banner  
unfurl'd.

~~~~~  
Oh ! never shall earth see a moment  
so splendid !

Then, then, had one hymn of deliver-  
ance blended

The tongues of all nations, how sweet  
had ascended

The first note of liberty, Erin ! from  
thee.

But, shame on those tyrants, who  
envied the blessing !

And shame on their light race, un-  
worthy its good,

Who, at death's reeking altar, like  
furies caressing

The young hope of freedom, baptized  
it in blood !

Then vanish'd for ever that fair, sunny  
vision,

Which, spite of the slavish, the cold  
heart's derision,

Shall long be remembered, pure, bright,  
and elysian

As first it arose, my lost Erin ! on  
thee.



---

THOUGH THE LAST GLIMPSE OF  
ERIN.

THOUGH the last glimpse of Erin with  
sorrow I see,

Yet wherever thou art shall seem Erin  
to me :

In exile, thy bosom shall still be my  
home,

And thine eyes be my climate, wherever  
we roam.

To the gloom of some desert, or cold,  
rocky shore,

Where the eye of the stranger can  
haunt us no more,

I will fly with my Coulin, and think  
the rough wind

Less rude than the foes we left frown-  
ing behind.

And I'll gaze on thy gold hair, as  
graceful it wreathes,

And hang o'er thy soft harp, as wildly  
it breathes ;

Nor dread that the cold-hearted Saxon  
will tear

One chord from that harp, or one lock  
from that hair.

## THE HUNTSMAN'S CHORUS.

WHAT equals on earth the delight of  
the huntsman?

For whom does life's cup more en-  
chantingly flow?

To follow the stag through the forests  
and meadows,

When brightly the beams of the  
morning first glow

Oh, this is pleasure that's worthy of  
princes,

And health in its wanderings can  
ever be found ;

When echoing caverns and forests  
surround us,

More blithely the pledge of the  
goblet will sound.

Hark, follow, &c.

The light of Diana illumines our forests,  
The shades where in summer we  
often retreat ;

Nor is then the fell wolf in its covert  
securest,

The boar from his lair is laid at our  
feet.

Oh, this is pleasure, &c.

## DASHING WHITE SERGEANT

If I had a beau  
For a soldier who'd go,  
Do you think I'd say no?

No, no, not I:  
When his red coat I saw,  
Not a sigh would it draw,  
But I'd give him eclat  
For his bravery.

If an army of dragoons e'er came in  
play,  
As a dashing white sergeant I'd march  
away.

When my soldier was gone,  
Do you think I'd take on  
Sit moping, forlorn?

No, no, not I;  
His fame my concern  
How my bosom would burn,  
When I saw him return,  
Crowned with victory.

If an army of Amazons e'er came in  
play  
As a dashing white sergeant I'd march  
away.

## ALL'S WELL.

DESERTED by the waning moon,  
When skies proclaim night's cheerless  
noon,

On tower, or fort, or tented ground,  
The sentry walks his lonely round;  
And should a footstep haply stray,  
Where caution marks the guarded  
way—

Who goes there? stranger, quickly tell;  
A friend! the word? good night! all's  
well!

Or sailing on the midnight deep,  
While weary messmates soundly sleep,  
The careful watch patrols the deck,  
To guard the ship from foes or wreck  
And while the thoughts oft homeward  
veer

Some well-known voice salutes his  
ear—

What cheer? ho, brother, quickly tell  
Above! below! good night! all's well





## HOW DEAR TO ME THE HOUR.

*AIR—The twisting of the rope.*

How dear to me the hour when day-  
light dies,  
And sunbeams melt along the silent  
sea :  
For then sweet dreams of other days  
arise,  
And memory breathes her vesper  
sigh to thee.

And as I watch the line of light that  
plays  
Along the smooth wave toward the  
burning west,  
I long to tread that golden path of rays,  
And think 'twould lead to some  
bright isle of rest.  
As love's young dream !

## THEY DON'T PROPOSE.

It's really very singular—  
I can not make it out ;  
I've many beaux, yet none propose,  
What ! what ! are they about ?

~~~~~  
There's Mr. Bailey, he comes here daily,  
To dinner and to doze ;  
He smiles and sighs, looks very wise,  
And yet he don't propose  
No, no ! he don't, he don't propose !

There's Captain Francis, of the Blues,  
Who looks such speechless things ;  
Such coal-black eyes, such words and  
sighs,  
Such pretty songs he sings ;  
He does not lack encouragement,  
He has enough of that, he knows ;  
I make his tea, he drinks to me,  
But yet he don't propose.  
No, no ' no, no ! he don't propose

'Tis very strange, but so it is,  
That I'm obliged to sue ;  
Although they say I look divine,  
Yet all my looks won't do  
My father thinks 'tis very hard,  
That out of all my dashing beaux  
Who come to dine and drink his wine,  
There is not one who will propose.  
No, no ! they don't, they won't  
propose '

## THE LASS O' GOWRIE.

'Twas on a simmer's afternoon,  
A wee before the sun gaed down,  
My lassie wi' a braw new gown,  
Cam o'er the hill to Gowrie.  
The rose-bud ting'd wi' morning  
show'rs,  
Bloom'd fresh within the sunnie bow'rs,  
But Kitty was the fairest flow'r,  
That ever bloom'd in Gowrie.

I had nae thought to do her wrang,  
But round her waist my arms I flang,  
And said my lassie will ye gang,  
To view the Carse o' Gowrie?  
I'll take ye to my father's ha',  
In yon green field beside the shaw  
And make you lady o' them a',  
The brawest wife in Gowrie.

Saft kisses on her lips I laid,  
The blush upon her cheek soon spread,  
She whisper'd modesty, and said,  
"I'll gang wi' you to Gowrie."  
The auld folk soon gi'ed their consent  
And to Mess John we quickly went,  
Wha tied us to our heart's content,  
And now she's Lady Gowrie.

## PADDY MACSHANE.

*AIR—The Sprig of Shillelah.*

If my own botheration don't alter my  
plan,

I'll sing of seven lives of a tight Irish-  
man,

Wrote by old Billy Shakespeare of  
Ballyporeen.

He said while a babe I lov'd whiskey  
and pap,

That I mewled and puked in my grand-  
mother's lap;

She joulted me hard just to hush my  
sweet roar,

When I slipp'd through her fingers  
down whack on the floor,

What a squalling I made sure at  
Ballyporeen.

When I grew up a boy, with a nice  
shining face,

With my bag at my back, and a snail  
crawling pace,

Went to school at ould Thwackem's  
at Ballyporeen.

His wig was so fusty, his birch was  
my dread,

~~~~~  
He learning beat out 'stead of into my  
head ;

Master Macshane, says he, you're a  
great dirty dolt,

You've got no more brains than a  
Monaghan colt,

You're not fit for our college at  
Ballyporeen.

When eighteen years of age, was teaz'd  
and perplexed,

To know what I should be, so a lover  
turn'd next,

And courted sweet Sheelah of  
Ballyporeen.

I thought I'd just take her to comfort  
my life,

Not knowing that she was already a  
wife ;

She ask'd me just once that to see her  
I'd come,

When I found her ten children and  
husband at home,—

A great big whacking chairman of  
Ballyporeen.

I next turn'd a soldier, I did not like that ;  
So turn'd servant, and liv'd with great  
justice Pat,

~~~~~  
A big dealer in praties at Bally  
poreen.  
With turtle and venison he lin'd his in-  
side,  
Ate so many fat capons that one day  
he died,  
So great was my grief that to keep my  
spirits up,  
Of some nice whiskey cordial I took a  
big sup,  
To my master's safe journey from  
Ballyporeen.

Kick'd and toss'd so about like a  
weather-cock vane,  
I pack'd up my awls and I went back again  
To my grandfather's cottage at  
Ballyporeen.  
I found him, poor soul! with no legs  
for his hose,  
Could not see through the spectacles  
put on his nose,  
With no teeth in his head, so death  
cork'd up his chin,  
He slipp'd out of his slippers, and faith  
I slipp'd in.  
And succeeded poor Dennis of Bally  
poreen.

~~~~~  
LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

Oh! the days are gone, when beauty  
bright

My heart's chain move ;  
When my dream of life, from morn to  
night,

Was love, still love !  
New hope may bloom,  
And days may come,  
Of milder, calmer beam ;  
But there's nothing half so sweet in life  
As love's young dream !

Oh ! there's nothing half so sweet in life  
As love's young dream.

Though the bard to a purer flame may  
soar,

When wild youth's past ;  
Though he win the wise, who frown'd  
before,

To smile at last ;  
He'll never meet  
A joy so sweet,  
In all his noon of fame,  
As when first he sung to woman's ear  
His soul-felt flame,  
And, at every close she blushed to hear  
The one loved name !

~~~~~  
Oh! that hallowed form is ne'er forgot,  
Which first love trac'd!  
Still it lingering haunts the greenest  
spot  
On memory's waste!  
'Twas odour fled  
As soon as shed;  
'Twas morning's winged dream!  
'Twas a light that ne'er can shine again  
On life's dull stream!  
Oh! 'twas light that ne'er can shine  
again  
On life's dull stream.

---

BY THE MARGIN OF FAIR ZURICH'S  
WATERS.

By the margin of fair Zurich's waters—  
Ayieo!  
Dwelt a youth whose fond heart,  
night and day,  
For the fairest of fair Zurich's daugh-  
ters—Ayieo,  
In a dream of love melted away!  
When alone, no one bolder than he,  
But with her none more timid could  
be,



~~~~~  
Will you list to me, dearest, I pray?—

Ayieo,

When she did, this was all he could  
say :

Ayieo! Ayieo! alack, well a day!

Ayieo! Ayieo! was all she could  
say.

By the margin of fair Zurich's waters  
—Ayieo!

At the close of a fine summer's day;  
To the fairest of fair Zurich's daughters—Ayieo!

This fond youth at last to say,

I'm in love, as you plainly may see,  
Could I any other but thee?

Oh say, wilt thou be my bride? Ayieo:  
Can you tell how this fair one replied?

Ayieo! Ayieo! I leave you to guess,  
Ayieo! Ayieo! of course she said  
yes!

---

### ERIN IS MY HOME.

OH, I have roamed in many lands,  
And many friends I've met,  
Not one fair scene or kindly smile,  
Can this fond heart forget.



~~~~~  
My mouth was like a haystack,  
And my lips like butter'd peas.  
When breech'd, at length, ye gods!  
how fine,  
'Tis true, or I'm a noodle,  
They call'd me then the genuine  
Right charming Yankee Doodle.  
Ri tol lol, &c.

The most correctest possibly  
Of hofficers I am ;  
Lauks, how the gals all laughs at I,  
And how I laughs at 'em !  
But 'tis my beauty makes of all  
The most completest noodle,  
They loves me—long, short, large and  
small,  
The dashing Yankee Doodle.  
Ri tol lol, &c.

A captain milintary deckt,  
Fake heed, ye lovely friskers,  
For werry soon I does expect  
To veer a pair of viskers.  
But vith a tear I now departs,  
Don't think vot I'm a noodle,  
If I stays here you'll lose your hearts,—  
Aye, all to Yankee Doodle.  
Ri tol lol, &c.

## THE BANKS OF BANNA.

As down on Banna's banks I stray'd,  
One evening in May ;  
The little birds with sweetest notes,  
Made vocal every spray ;  
They sung their tender tales of love,  
They sung them o'er and o'er,  
Ah ! grammachree, ma cholleenouge,  
Molly Astore.

The daisy pied, and all the sweets,  
The dawn of nature yields,  
The primrose pale, the violet blue,  
Lay scatter'd o'er the fields ;  
Such fragrance in the bosom dwells  
Of her whom I adore,  
Ah ! grammachree, &c.

I laid me down upon a bank,  
Bewailing my sad fate ;  
That doomed me thus the slave of love,  
And cruelly Molly's hate ;  
How can she break the honest heart  
That wears her in its core ?  
Ah ! grammachree, &c.

You said you loved me, Mary, dear,  
Ah ! why did I believe ?

~~~~~  
Yet who would think such tender words,  
Were meant but to deceive ?  
That love was all I asked on earth,  
Nay, heaven could grant no more,  
Ah ! grammachree, &c.

O had I all the flocks that graze,  
On yonder mellow hill ;  
Or lowed for me the num'rous herds,  
That yon green pastures fill ;  
With her I love I'd gladly share  
My kine and fleecy store,  
Ah ! grammachree, &c

Two turtle doves above my head,  
Set courting on a bough,  
I envied them their happiness  
To see them bill and coo ;  
Such fondness once for me she showed,  
But now, alas 'tis o'er,  
Ah ! grammachree, &c.

Then fare thee well, my Molly dear,  
Thy loss I e'er shall mourn ;  
While life remains in Strephon's heart  
'Twill beat for thee alone ;  
Though thou art false, may heaven on  
thee,  
Its choicest blessing pour.

## THE BAY OF BISCAY, O!

Loud roared the dreadful thunder,  
The rain a deluge show'rs,  
The clouds were rent asunder,  
By lightning's vivid pow'rs.  
The night both drear and dark,  
Our poor devoted bark,  
Till next day,  
There she lay,  
In the Bay of Biscay, O!

Now dash'd upon the billow,  
Our op'ning timbers creak,  
Each fears a wat'ry pillow,  
None stop the dreadful leak!  
To cling to slipp'ry shrouds,  
Each breathless seaman crowds,  
As she lay,  
'Till the day,  
In the Bay of Biscay, O!

At length the wish'd for morrow  
Broke through the hazy sky,—  
Absorb'd in silent sorrow,  
Each heav'd a bitter sigh;  
The dismal wreck to view,  
Struck horror to the crew;

~~~~~  
As she lay,  
On that day,  
In the Bay of Biscay, O !

Her yielding timbers sever,  
Her pitchy seams are rent,  
When heav'n, all bounteous ever,  
Its bounteous mercy sent.  
A sail in sight appears,  
We hail her with three cheers ;  
Now we sail,  
With the gale,  
From the Bay of Biscay, O !

—+—

THE DE'IL CAME FIDDLING THRO THE  
TOWN.

THE de'il came fiddling thro' the town,  
And danc'd awa' wi' the exciseman;  
And ilka wife cried, Auld Mahoun,  
We wish you luck o' the prize, man.  
We'll mak' our maut and brew our  
drink,  
We'll dance, and sing, and rejoice  
man ;  
And monie thanks to the muckle  
black de'il,  
That danc'd awa wi' the exciseman.

~~~~~  
There's threesome reels, and foursome  
    reels,  
    There's hornpipes, and strathspeys,  
    man ;  
But the ae best dance e'er came to our  
    lan,'  
Was—the de'il's awa wi' the excise-  
    man.  
We'll mak our maut, and brew our  
    drink,  
We'll dance, and sing, and rejoice  
    man ;  
And monie thanks to the muckle  
    black de'il,  
That danc'd awa wi' the exciseman

---

## THE WASHING DAY

AIR.—*There's nae luck about the house*

THE sky with clouds was overcast,  
The rain began to fall,  
My wife she whipped the children,  
Who raised a pretty squall ;  
She bade me with a frowning look,  
To get out of her way ;  
Oh ! the deuce a bit of comfort's here  
Upon a washing day !



~~~~~  
For 'tis thump, thump, scrub, scrub,  
Scold, scold, away!

Oh! the deuce a bit of comfort's here  
Upon a washing day!

My Kate she is a bonny wife,  
There's none so free from evil,  
Except upon a washing day,  
And then she is the devil!  
The very kittens on the the hearth,  
They dare not even play,  
Away they jump, with many a bump,  
Upon a washing day!  
For 'tis thump, thump, &c.

I met a friend, who asked me—  
“How long's poor Kate been dead?”  
Lamenting the poor creature, gone,  
And sorry I was wed  
To such a scolding vixen, while  
He had been far away.  
The truth it was, he chanced to come  
Upon a washing day.  
When 'tis scrub, scrub, &c.

I asked him, then, to stay and dine,  
“Come, come,” quoth I, “oddsbuds  
I'll no denial take,—you must,  
Though Kate be in the suds!”

~~~~~  
But what we had to dine upon,  
In truth I can not say !  
But I think he'll never come again  
Upon a washing day !  
When 'tis scrub, scrub, &c

On that sad morning, when I rise,  
I put a fervent prayer  
To all the gods, that it may be  
Throughout the day quite fair !  
That not a cap or handkerchief  
May in the ditch be laid ;  
For should it happen so, egad,  
I'd get a broken head !  
When 'tis scrub, scrub, &c.

Old Homer sang a royal *wash*,  
Down by a crystal river,  
For dabbing in the palace-halls,  
The king permitted never—  
On high Olympus, *Beauty's queen*  
Such troubles well may scout,  
While Jove and Juno, with their train,  
Put all their washing out.  
Ah ! happy gods, they fear no sound  
Of thump and scold away,  
But smile to view the perils of  
A mortal washing-day !

---

**A LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE.**

**A LIFE** on the ocean wave !

**A home** on the rolling deep !

Where scattered waters rave,

And the winds their revels keep !

Like an eagle caged I pine

On this dull unchanging shore ;

Oh, give me the flashing brine,

The spray, and the tempest's roar

Once more on the deck I stand

Of my own swift gliding craft,

Set sail ! farewell to the land :

The gale follows far abaft.

We sport through the sparkling foam

Like an ocean bird set free ;

Like the ocean bird, our home

We'll find far out on the sea.

The land is no longer in view,

The clouds have begun to frown ;

But with a stout vessel and crew,

We'll say let the storm come down.

And the song of our hearts shall be,

While the winds and waters rave,

**A life** on the heaving sea !

**A home** on the bounding wave !

I SEE THEM ON THEIR WINDING  
WAY.

I SEE them on their winding way,  
About their ranks the moonbeams play,  
Their lofty deeds, and daring high,  
Blend with the notes of victory ;  
And waving arms, and banners bright,  
Are glancing in the mellow light.  
They're lost and gone—the moon is past,  
The wood's dark shade is o'er them cast,  
And fainter, fainter, fainter still,  
The march is rising o'er the hill.

I see them, &c. &c.

Again, again, the pealing drum,  
The clashing horn—they come, they  
come ;  
Through rocky pass, o'er wooded steep,  
In long and glittering files they sweep ;  
And nearer, nearer, yet more near,  
Their softened chorus meets the ear.  
Forth, forth, and meet them on their  
way,  
The trampling hoofs brook no delay ;  
With thrilling fife, and pealing drum,  
And clashing horn—they come, they  
come.

I see them, &c. &c.

---

WE HAVE LIVED AND LOVED  
TOGETHER.

We have lived and loved together,  
Through many changing years,  
We have shared each other's gladness,  
And wept each other's tears.  
I have never known a sorrow,  
That was long unsoothed by thee,  
For thy smile can make a summer,  
Where winter else would be.

Like the leaves that fall around us  
In autumn's fading hours,  
Are the traitor smiles that darken,  
When the cloud of sorrow low'rs  
And tho' many such we've known, love,  
Too prone, alas ! to range,  
We both can speak of one love,  
Whom time could never change.

We have lived and loved together,  
Thro' many changing years,  
We have shared each other's gladness,  
And wept each other's tears,  
And let us hope the future,  
As the past has been, will be,  
I will share with thee thy sorrows,  
And thou thy joys with me.

---

**LET US HASTE TO KELVIN GROVE**

LET us haste to Kelvin Grove,  
Bonnie lassie, O.

Through its mazes let us rove,  
Bonnie lassie, O.

Where the rose in all its pride  
Paints the hollow dingle side,  
Where the midnight fairies glide,  
Bonnie lassie, O.

We will wander by the mill,  
Bonnie lassie, O.

To the cave beside the rill,  
Bonnie lassie, O.

Where the glens rebound the call  
Of the lofty water's fall,  
Through the mountain's rocky hall,  
Bonnie lassie, O.

Then we'll up to yonder glade,  
Bonnie lassie, O

Where so oft beneath its shade,  
Bonnie lassie, O

With the songsters in the grove,  
We have told our tale of love,  
And have sportive garlands wove,  
Bonnie lassie, O

~~~~~  
Oh ! I soon must bid adieu,  
Bonnie lassie, O.  
To this fairy scene and you,  
Bonnie lassie, O.  
To the streamlet winding clear,  
To the fragrant scented brier,  
E'en to thee of all most dear,  
Bonnie lassie, O.

For the frowns of fortune lour,  
Bonnie lassie, O.  
On thy lover at this hour,  
Bonnie lassie, O.  
Ere the golden orb of day,  
Wake the warblers from the spray,  
From this land I must away,  
Bonnie lassie, O.

And when on a distant shore,  
Bonnie lassie, O  
Should I fall midst battle's roar,  
Bonnie lassie, O.  
Wilt thou, Julia, when thou hear  
Of thy lover on his bier,  
To his mem'ry drop a tear,  
Bonnie lassie, O

## BANKS OF ALLAN WATER.

On the banks of Allan Water,  
When the sweet spring time did fall,  
Was the miller's lovely daughter,  
The fairest of them all.  
For his bride a soldier sought her,  
And a winning tongue had he,  
On the banks of Allan Water,  
None so gay as she.

On the banks of Allan Water,  
When brown autumn spreads its store,  
Then I saw the miller's daughter,  
But she smiled no more.  
For the summer grief had brought her  
And the soldier false was he,  
On the banks of Allan Water,  
None so sad as she.

On the banks of Allan Water,  
When the winter snow fell fast,  
Still was seen the miller's daughter,  
Chilling blew the blast.  
But the miller's lovely daughter,  
Both from care and cold was free,  
On the banks of Allan Water,  
There a corpse lay she.



## THE VALE OF LOVE.

*AIR.—Heart and Lute*

I KNOW a dear and lovely spot  
Of sunshine and of flowers,  
And gladly would I fix my lot  
Amidst its smiling bowers.

The lad with een of brightest blue  
Once lov'd poor lowland Jane,  
She, simple lass, believ'd him true,  
But ah ! the faithless swain.  
She found him like the rose !  
Though blooming fresh and fair  
Deceitfully it glows,  
And thorns, sharp thorns are there

Then, lassies, all beware of love,  
Though smiling is the boy,  
Though sweet at first his flatt'ries prove,  
You'll find each promis'd joy  
Alas ! is like the rose !  
Though blooming fresh and fair  
Deceitfully it glows,  
And thorns, sharp thorns are there

## TOO RAL, LADDY.

In Bunhill-row there lived a dame,  
Too ral, laddy, &c  
Ugly, squinting, crooked, and lame,  
Too ral, laddy, &c  
Lovers she had none, good lack,  
Too ral, laddy, &c  
Her only *beau* was at her back,  
Too ral, laddy, &c.

She had money—I had none—  
So to court her I began—  
But a cruel butcher, he  
Cut in there, and cut out me.

Speeches fine—he used to make,  
And swore his heart was at stake;  
Swear'd he loved his charming chuck  
With all his heart, and all his pluck

Going to her one wet night,  
With a shower I was wet through quite  
There I found the faithless she  
Frying sausages for he—

One last adieu, before we part—  
' You have broke a faithful heart  
But the word I'd scarcely said,  
When with the pan she broke my head.

~~~~~  
All you who for maidens are sighing,  
Never court them when their frying,  
Or like me you'll feel the weight,  
Of the pan upon your pate.

---

OH ! 'TIS WINE.

AIR.—*Oh ! 'tis love.*

Oh ! 'tis wine, 'tis wine, 'tis wine,  
In crystal vases gleaming,  
Oh ! 'tis wine, 'tis wine, 'tis wine,  
From our bright goblets streaming.  
What yields to mortals pleasure,  
What quick dispels their gloom,  
Obscures each lucid treasure,  
When placed beside its bloom ?  
Oh ! 'tis wine, &c

Oh ! 'tis wine, 'tis wine, 'tis wine,  
That doth the soul inspire,  
Oh ! 'tis wine, tis wine, 'tis wine,  
That kindles amorous fire.  
In grottoes cool and shady,  
Where bubbling waters play,  
In arbours gay and leafy,  
'Tis wine alone holds sway.  
Oh ! 'tis wine, &c.

## THE BRIDAL RING

I DREAMED last night of our early days,  
Ere to battle I march'd o'er the heath,  
ther,

When we danced on the heath in the  
pale moon's rays,  
Hand in hand, hand in hand together ;  
Then I thought you gave me again that  
kiss,

More sweet than the perfume of  
spring,  
While I press'd on your fingers love's  
pure gold pledge,  
This bridal ring—this bridal ring.

I dreamed I heard then the trumpet  
sound,

And at once was forced to sever—  
That I fell on the heath with my last  
death wound,

Lost to thee—lost to thee for ever !  
Then I thought you gave me again that  
kiss,

Empearl'd like a flow'r in spring ;  
'Neath its warmth I awoke, on thy  
dear hand to press  
This bridal ring—this bridal ring.

## THE EXILE OF ERIN

THERE came to the beach a poor Exile  
of Erin,

The dew on his thin robe was heavy  
and chill ;

FOR his country he sigh'd, when at  
twilight repairing

To wander alone by the wind-beaten  
hill.

BUT the day star attracted his eye's sad  
devotion,

FOR it rose on his own native isle of  
the ocean,

WHERE once, in the fire of his youthful  
emotion,

He sang the bold anthem of Erin go  
bragh.

SAD is my fate ! said the heart-broken  
stranger,

The wild deer and wolf to a covert  
can flee,

BUT I have no refuge from famine and  
danger,

A home and a country remain not for  
me.

~~~~~  
Never again, in the green sunny bowers,  
Where my forefathers liv'd, shall I  
    spend the sweet hours,  
Or cover my harp with the wild woven  
    flowers,  
And strike to the numbers of Erin  
    go bragh.

Oh, Erin, my country ! though sad and  
    forsaken,  
In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten  
    shore ;  
But alas ! in a far foreign land I awaken,  
And sigh for the friends who can  
    meet me no more.  
Oh, cruel Fate ! wilt thou never replace  
    me  
In a mansion of peace, where no  
    perils can chase me ?  
Never again shall my brothers embrace  
    me ;  
They died to defend me, or live to  
    deplore.

Where now is my cabin-door, fast by  
    the wild wood !  
Sisters and sire ! did ye weep for its  
    fall ;

~~~~~  
Where is the mother that look'd on  
my childhood?

And where is my bosom friend,  
dearer than all?

Oh, my sad soul, long abandoned by  
pleasure,

Why did it doat on a fast fading  
treasure?

Tears, like the rain, may fall without  
measure,

But rapture and beauty they can not  
recall.

Yet all its fond recollections suppress-  
ing,

One dying wish my lone bosom can  
draw;

Erin, an Exile bequeaths thee his  
blessing!

Land of my forefathers! Erin go  
bragh.

Buried and cold, when my heart stills  
her motion,

Green be thy fields, sweetest isle in  
the ocean,

And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud  
with devotion,

Erin mavournin, sweet Erin go bragh!

## FAREWELL.

FAREWELL—farewell to thee, ARABY'S  
daughter !

(Thus warbled a PERI beneath the  
dark sea ;)

No pearl ever lay, under OMAN'S green  
water,

More pure in its shell than thy spirit  
in thee.

Oh ! fair as the sea-flower close to thee  
growing,

How light was thy heart till love's  
witchery came,

Like the wind of the south o'er a  
summer lute blowing

And hush'd all its music and wither'd  
its frame !

But long upon ARABY'S green sunny  
highlands,

Shall maids and their lovers remem-  
ber the doom

Of her who lies sleeping among the  
Pearl Islands,

With nought but the sea-star to light  
up her tomb.



~~~~~  
And still, when the merry date season  
    is burning,  
    And calls to the palm-groves the  
        young and the old,  
The happiest there, from their pastime  
    returning,  
At sunset, will weep when thy story  
    is told.

The young village maid, when with  
    flowers she dresses  
    Her dark-flowing hair, for some festi-  
        val day,  
Will think of thy fate, till, neglecting  
    her tresses,  
She mournfully turns from the mirror  
    away.

Nor shall IRAN, belov'd of her hero !  
    forget thee,—  
    Tho' tyrants watch over her tears as  
        they start ;  
Close, close by the side of that hero  
    she'll set thee,  
Embalmed in the innermost shrine  
    of her heart.

Farewell—be it ours to embellish thy  
    pillow

~~~~~  
With every thing beauteous that  
grows in the deep :  
Each flower of the rock, and each gem  
of the billow,  
Shall sweeten thy bed, and illumine  
thy sleep.

Around thee shall glisten the loveliest  
amber  
That ever the sorrowing sea-bird has  
wept ;  
With many a shell, in whose hollow-  
wreath'd chamber,  
We, Peris of ocean, by moonlight  
have slept.  
We'll dive where the gardens of coral  
lie darkling,  
And plant all the rosiest stems at  
thy head :  
We'll seek where the sands of the  
Caspian are sparkling,  
And gather their gold to strew over  
thy bed.

Farewell—farewell—until pity's sweet  
fountain  
Is lost in the hearts of the fair and  
the brave,

~~~~~  
They'll weep for the chieftain who  
died on that mountain ;  
They'll weep for the maiden who  
sleeps in this wave.

---

## THE LIGHT GUITAR.

OH ! leave the gay and festive scenes,  
The halls of dazzling light,  
And rove with me through forests  
green,  
Beneath the silent night ;  
Then as we watch the ling'ring rays,  
That shine through every star,  
I'll sing a song of happier days,  
And strike the light guitar.  
I'll sing, &c.

I'll tell you how the maiden wept,  
When her true knight was slain,  
And how her broken spirit slept,  
And never woke again ;  
I'll tell thee how the steed drew nigh,  
And left his lord afar,  
But if my tale should make thee sigh,  
I'll strike the light guitar.  
But if my tale, &c.

---

**ISLE OF BEAUTY, FARE THEE WELL**

SHADES of ev'ning close not o'er us,  
Leave our lonely bark awhile,  
Morn, Alas ! will not restore us,  
Yonder dim and distant isle :  
Still my fancy can discover,  
Sunny spots where friends may dwell,  
Darker shadows round us hover,  
Isle of beauty, fare thee well.

'Tis the hour when happy faces,  
Smile around the taper's light ;  
Who will fill our vacant places ?  
Who will sing our songs to-night ?  
Through the mists that float above us  
Faintly sounds the vesper bell ;  
Like a voice from those who love us,  
Breathing fondly, fare thee well.

When the waves are round me breaking,  
As I pace the deck alone,  
And my eye in vain is seeking,  
Some green leaf to rest upon :  
What would I not give to wander,  
Where my old companions dwell,  
Absence makes the heart grow fonder,  
Isle of beauty, fare thee well !

---

**'TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.**

'Tis the last rose of summer,  
Left blooming alone ;  
All her lovely companions  
Are faded and gone ;  
No flower of her kindred,  
No rose-bud is nigh,  
To reflect back her blushes,  
Or give sigh for sigh !

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one  
To pine on the stem ;  
Since the lovely are sleeping,  
Go, sleep thou with them ;  
Thus kindly I scatter  
Thy leaves o'er thy bed,  
Where thy mates in the garden  
Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow,  
When friendships decay,  
And from love's shining circle,  
The gems drop away !  
When true hearts lie wither'd,  
And fond ones are flown,  
Oh ! who would inhabit  
This bleak world alone ?

~~~~~  
OH! HAD WE SOME BRIGHT LITTLE  
ISLE OF OUR OWN.

OH! had we some bright little isle of  
our own,  
In a blue summer ocean, far off and  
alone ;  
Where a leaf never dies in the still  
blooming bowers,  
And the bee banquets on thro' a whole  
year of flowers.  
When the sun loves to pause with so  
fond a delay,  
That the night only draws a thin veil  
o'er the day ;  
When simply to feel that we breathe,  
that we live,  
Is worth the best joy that life else-  
where can give.

There with souls ever ardent, and pure  
as the clime,  
We should love as they lov'd in the  
first golden time,  
The glow of the sunshine, the balm of  
the air,  
Would steal to our hearts and make all  
summer there,

~~~~~  
With affection, as free  
From decline as the bowers ;  
And with hope like the bee,  
Living always on flowers.  
Our life should resemble a long day of  
light,  
And our death come on holy, and calm  
as the night

---

## OH! BREATHE NOT HIS NAME.

OH ! breathe not his name, let it sleep  
in the shade  
Where cold and unhonor'd his relics  
are laid ;  
Sad, silent, and dark, be the tears that  
we shed,  
As the night-dew that falls on the grass  
o'er his head.  
But the night-dew that falls, tho' in  
silence it weeps,  
Shall brighten with verdure, the grave  
where he sleeps,  
And the tear that we shed, though in  
secret it rolls,  
Shall long keep his mem'ry green in  
our souls

THO' YOU LEAVE ME NOW IN  
SORROW

TUNE.—*Roy's Wife.*

THO' you leave me now in sorrow,  
Smiles may light our love to  
morrow ;  
Doom'd to part my faithful heart,  
A gleam of joy from hope shall  
borrow.

Ah ne'er forget when friends are near,  
This heart alone is thine for ever,  
Thou may'st find those will love thee  
dear,  
But not a love like mine, O, never,  
Tho' you leave me, &c

---

THE MINSTREL BOY.

AIR.—*The Moreen.*

THE minstrel-boy to the glen is gone,  
In its deepest dell you'll find him,  
Where echoes sing to his music's tone  
And fairies listen behind him.  
He sings of nature all in her prime,  
Of sweets that around him hover,  
Of mountain heath and of moorland  
thyme,  
And trifles that tell the lover



~~~~~  
How wildly sweet is the minstrel's lay,  
Through cliffs and wild woods ring-  
ing  
For, ah! there is love to beckon his  
way,  
And hope in the song he's singing.  
The bard may indite, and the minstrel  
sing,  
And maidens may chorus it rarely ;  
But unless there be love in the heart  
within,  
The ditty will charm but sparsely.

---

## THE TOAST BE DEAR WOMAN.

BRIGHT are the beams of the morning  
sky,  
And sweet dew the red blossoms sip ;  
But brighter the glances of dear woman's  
eye,  
And sweeter the dew on her lip ;  
Her mouth is the fountain of rapture,  
The source from whence purity flows ;  
Ah! who would taste of its magic,  
As the honey-bee drinks from the  
rose ?

~~~~~  
Then the toast, then the toast be dear  
    woman,  
    Let each breast that is manly ap-  
    prove,  
Then the toast, then the toast be dear  
    woman,  
    And nine cheers to the girls that  
    we love ;  
Hip, hip, hip, hurrah ! hip, hip, hip,  
    hurrah !  
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah for the girls  
    that, we love

Come, raise the wine-cup to heaven  
    high,  
    Ye gods, on Olympus approve !  
The off'ring thus mellow'd by woman's  
    bright smile,  
    Out rivals the nectar of Jove.  
Now, drain, drain the goblet with trans-  
    port,  
    The spell of life's best joys impart ;  
The cup thus devoted to woman,  
    Yields the only true balm of the  
    heart.

Then the toast, &c.

## OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT

OFT in the stilly night,  
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,  
Fond memory brings the light  
Of other days around me ;  
The smiles, the tears of childhood's  
years,  
The words of love then spoken,  
The eyes that shone, now dimmed and  
gone,  
The cheerful hearts now broken !  
Thus in the stilly night, &c.

When I remember all  
The friends so linked together,  
I've seen around me fall,  
Like leaves in winter weather,  
I feel like one, who treads alone  
Some banquet hall deserted,  
Whose lights are fled, whose garland's  
dead  
And all but me departed.  
Thus in the stilly night, &c.



## AS SLOW OUR SHIP.

As slow our ship her foamy track  
Against the wind was cleaving,  
Her trembling pennant still looked back  
To that dear isle 'twas leaving.  
So loth we part from all we love,  
From all the links that bind us ;  
So turn our hearts where'er we rove,  
To those we've left behind us !

When, round the bowl, of vanish'd  
years  
We talk with joyous seeming,  
And smiles that might as well be tears,  
So faint, so sad their beaming ;  
While mem'ry brings us back again  
Each early tie that twin'd us,  
Oh ! sweet's the cup that circles then  
To those we've left behind us !

And when in other climes we meet,  
Some isle or vale enchanting,  
Where all looks flow'ry, wild and  
sweet,  
And naught but love is wanting ;  
We think how great had been our bliss,  
If Heav'n had but assign'd us .

~~~~~  
To live and die in scenes like this,  
With some we've left behind us !

As travellers oft look back at eve,  
When eastward darkly going,  
To gaze upon that light they leave  
Still faint behind them glowing—  
So, when the close of pleasure's day  
To gloom hath near consign'd us,  
We turn to catch one fading ray  
Of joy that's left behind us.

---

THE MAID OF ERIN

AIR.—*The Maid of Lodi.*

My thoughts delight to wander  
Upon a distant shore,  
Where lovely, fair, and tender,  
Is she whom I adore ;  
May heaven, its blessings sparing,  
On her bestow them free,  
The lovely Maid of Erin,  
Who sweetly sang to me.

Had fortune fix'd my station  
In some propitious hour,  
The monarch of a nation,  
Endowed with wealth and power ,

~~~~~  
That wealth and power both sharing,  
My peerless queen should be  
The lovely Maid of Erin,  
Who sweetly sang to me.

Although the restless ocean  
May long between us roar,  
Yet while my heart has motion,  
She'll lodge within its core !  
For artless and endearing,  
And mild and young is she,  
The lovely Maid of Erin,  
Who sweetly sang to me.

When Fate gives intimation,  
That my last hour is nigh,  
With placid resignation,  
I'll lay me down and die ;  
Fond Hope my bosom cheering,  
That I in heaven shall see  
The lovely Maid of Erin,  
Who sweetly sang to me.

---

#### DARK EYED ONE.

DARK eyed one, dark eyed one, come  
hither to me,  
I'll sing thee a song, 'neath the tamarind tree,

~~~~~  
The queen of the garden, the ruby lip'd  
    rose,  
On her emerald throne by the rivulet  
    grows ;  
Come hither, my rosebud, and shame  
    the proud flower,  
Out blush the gay queen in her own  
    gaudy bower,  
I'll sing thee a song, and the burden  
    shall be,  
Dark eyed one, dark eyed one, I lan-  
    guish for thee.

So laden with sweets is each sight of  
    the gale,  
I'm sure my beloved is crossing the vale;  
The tulip is quaffing his cup full of wine,  
The turtle is murm'ring vows to the  
    pine.  
Oh, was not the moments so precious  
    to love,  
Come drink with the tulip, and court  
    with the dove,  
I'll sing thee a song, and the burden  
    shall be,  
Dark eyed one, dark eyed one, I lan-  
    guish for thee

## THE SEA.

THE sea ! the sea ! the open sea !  
The blue, the fresh, the ever free !  
Without a mark, without a bound,  
It runneth the earth's wide regions  
    round ;  
It plays with the clouds ; it mocks the  
    skies,  
Or like a cradled creature lies.

I'm on the sea ! I'm on the sea !  
I am where I would ever be ;  
With the blue above, and the blue  
    below,  
And silence wheresoe'er I go :  
If a storm should come and wake the  
    deep,  
What matter ? *I* shall ride and sleep.

I love, oh ! *how* I love to ride  
On the fierce, foaming, bursting tide,  
When every mad wave drowns the  
    moon,  
Or whistles aloft his tempest tune,  
And tells how goeth the world below,  
And why the Sou'-west blasts do blow.



I never was on the dull tame shore,  
But I lov'd the great sea more and  
more,  
And backwards flew to her billowy  
breast,  
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's  
nest ;  
And a mother she *was*, and *is* to me ,  
For I was born on the open sea !  
The waves were white, and red the  
morn,  
In the noisy hour when I was born ;  
And the whale it whistled, the porpoise  
rolled,  
And the dolphins bared their backs of  
gold ;  
And never was heard such an outcry  
wild  
As welcomed to life the ocean-child !  
I've lived since then, in calm and strife,  
Full fifty summers a sailor's life,  
With wealth to spend and a power to  
range,  
But never have sought, nor sighed for  
change ;  
And Death, whenever he comes to me,  
Shall come on the wild unbounded sea!

## BONAPARTE'S FAREWELL.

AIR.—*Captain O'Kean.*

FAREWELL to the land, where the  
gloom of my glory

Arose and o'ershadow'd the earth  
with her name,—

She abandons me now,—but the page  
of her story,

The brightest or blackest, is fill'd  
with my fame.

I have warr'd with a world which  
vanquish'd me only

When the meteor of Conquest allur'd  
me too far,—

I have coped with the nations which  
dread me thus lonely,

The last single captive to millions in  
war !

Farewell to thee, France—when thy  
diadem crown'd me,

I made thee the gem and the wonder  
of earth,—

But thy weakness decrees I should  
leave as I found thee,

Decayed in thy glory, and sunk in  
thy worth.

~~~~~  
Oh! for the veteran hearts that were  
wasted

In strife with the storm, when their  
battles were won,—

Then the eagle, whose gaze in that  
moment was blasted,

Had still soar'd with eyes fixed on  
Victory's sun!

Farewell to thee, France—but when  
liberty rallies

Once more in thy regions, remember  
me then—

The violet grows in the depth of thy  
valleys,

Though withered, thy tears will un-  
fold it again.

Yet, yet, I may baffle the hosts that  
surround us,

And yet may thy heart leap awake  
to my voice—

There are links which must break in  
the chain that has bound us;

Then turn thee, and call on the chief  
of thy choice!



## AFTON WATER.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy  
green braes,  
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy  
praise ;  
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring  
stream ;  
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not  
her dream.

Thou stock-dove, whose echo resounds  
through the glen,  
Ye wild whistling blackbirds, in yon  
flowery den,  
Thou green-crested lap-wing, thy  
screaming forbear,  
I charge you, disturb not my slumbering  
fair.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighbor-  
ing hills,  
Far mark'd with the courses of clear  
winding rills ;  
There daily I wander, as morn rises  
high,  
My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in  
my eye.

~~~~~  
How pleasant thy banks and green  
valleys below,  
Where wild in the woodlands the prim-  
roses blow ;  
There oft, as mild evening creeps over  
the sea,  
The sweet-scented birk shades my  
Mary and me.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely  
it glides,  
And winds by the cot where my Mary  
resides !  
How wanton thy waters her snowy  
feet lave,  
As, gath'ring sweet flow'rets, she stems  
thy clear wave !

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy  
green braes ;  
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of  
my lays ;  
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring  
stream,  
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not  
her dream.

## WITH EARLY HORN

WITH early horn salute the morn,  
That gilds this charming place;  
With cheerful cries, bid echo rise,  
And join the jovial chase.  
The vocal hills around,  
The waving woods,  
The crystal floods,  
All return th' enlivening sound.

---

## BEHOLD! HOW BRIGHTLY.

BEHOLD! how brightly breaks the morn-  
ing,  
Though bleak our lot our hearts are  
warm;  
To toil inured all danger scorning  
We hail the breeze or brave the  
storm,  
Put off, put off, our course we know;  
Take heed, take heed, whisper low  
Look out and spread your nets with  
care,  
The prey we seek, we'll soon we'll  
soon ensnare.

Put off, &c.

~~~~~  
Away, though tempests darken o'er us,  
Boldly still we'll stem the wave,  
Hoist, hoist all sail, while shines before  
us,

Hope's beacon-light to cheer the  
brave.

Put off, put off, our course we know;  
Take heed, take heed and whisper  
low ;

Look out and spread your nets with  
care,

The prey we seek, we'll soon we'll  
soon ensnare.

Put off, &c.

While all on shore are soundly sleeping,  
Our little bark we'll gaily trim ;  
And whilst the beacon watch is keep-  
ing,

We'll gaily chaunt our morning hymn.  
'Through waters deep we'll swiftly  
glide.

And silent keep, and silent keep ;  
For he who rules the angry tide,  
Is king o'er the deep, is king o'er the  
deep.

Through waters, &c.

## THE VOICE OF HER I LOVE.

How sweet at close of silent eve  
The harp's responsive sound ;  
How sweet the vows that ne'er deceive,  
And deeds by virtue crown'd !  
How sweet to sit beneath a tree  
In some delightful grove ;  
But oh ! more soft, more sweet to me,  
The voice of her I love.

Whene'er she joins the village train  
To hail the new-born day,  
Mellifluous notes compose each strain  
Which zephyrs waft away.  
The frowns of fate I'll calmly bear,  
In humble sphere to move ;  
Content and bless'd whene'er I hear  
The voice of her I love.

---

## FAR O'ER THE DEEP BLUE SEA

THE moon is beaming brightly, love,  
Upon the deep blue sea ;  
A trusty crew is waiting near,  
For thee, dear girl, for thee,  
Then leave thy downy couch my love  
And with thy sailor flee,



~~~~~  
His gallant bark shall bear thee safe  
Far o'er the deep blue sea ;—  
Far—o'er the deep blue sea ;  
Far o'er th' deep, th' deep, th'  
deep blue sea.

The storm bird sleeps upon the rocks  
No angry surges roar ;  
No sound disturbs the tranquil deep,  
Not e'en the dipping oar ;  
No watchful eye is on thee now,  
Come dearest hie with me,  
And cheer a darling sailor's love  
Far o'er the deep blue sea. •  
Far o'er, &c.

She comes, she comes, with trembling  
steps,  
Oh ! happy shall we be,  
When landed safe on other shores,  
From every danger free :  
Now speed ye on my gallant bark,  
Our hopes are all in thee,  
Swift, bear us to our peaceful home  
Far o'er the deep blue sea.  
Far o'er, &c

~~~~~  
THE GIPSEY GIRL'S APPEAL.

*I dream'd* that I dwelt in marble halls,  
With vassals and serfs at my side,  
And of all who assembled within those  
walls,  
That I was the hope and pride.

I had riches too great to count, could  
boast  
Of a high ancestral name ;  
And I also *dreamed*, which charm'd me  
most,  
That you lov'd me still the same

I *dream'd* that suitors besought my  
hand,  
That knights upon ben led knee,  
And with vows, no maiden heart could  
withstand,  
That they pledged their faith to me

And *I dream'd* that one of this noble  
host,  
Came forth my hand to claim ;  
Yet I also *dream'd* which charm'd me  
most,  
That you loved still the same.

## THE OLD GRANITE STATE

WE have come from the mountains,  
Of the old Granite State, [*Repeat*  
We're a band of brothers, (*Repeat.*)  
And we live among the hills ;  
With a band of music, (*Repeat.*)  
We are passing 'round the world.

We have left our aged parents, (*Repeat.*  
In the old Granite State ;  
We obtained their blessing, (*Repeat.*)  
And we blessed them in return ;  
Good old-fashioned singers, (*Repeat.*)  
They can make the air resound.

We have eight other brothers,  
And of sisters just another,  
Besides our father and mother,  
In the old Granite State ;  
With our present number, (*Repeat.*)  
There are fifteen in the tribe,  
Thirteen sons and daughters, (*Repeat.*)  
And their history we bring.

Yes, while the air is ringing,  
With their wild mountain singing,  
We the news to you are bringing,  
From the old Granite State :

~~~~~  
'Tis the tribe of Jesse,  
And their several names we sing

David, Noah, Andrew, Zeppy  
Caleb, Joshua, Jess, and Benny,  
Judson, Rhoda, John, and Asa,  
And Abbey are our names ;  
We're the sons of Mary  
Of the tribe of Jesse,  
And we now address ye,  
With our native mountain song ;

We're the sons of Mary,  
Of the tribe of Jesse,  
And we now address ye,  
With our native mountain song.

We are all real Yankees, (*Repeat*)  
From the old Granite State,  
And by prudent guessing, (*Repeat.*)  
We shall whittle, through the world  
And by prudent guessing,  
We shall whittle through the world.

We are all Washingtonians,  
Yes, we're all Washingtonians,  
Heaven bless the Washingtonians,  
Of the old Granite State ,

~~~~~  
We are all teetotalers           *(Repeat.)*  
And have signed the temperance  
pledge.

We are all teetotalers,           *(Repeat.)*  
And have signed the temperance pledge

Now three cheers all together,  
Shout Columbia's people ever,  
Yankee hearts none can sever,  
In the old Granite State.

Like our sires before us,  
We will swell the chorus,  
'Till the Heavens o'er us,  
Shall rebound the loud hurrah !

Like our sires before us,  
We will swell the chorus,  
'Till the Heavens o'er us,  
Shall rebound the loud hurrah !  
Hurrah ! hurrah ! hurrah !

---

#### THE FAIR LAND OF POLAND.

WHEN the fair land of Poland was  
ploughed by the hoof  
Of the ruthless invader—when might  
With steel to the bosom, and fire to  
the roof,  
Completed her triumph o'er right :

~~~~~  
In that moment of danger, when free  
dom invoked  
All the fetterless sons of her pride,  
In a phalanx as dauntless as freedom  
e'er yoked,  
I fought and I fell by her side :  
My birth is noble, unstained my  
crest,  
As thine own—let this attest !

---

## THE ROSE TREE.

A ROSE tree in full bearing,  
Had sweet flowers fair to see ;  
One rose beyond comparing,  
For beauty attracted me.  
Tho' eager then to win it,  
Lovely, blooming, fresh, and gay  
I find a canker in it,  
And now throw it far away.  
How fine this morning early,  
All sun-shiny, clear and bright ;  
So late I lov'd you dearly,  
Tho' lost now each fond delight.  
The clouds seem big with showers,  
Sunny beams no more are seen ;  
Farewell, ye fleeting hours,  
Your falsehood has chang'd the scene.

## MY HEART'S IN OLD IRELAND.

My bark on the billow dash'd glorious-  
ly on,  
And glad were the notes of the sailor  
boy's song,  
Yet sad was my bosom and bursting  
with woe,  
For my heart's in old Ireland wherever  
I go.

Oh, my heart's in old Ireland  
wherever I go.

More dear than the flowers that Italy  
yields,  
Are the red-breasted daisies that span-  
gles thy fields,  
The shamrock, the hawthorn, the white  
blossom glow,  
For my heart's in old Ireland wherever  
I go.

Oh my heart's, &c.

The shore's they look lovely, yet cheer-  
less and vain,  
Bloom the lilies of France, and the  
olives of Spain;

~~~~~  
When I think of the fields where the  
wild daisies grow,  
Then my heart's in old Ireland wherever  
I go.

Oh, my heart's, &c.

The lilies and roses abandon the plains,  
Though the summer's gone by, still the  
shamrock remains,  
Like a friend in misfortune it blooms  
o'er the snow,  
For my heart's in old Ireland wherever  
I go.

Oh, my heart's, &c.

I sigh and I vow, if e'er I get home,  
No more from my dear native cottage  
I'll roam;  
The harp shall resound, and the goblet  
shall flow,  
For my heart's in old Ireland wherever  
I go.

Oh, my heart's, &c





## THE GIPSEY BRIDE.

COME with the Gipsey bride,  
And repair  
To the fair,  
Where the mazy dance  
Will the hours entrance,  
Where souls as light preside.  
Life can give nothing beyond,  
One heart you know to be fond,  
Wealth, with his boards, cannot but  
The peace content can supply  
Rank, in its halls, may not find  
The calm of a happy mind ;—  
So repair  
To the fair,  
And they may be met with there

Love is the first thing to clasp,  
But if he escapes your grasp,  
Friendship will then be at hand,  
In the young rogue's place to stand ;  
Hope, too, will be nothing loth  
To point out the way to both.  
So repair  
To the fair.  
And they all may be met with there

## BARNEY BRALLAGHAN.

'Twas on a windy night, about two  
o'clock in the morning,  
An Irish lad so tight, all wind and  
weather scorning;  
At Judy Callaghan's door, sitting upon  
the pailing,  
His love tale he did pour, and this is  
part of his wailing,  
Only say—you'll be Mistress Bral-  
laghan,  
Don't say nay—charming Judy  
Callaghan.  
Oh! list to what I say, charms you've  
got like Venus,  
Own your love you may, for there's  
only the wall between us.  
You lay fast asleep, snug in bed and  
snoring,  
While round the house I creep—your  
hard heart imploring.  
Then do say, &c.

I've got an acre of ground, I've got it  
set with praties,  
I've got tobacco a pound, and I've got  
some tea for the Ladies,

~~~~~  
I've got a ring to wed, some whisky to  
make us gaily,  
A mattress feather bed, and a hand-  
some new shilleela.

Then do say, &c.

I've got an old tom cat, which through  
one eye is staring,  
I've got a Sunday hat, a little the  
worse for wearing,  
A Sunday hose and coat, an old gray  
mare to ride on,  
A saddle and bridle to boot, that you  
may ride astride on.

If you'll say, &c.

I've got nine pigs and a sow, and I've  
got a sty to keep 'em,  
A calf and a brindle cow, and I've a  
cabin to sleep 'em,  
I've got some gooseberry wine, the  
trees they grew no riper on.

When you say, &c.

You've got a charming eye, you've got  
some spelling and reading,  
You've got, and so have I, a taste for  
genteel breeding,  
You've rich and fair and young, as  
every body's knowing,

~~~~~  
And you've got a decent tongue  
whenever you set it a going.

Then do say, &c.

Oh! for a wife till death, I am willing  
to take you,

But oh! I spend my breath, the devil  
himself can't wake you,

'Tis just beginning to rain—so I'll get  
under cover,

I'll come to-morrow again to be your  
constant lover.

If you'll say, &c.

---

LARY O'GAFF.

NEAR a bog in old Ireland, and sure I  
was born,

Right well I remember what a bright  
muddy morn,

My daddy, poor man cried out, what a  
green horn!

Three months scarcely married, hurra  
how they'll laugh,

Says he to my mother, and troth Judy  
I'm off

With my didrewhack,

I'm off in a crack,

~~~~~  
None of your blarney,  
By the powers I wont tarry,  
So he left little Larry,  
And I ne'er saw more my daddy  
O'Gaff.

Och its there I grew up and a sweet-  
looking chick,  
Always the devil for handling the stick,  
But somehow or other my numscull  
was so thick,  
Go where I would all the folks they  
did laugh.

I at length rambled to England where  
I met with a squad,  
They got me promoted to carry the  
hod,  
I crept up the ladder like a cat newly  
shod,  
A steep way to riches, says Larry  
O'Gaff.

With my didrewhack in and out,  
My head turning about,  
Ladder crack, brake back,  
Tumble down, crack my crown,  
Dear Mr. Larry this hod but dis-  
graces,  
The shoulders of Mr. O'Gaff.

~~~~~  
They made me a servant, then I dressed  
like a fop,  
Bran new and span new, from the  
bottom to the top ;  
But the old fellow popt in as I was  
taking a drop,  
Says he Mr. Larry, you bog-trotting  
calf,  
Get out of my house, or I'll leave this  
about your back,  
With a twig in his hand like the mast  
of a herring smack,  
Over my napper he made the switch  
for to crack,  
So he turns off Mr. Larry O'Gaff.  
With my didrewhack hub, dub, bo,  
Drums beating row, dow, dow ;  
O dols my life plays the fife,  
St. Patrick's day, fire away,  
In the army so frisky,  
We'll tickle the whisky,  
With a whack for old Ireland,  
And Larry O'Gaff.

Then they made me a soldier, but oh  
how genteel,  
Scarlet and tapes from the neck to the  
heel,

Larry says I, wnen brought into the  
field,  
Larry you don't like this fighting by  
half,  
We fought like the devil as Irishmen  
do,  
So bothered I was to make the foe  
yield,  
But somehow or other I got wounded  
in the heel,  
Hurra for old Ireland and Lary  
O'Gaff.

---

## ROCKAWAY.

On old Long Island's sea-girt shore,  
Many an hour I've whil'd away,  
In list'ning to the breaker's roar,  
That wash the beach of Rockaway.  
Transfix'd I've stood while Nature's  
lyre,  
In one harmonious concert broke,  
And catching its Promethean fire,  
My inmost soul in rapture woke.  
Oh! oh! oh! oh! oh! oh! oh!  
On old Long Island's sea-girt shore,  
Many an hour I've whil'd away,  
In list'ning to the breaker's roar,  
That wash the beach of Rockaway

~~~~~  
Oh ! how delightful 'tis to stroll  
Where murm'ring winds and waters  
meet,  
Marking the billows as they roll  
And break resistless at your feet ;  
To watch young Iris as she dips  
Her mantle in the sparkling dew,  
And chas'd by Sol, away she trips,  
O'er the ho-ri-zon's quiv'ring blue,  
Oh ! oh ! oh ! oh ! oh ! oh ! oh !  
On old Long Island's sea-girt shore,  
Many an hour I've whil'd away,  
In list'ning to the breaker's roar,  
That wash the beach of Rockaway

To hear the start'ling night-winds sigh,  
As dreamy twilight lulls to sleep ;  
While the pale moon reflects from high,  
Her image in the mighty deep ;  
Majestic scene where nature dwells,  
Profound in everlasting love,  
While her unmeasur'd music swells,  
The vaulted firmament above,  
Oh ! oh ! oh ! oh ! oh ! oh ! oh !  
On old Long Island's sea-girt shore,  
Many an hour I've whil'd away,  
In list'ning to the breaker's roar,  
That wash the beach of Rockaway



## MOLLY BAWN.

O, MOLLY Bawn, why leave me pining,  
Or lonely waiting here for you—  
While the stars above are brightly  
shining,  
Because they've nothing else to do.

The flowers late were open keeping,  
To try a rival blush with you,  
But their mother, Nature, kept them  
sleeping,  
With their rosy faces wash'd in dew.  
O Molly, &c.

The pretty flowers were made to bloom,  
dear,  
And the pretty stars were made to  
shine,  
The pretty girls were made for the  
boys, dear,  
And may be you were made for mine.

The wicked watch dog here is snarl-  
ing—  
He takes me for a thief, dy'e see?  
For he knows I'd steal you, Molly,  
darling,  
And then transported I should be.  
O, Mary, &c.

## SAVOURNEEN DEELISH.

OH the moment was sad when my love  
and I parted,

Savourneen deelish eileen ogg !

As I kiss'd off her tears I was nigh  
broken-hearted,

Savourneen deelish eileen ogg !

Wan was her cheek, which hung on  
my shoulder,

Damp was her hand, no marble was  
colder,

I felt in my heart I ne'er more should  
behold her,

Savourneen deelish eileen ogg !

Long I fought for my country, far, far  
from my true love,

Savourneen deelish eileen ogg.

All my pay and my booty I hoarded  
for you, love,

Savourneen deelish eileen ogg !

Peace was proclaim'd ; escaped from  
the slaughter

Landed at home, my sweet girl ! I  
sought her,

But sorrow, alas ! to the cold grave  
had brought her

Savourneen deelish eileen ogg !

## O! SING TO ME.

O! sing to me one song of thine,  
One song before we part,  
That I may bear away with me  
Its music in my heart.  
Let it be a gentle one,  
A song of early joy,  
Such as a fair-haired maiden sings  
To win her much loved boy.

O! sing to me the song I heard,  
The other day, at noon,  
When it came to me like a warbling  
bird,  
And ceased as short and soon.  
Bashfully that song was still,  
For I started from out the trees;  
So the bird is hush, when the brainble  
bush  
Stirs with the passing breeze.

Turn not so tearfully away—  
I can not bear to part,  
With any thing but hope and joy  
In the swelling of my heart.  
Look up to me with laughing eyes—  
We shall meet again ere long;

~~~~~  
And then the greeting I shall have,  
Will be thy gentle song.

So sing to me that song of joy.  
That song of summer bowers,  
Murmuring like the soft warm breath  
Of a south wind over flowers.  
I will kiss thee as thou warblest on,  
My token as I part,  
And so will bear away with me  
Thy music in my heart.

---

BET CAREY!

O did you not hear of Bet Carey,  
She lives in the town of Tipperary—  
O the grasp of her hand, what mortal  
can stand,  
For fatal's the grasp of Bet Carey.

Her eyes like a furnace is beaming,  
Her tongue with foul slander is team-  
ing,  
And well do I know how fatal's the  
blow  
That drops from the fist of Bet Carey

If ever you meet this Bet Carey,  
That comes from the town Tipperary,

~~~~~  
Keep out of the way, she'll not scruple  
to slay,  
For death is the blow of Bet Carey,

She looks like a hag of the devil,  
And deeply she's tainted by evil,  
And whoe'er stands a blow, from Bet's  
fleshy paw,  
Will die by the hand of Bet Carey

---

YOU'LL REMEMBER ME.

WHEN other lips and other hearts  
Their tales of love shall tell,  
In language whose excess imparts  
The power they feel so well ;  
There may, perhaps, in such a scene,  
Some recollection be  
Of days that have as happy been,  
And you'll remember me.

When coldness, or deceit, shall slight  
The beauty now they prize,  
And deem it but a faded light  
Which beams within your eyes.  
When hollow hearts shall wear a mask,  
'Twill break your own to see—  
In such a moment I but ask  
That you'll remember me.

## ENNISKILLEN DRAGOON.

A BEAUTIFUL beautiful damsel of fame  
and renown,  
A gentleman's daughter of fame and  
renown,  
As she rode by the barracks this beautiful maid,  
She stood in her coach to see the dragons parade.

They were all dress'd out like gentlemen's sons,  
With their bright shining swords and carbine guns.  
With their silver mounted pistols she observed them full soon,  
Because that she lov'd her Enniskillen dragoon.

You bright sons of Mars who stand on the right  
Whose armour doth shine like the bright star of night,  
Saying Willy, dearest Willy, you've 'listed full soon,  
For to serve as a royal Enniskillen dragoon.

~~~~~  
O! Flora, dearest Flora, your pardon  
I crave,  
It's now and for ever I must be a slave,  
Your parents they insulted me, both  
morning and noon,  
For fear that you'd wed an Enniskillen  
dragoon.

O! mind, dearest Willy, O! mind what  
you say,  
For children are bound their parents to  
obey;  
For when we're leaving Ireland they  
will all change their tune,  
Saying the Lord may be with you, En-  
niskillen dragoon.

Fare-you-well, Enniskillen, fare-you-  
well for a while,  
And all around the borders of Erin's  
green Isle,  
And when the war is over we'll return  
in full bloom,  
And they'll all welcome home the En-  
niskillen dragoon.



## MARY BLAIN.

WHEN nigger's meet it's a pleasure  
But when they part it's pain,  
\* I can't forget, oh never,  
My lovely Mary Blain.

Den farewell, farewell,  
Farewell poor Mary Blain  
Do take care yourself, my dear,  
I'se coming back again

One morning I lay snoring,  
Ole master says to me,  
Sam, get up, I'se going  
To take you to Tennessee.  
Den farewell, farewell, &c.

I catch our old horse Barley,  
So nice I comb his main,  
I hear some body call me,  
'Twas lovely Mary Blain.  
Den farewell, farewell, &c.

Now Mary I'se going to leave you,  
Now Mary don't complain,  
I neber shall deceive you,  
For I'se coming back again,  
Den farewell, farewell, &c.



~~~~~

Now Mary commence crying,  
De tears ran down like rain,  
But oh, I felt like dying,  
When I kiss poor Mary Blain.  
Den farewell, farewell, &c.

I kiss her mouf, I kiss her hand,  
I gib it a hardy shake,  
I say now Mary leave me,  
Or else my heart shall break.  
Den farewell, farewell, &c.

Now Mary dear a breast pin,  
Go wear dat in your head,  
Kæep him so long as you live,  
For I want him when you dead  
Den farewell, farewell, &c

---

#### HUSH THY VAIN SIGHS

HUSH thy vain sighs, fair maiden,  
Tears flow no more in vain,  
Heart, cease thy fond upbraiding,  
Lips, no more breathe his name  
'He's gone, aye, gone for ever,  
Far, far away from me,  
Fond maidens, then endeavour,  
To shun credulity.

## BOWERY GALS.

As I was lumbering down de street,  
    O down de street,  
    O down de street,  
Dat pretty color'd gal I chanc'd to meet,  
    O, she was fair to view.

## CHORUS.

Den Bowery gals will come out to  
    night,  
    Will you come out to night,  
    Will you come out to night,  
O de Bowery gals will you come out  
    to night,  
    And dance by de light ob de moon.  
Den we stopped awhile and had some  
    talk,  
    O we had some talk,  
    O we had some talk,  
And her heel cover'd up the whole side  
    walk  
    As she stood right by me.  
    Den de Bowery gals, &c

I'd like to kiss dem lubly lips,  
    Dem lubly lips,  
    Dem lubly lips,

I think dat I could loose my wits,  
And drap right on the floor.  
Den de Bowery gals, &c.

I ax'd her would she go to a dance,  
Would she go to a dance,  
Would she go to a dance,  
I thought dat I might have a chance  
To shake my foot wid her.  
Den de Bowery gals, &c

I, danc'd all night and my heel kept a  
rocking,  
O my heel kept a rocking,  
O my heel kept a rocking,  
And I balance to de gal wid a hole in  
her stocking,  
She was prettiest gal in de room.  
Den de Bowery gals, &c

I am bound to make dat gal my wife,  
Dat gal my wife,  
Dat gal my wife,  
O, I should be happy all my life,  
If I had her along wid me,  
Den de Bowery gals, &c



## THE MAN OF DISARNING.

AIR.—*Rosin the Beau.*

HE must be a man of *disarning*,  
Who never was born for a fool ;  
The stupid will never heed *larning*,  
For them *what's* the use of a school.  
Och darling, I'll very soon show  
That *larning's* made up in my  
nature,  
Och, surely, I'll very soon show.

If a man's a donkey, so mulish,  
Och, tache him to love if ye can ;  
The monkey in troth will look foolish,  
What's worse than an ignorant man.  
Dear lassies avoid such a Beau,  
If a man's a monkey when single,  
Och, faith ! he's not fit for a Beau.

If a man meets a lass to his liking,  
And he's any wisdom at all ;  
His features may not be quite striking,  
Yes straitway into love she will fall  
Just up to the lassie you go,  
Ye tache her the science of loving,  
Och, there's science in being a  
Beau.

~~~~~  
My larning I've purty well shown ye,  
In troth though I'm bothered through  
life ;

Broad hints, my dear girls, I have  
thrown ye,

For sorely I'm wanting a wife.

Is there any lass wanting a Beau,  
I'll tache her the art of love-  
making,

Och, try me and I'll be your Beau.

---

DIABOLO.

On yonder rock reclining,  
That fierce and swarthy form behold ;  
Fast his hands his carbine hold—  
'Tis his best friend of old !

This way his steps inclining,  
His scarlet plume waves o'er his brow,  
And his velvet cloak hangs low,  
Playing in graceful flow !

Tremble ! E'en while the storm is  
beating,

Afar hear echo repeating,

Diavolo ! Diavolo ! Diavolo !

Altho' his foes waylaying,  
He fights with rage and hate combin'd ;

~~~~~  
Towards the gentle fair they find  
He's ever mild and kind ;

The maid to heedless straying.  
(For one, we Pietro's daughter know,)  
Home returns full sad and slow,  
What can have made her so ?  
Tremble ! Each one the maiden meet-  
ing,  
Is sure to be repeating,  
Diavolo ! Diavolo ! Diavolo !

Perchance all are mistaken,  
Dear maid in what they tell to you,  
And whate'er is lost 'tis true  
He may have stolen too.  
Suspensions oft awaken,  
As many a guiltless swain may know ;  
While he alone who caused their woe  
Passes incognito—  
Tremble ! For in this sighing lover  
Each eye may surely discover,  
Diavolo ! Diavolo ! Diavolo !



## CUSHLAMACREE.

He tells me he loves me,  
And how can I believe,  
The heart he has won  
He would wish to deceive ;  
For ever and always  
His sweet words to me  
Are my alien ma vorneen cushlama-  
cree.

Oh ! when will the day come,  
The blest happy day,  
When a maiden shall hear  
All her lover can say.  
And he speaks out the words  
He now whispers to me  
Are my alien ma vorneen cushlama-  
cree.

Last night when we parted,  
His gentle good-by,  
A thousand times said  
And each time with a sigh ;  
Were my alien ma vorneen cushlama-  
cree.



---

**'TIS SAD TO LEAVE YOUR FATHER  
LAND.**

'Tis sad to leave your father land,  
And friends you loved there well,  
To wander on a stranger strand,  
Where friends but seldom dwell,  
Yet, hard as are such ills to bear,  
And deeply though they smart,  
Their pangs are slight to those who are  
The orphans of the heart.

Oh, if there were one gentle eye,  
To weep when I might grieve,  
One bosom to receive the sigh,  
Which sorrow oft will heave.  
One heart the ways of life to cheer,  
'Tho' rugged they might be,  
No language can express how dear  
That heart would be to me.

---

**A SONG—A SONG! A MERRY SONG!**

A song—a song! a merry song!  
A song for the gay and free;  
Let the halls resound  
To the welcome sound,  
A merry minstrelsy.



~~~~~  
A song—a song! a jovial song,  
Such as Bacchanals should sing  
Of the ruby wine,  
In their cups divine,  
And the grapes ripe clustering!

A song—a song! a plaintive song,  
A song for the love-sick maid;  
Of a fickle youth,  
In the 'guise of truth,  
Who a fair one had betrayed.

A song—a song! a merry song!  
A merry song for me;  
Of mirth and delight,  
In our halls at night,  
With a merry minstrelsy.

---

**A SOLDIER'S LIFE IS THE LIFE WE  
LOVE.**

AWAY we march to the bugle sounding,  
Our hands are firm, and our hearts  
are glad;  
Our steps are light o'er the green turf  
bounding,  
And happy's the life of a soldier lad.

~~~~~  
For smiling lasses, brimming glasses,  
Greet us home when daylight passes  
And then we sing to the skies above,  
A soldier's life is the life we love !

But when from home, and call'd to  
duty,  
Our hopes are high, and our flag's  
unfurl'd,  
We bid adieu to smiles and beauty,  
For a soldier's home is the wide,  
wide world.  
We seek our foes 'mid cannon's  
rattle,  
And when we're victors in the  
battle,  
Oh then we sing to the skies above,  
A soldier's life is the life we love !

At Waterloo a hero led us,  
Whose brow's are wreath'd for the  
deeds he's done ;  
He taught our foreign foes to dread us,  
Then cheer for immortal Wellington !  
For all who hear that hero's story,  
Praise his deeds, and share the  
glory ;  
Then let us sing to the skies above,  
A soldier's life is the life we love !

~~~~~  
Though some may fall beyond the  
billows,  
No foot shall tread on the soldier's  
grave ;  
We'll bear them far where bending  
willows  
In some lone spot o'er their ashes  
wave.  
For though a soldier's call'd stern-  
hearted,  
Tears we give for those departed ;  
And our dirge shall be to the skies  
above,  
A soldier's life is the life we love .

---

## THE MAYPOLE

Come, lasses and lads  
Get leave of your dads,  
And away to the May-pole hie,  
Where every He,  
Has got a She,  
And the fiddler standing by.  
Where Willy has got his Jill,  
And Jackey has got his Joan,  
And there to jig it, jig it, jig it,  
Jig it up and down.  
Tol de rol lol, &c.

~~~~~  
"Begin," says Harry,  
"Ay, ay," says Mary;  
Let's lead up Paddington-pound  
"Oh, no," says Hugh,  
"Oh, no," says Sue,  
Let's dance St. Ledger round;  
Then every lad did take  
His hat off to his lass;  
And every maid did curtsey, curtsey,  
Curtsey on the grass.

"You're out," says Nick,  
"You lie," says Dick,  
"For the fiddler play'd it wrong;"  
"And so," says Sue,  
"And so," says Hugh,  
"And so says every one;"  
The fiddler then began  
To play it o'er again,  
And every maid did foot it, foot it,  
Foot it unto the men.

"Let's kiss," says Fan,  
"Ay, ay," says Nan,  
And so says every she;  
"How many?" says Nat,  
"Why, three," says Pat,  
"For that's a maiden's fee!"

~~~~~  
But instead of kisses three,  
They gave them half a score ;  
The men, then, out of kindness, kindness,  
Gave 'em as many more.

Then, after an hour,  
They went to a bower,  
To play for ale and cake,  
And kisses, too,  
Being in the cue,  
For the lasses held the stake :  
The women then began  
To quarrel with the men,  
And told 'em to take their kisses back,  
And give them their own again.

Oh, thus they all stay'd  
Until it was late,  
And tired the fiddler quite,  
With fiddling and playing  
Without any paying,  
From morning until night.  
They told the fiddler, then,  
They'd pay him for his play,  
And every one paid twopence, two-  
pence,  
Twopence, and toddled away.

~~~~~  
"Good night," says Bess,  
"Good night," says Jess,  
"Good night," says Harry to Holl;  
"Good night," says Hugh,  
"Good night," says Sue,  
"Good night," says Nimble Nell;  
Some ran, some walk'd, some stay'd,  
Some tarried by the way,  
And bound themselves by kisses twelve,  
To meet next holiday!

---

THE HEART BOW'D DOWN BY  
WEIGHT OF WOE.

THE heart bow'd down by weight of  
woe,  
To weakest hope will cling;  
To thought and impulse while they  
flow,  
That can no comfort bring,  
With those exciting scenes will blend  
O'er pleasures pathway thrown,  
But mem'ry is the only friend  
That grief can call his own.

The mind will in its worst despair,  
Still ponder o'er the past,

~~~~~  
On moments of delight that were,  
Too beautiful to last ;  
To long departed years extend  
Its visions with them flown :  
For memory is the only friend  
That grief can call its own.

---

## KATHLEEN O'MORE.

My love, still I think that I see her  
once more,  
But alas ! she has left me her loss to  
deplore ;

My own little Kathleen,  
My poor lost Kathleen,  
My Kathleen O'More !

Her hair glossy black, her eyes were  
dark blue,  
Her colour still changing, her smiles  
ever new ;

So pretty was Kathleen,  
My sweet little Kathleen,  
My Kathleen O'More !

She milk'd the dun cow that ne'er  
offer'd to stir,  
Though wicked it was, it was gentle  
to her.

~~~~~  
So kind was my Kathleen,  
My poor little Kathleen,  
My Kathleen O'More !

She sat at the door one cold afternoon,  
To hear the wind blow, and to look at  
the moon,

So pensive was Kathleen,  
My poor little Kathleen,  
My Kathleen O'More !

Cold was the night breeze that sigh'd  
round her bower,  
It chill'd my poor Kathleen, she droop'd  
from that hour,

And I lost my poor Kathleen,  
My own little Kathleen,  
My Kathleen O'More !

The bird of all birds that I love the  
best,

Is the robin, that in the church-yard  
builds his nest,

For he seems to watch Kathleen,  
Hops lightly on Kathleen,  
My Kathleen O'More !





## KATTY AVOURNEEN.

'Twas a cowl'd winter's night and the  
tempest was snarlin,  
The snow, like a sheet, cover'd cabin  
and sty,  
When Barney flew over the hills to his  
darlin,  
And tapp'd at the window where  
Katty did lie.  
Arrah ! jewel, says he, are you sleep-  
ing or waking,  
It's a bitter cowl'd night, and my  
coat it is thin,  
The storm it is brewin, the frost it is  
bakin,  
Oh ! Katty Avourneen you must let  
me in.

Ah ! then Barney, says Kate, and she  
spoke through the window,  
How could you be taking us out of  
our beds,  
To come at this time, it's a shame and  
a sin too,  
It's whiskey, not love, has got into  
your head.

~~~~~  
If your heart it was true, of my fame  
    you'd be tindher,  
    Consider the time, an' there's no-  
    body in,  
What has a poor girl but her name to  
    defend her?  
No, Barney Avourneen, I won't let  
    you in!

A cuishla, says he, its my heart is a  
    fountain,  
    That weeps for the wrong I might  
    lay at your door;  
Your name is more white than the  
    snows on the mountain,  
    And Barney 'id die to presarve it as  
    pure.  
I'll go to my home, tho' the winter  
    winds face me,  
    I'll whistle them off, for I'm happy  
    within,  
And the words of my Katty will com-  
    fort and bless me,  
    " No, Barney Avourneen, I wont let  
    you in ! "



~~~~~  
LET US LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

LET us love one another, not long may  
we stay—

In this bleak world of mourning some  
    droop while 'tis day ;

Others fade in their noon, and few lin-  
ger till eve—

Oh, there breaks not a heart, but leaves  
    some one to grieve !

And the fondest, the purest, the truest  
    that met,

Have still found the need to forgive  
    and forget ;

Then oh ! tho' the hopes that we nou-  
rished, decay,

Let us love one another as long as we  
stay !

There are hearts, like the ivy, tho' all  
    be decay'd

Who seem to twine fondly, in sun-light  
    and shade ;

No leaves droop in sadness, still gaily  
    they spread,

Undimm'd 'midst the blighted, the  
    lonely, and dead !

~~~~~  
But the misletoe clings to the oak, not  
in part,  
But with leaves closely round it, the  
root, in its heart,  
Exists but to twine it, imbibes the  
same dew,  
Or to fall with its lov'd oak, and perish  
there, too !

Then let's love one another 'midst sor-  
row the worst,  
Unalter'd and fond as we lov'd at the  
first ;  
Tho' the false wing of pleasure may  
change and forsake,  
And the bright urn of wealth into par-  
ticles break,  
There are some sweet affections that  
wealth cannot buy,  
That cling but still closer when sorrow  
draws nigh,  
And remain with us yet, tho' all else  
pass away,—  
Then let's love one another as long as  
we stay.



## MATRIMONIAL SWEETS.

*He.* Do cease your clack, and hold  
your tongue,

You're always teasing, squalling,  
hawling,—

*She.* You're always quarrelling all day  
long,

And ugly names are calling.

*He.* You know you never can be at  
peace—

*She.* Now pray do let your passion  
cease ;

*He.* You're never quiet,—

*She.* I deny it !

*He.* Madam, you'll my rage increase,

*She.* O dear ! O dear ! 'tis the plague  
of my life,

That ever I became your wife.

*He.* O dear, O dear, &c.

*He.* You know you're always gadding  
about,

Dancing, walking, chatting, talk-  
ing,—

*She.* You know from morn till night  
you're out,

With other ladies walking.

~~~~~  
*He* You know you're always after  
fellows—

*She.* 'Tis only you're so very jealous—

*He.* You'll own you do it—

*She.* Oh, you shall rue it!

*He.* We're a happy pair, so people  
tell us.

*Both.* O dear, O dear, &c.

*He.* You'll own your temper's very  
bad,  
Looks so flouting, always pout-  
ing—

*She.* Your's is enough to drive one  
mad,  
Suspicious, jealous, doubting.

*He.* You know my passion don't re-  
main,

*She.* But soon as off begins again,

*He.* Oh! how vexing!

*She.* How perplexing!

*He.* You'll put me in a rage again—

*Both.* O dear, O dear, &c.

*He.* Madam, we had better part  
Than be living constant dining—

*She.* Oh, I'll agree with all my heart,  
Let's be the task beginning,

~~~~~  
*He.* I hereby bid a last adieu—

*She.* And now I take a final view—

*He.* North—

*She.* South—

*He.* East—

*She.* West—

*He.* Take which corner you like best

*Both.* O dear, O dear, I now (for life)  
Am rid of my tormenting wife.

*She.* Oh dear, O dear, I now (for life)  
Forsake the office of a wife.

[Spoken.] Well, then, madam, as you are determined to go, good bye.—Good bye, sir!—You'll recollect, madam, 'tis all your own fault.—I beg your pardon, sir, 'tis *all your own* fault; I say 'tis *your's*, sir!—Zounds, madam! I say, 'tis *your's*—You know I never was in a passion!

*He.* My dearest love don't leave me so,  
Without measure you're my pleasure—

*She.* You know, my love, I could not go,  
For you're my darling treasure.

*He.* Then for the future lets agree,

*She.* and live in sweetest harmony.

~~~~~  
*He.* Nor let to-morrow

*She.* Bring forth sorrow,

*He.* To crush our sweet felicity.

*She.* O dear, O dear, 'tis the joy of my  
life,

That ever I became your wife !

*He.* O dear, O dear, 'tis the joy of my  
life,

That ever you became my wife !

---

LOVE NOT.

Love not, love not, ye hapless sons of  
clay,

Hope's gayest wreaths are made of  
earthly flowers.

Things that are made to fade and fall  
away,

Ere they have blossom'd for a few  
short hours.

Love not, love not, &c.

Love not, love not, the things you love  
may die,

May perish from the gay and glad-  
some earth,

The silent stars, the blue and smiling  
sky,



~~~~~  
Beam on its grave, as once upon its  
birth.

Love not, love not, &c.

Love not, love not, the things you love  
may change,

The rosy lip may cease to smile on you,  
The kindly beaming eye grow cold and  
strange,

The heart still warmly beat, yet not  
be true.

Love not, love not, &c.

Love not, love not, oh ! warning vainly  
said,

In present hours, as in years gone by,  
Love flings a halo round the dear one's  
head,

Faultless, immortal, till they change  
or die.

Love not, love not, &c.

— — —  
FLOW, O MY TEARS.

Flow, O my tears, and cease not !

Alas, these young spring-tides increase  
not !

Oh, when begin you to swell so high  
That I may drown in you !

## THE PILOT.

OH, Pilot ! 'tis a fearful night,  
There's danger on the deep,  
I'll come and pace the deck with thee,  
I do not dare to sleep.  
Go down ! the sailor cried, go down,  
This is no place for thee ;  
Fear not ! but trust in Providence,  
Wherever thou may'st be.

Ah ! pilot, dangers often met,  
We all are apt to slight,  
And thou hast known these raging  
waves  
But to subdue their might.  
It is not apathy, he cried,  
That gives this strength to me,  
Fear not ! but trust in Providence,  
Wherever thou may'st be.

On such a night, the sea engulph'd  
My father's lifeless form ;  
My only brother's boat went down,  
In just so wild a storm ;  
And such perhaps may be my fate,—  
But still I say to thee,  
Fear not ! but trust in Providence,  
Wherever thou may'st be.

~~~~~  
WHEN THE MORNING FIRST DAWNS.

WHEN the morning first dawns, we will  
seek the green hill,

Before the horn from the peak wakes  
the plain,

Before the horn from the peak wakes  
the plain,

And list to the hum of the wild moun-  
tains rill,

Or join with pure hearts in the lark's  
thrilling strain,

Or join with pure hearts in the lark's  
thrilling strain.

The lark's thrilling strain,

Or join with pure hearts in the lark's  
thrilling strain,

Hail, hail, the fresh morn, list the chirp  
of the birds,

Hark the pipe of the shepherd, hark  
the low of the herds,

While distant and dying sweet echo  
brings near,

The sound of the horn the village to  
cheer,

The sound of the horn the village to  
cheer.

Li ra la li ra la, &c.

~~~~~  
When the first star of evening illumines  
the sky,  
And herds from the hills seek their  
homes in the vale,  
And herds from the hills seek their  
homes in the vale,  
Hand and hand we will roam, the lone  
rivulet by,  
And list to the Nightingale's heart  
soothing tale,  
And list to the Nightingale's heart  
soothing tale, the Nightingale's tale,  
And list to the Nightingale's heart  
soothing tale ;  
Hail ! hail ! the calm eve, see each  
bird flies to rest  
See the wife spreads the board, and the  
hind seeks his rest,  
While distant and dying, sweet echo  
brings near,  
The sound of the horn the village to  
cheer,  
The sound of the horn, the village to  
cheer,

Li ra la li ra la, &c.



IN THE DAYS WHEN WE WENT  
GIPSYING.

In the days when we went gipsying,  
A long time ago,  
The lads and lasses in their best  
Were dress'd from top to toe.  
We danced and sung the jocund strain,  
Upon the forest green,  
And nought but mirth and jollity  
Around us could be seen.  
And thus we passed the pleasant time,  
Nor thought of care or woe,  
In the days when we went gipsying,  
A long time ago.

All hearts were light, and eyes were  
bright  
While Nature's face was gay,  
The trees their leafy branches spread,  
And perfumes fill'd sweet May.  
'Twas there we heard the cuckoo's  
note,  
Steal softly through the air,  
While every scene around us look'd  
More beautiful and fair.  
And thus, &c.

~~~~~  
We filled a glass to every lass,  
And friends we loved most dear,  
We wish'd them many a happy day  
And many a happy year.  
To friends away we turned our thoughts,  
With feelings kind and free,  
And oh, we wish'd them with us there  
Beneath the forest tree.  
And thus, &c.

---

#### FRIENDS, COME DRAW NEAR.

FRIENDS, come draw near and hear the  
story,  
Of a postillion bold and gay,  
Tis true indeed, 'tis no vain glory,  
Take, take my word for all I say ;  
When far his horses tramp was sound-  
ing,  
The village maids came forth to  
greet,  
Many a heart from them was bounding,  
Galloping with his horse's feet.  
Oh ! oh ! oh ! oh ! how gay and  
free,  
The happy postillion must be,  
Oh ! oh ! oh oh ! how gay and  
free,

~~~~~  
How gay and free,  
The happy postillion must be !  
The happy postillion must be.  
How gay and free, gay and free,  
The happy postillion e'er must be,  
How gay and free, gay and free,  
    gay and free  
The happy postillion e'er must be.

Many a lady high in station,  
Whose absent lord, his wife had told,  
If you do not ride for recreation,  
None drives but this postillion bold ;  
His horses promptly obey his will,  
When the trusty reins he's seizing,  
There is perfect safety in his skill,  
His overturns are not displeasing.  
Oh ! &c.

Late in the night, the village leaving,  
To take some trav'lers on their way  
Home he quitted, many grieving,  
At his lengthen'd stay ;  
No more he roves to ev'ry flower,  
His days of gallantry are done,  
He that o'er many hearts had power,  
Now has become the slave of one.  
Oh ! &c.

~~~~~  
**OUR WAY ACROSS THE MOUNTAINS,  
HO!**

**WHEN** the tempests fly, o'er the cloudy  
sky

And the piping blast sings merrily ;  
Oh, sweet is the mirth of the social  
hearth,

Where the flames are blazing cheerily  
Our way across the mountains, ho .  
Ho ! ho ! ho ! ho ! ho ! ho !

Our way across the mountains, ho !  
Ho ! ho ! ho ! ho ! ho ! ho !

The moon-beam bright, of a summer's  
night,

Shineth but sad and wearily ;  
But sweet is the glow where content-  
ment flows,

And the bright fire blazes cheerily.  
Oh, when the tempests fly o'er the  
cloudy sky,

And the piping blast sings merrily ;  
Oh, sweet is the mirth of the social  
hearth,

Where the flames are blazing cheerily  
Our way across the mountains, ho .  
Ho ' ho ' ho ! ho ! ho ! ho !



~~~~~  
Our way across the mountains, ho !  
Ho ! ho ! ho ! ho ! ho ! ho !

Let the storms without, in their mid-  
night rout,  
Howl through the casement drearily ;  
We're merry within round the blazing  
linn,  
Where contentment flows right  
cheerily.  
Our way across the mountains, ho !

---

**THERE'S NO HOME LIKE MY OWN**

In the wild Chamois track,  
At the breaking of morn,  
With a hunter's pride,  
O'er the mountain side,  
We are led by the sound of the Alpine  
horn,  
T'ra la la la la la la la

O, that voice to me,  
Is a voice of glee,  
Where'er my footsteps roam ;  
And I long to bound,  
When I hear that sound,  
Again to my mountain home,

~~~~~  
In the wild 'Chamois track,  
At the breaking of morn  
With a hunter's pride,  
O'er the mountain side,  
We are led by the sound of the Alpine  
horn ; &c.

I have crossed the proud Alps,  
I have sailed down the Rhone,  
And there is no spot,  
Like the simple cot,  
And the hill and the valley I call my  
own ;  
Tra la la la la la la la, &c

There the skies are bright,  
And our hearts are light,  
Our bosoms without a fear,  
For our toil is play,  
And our sport the fray,  
With the mountain roe, or the forest  
deer.

---

#### THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS

THE light of other days is faded,  
And all their glories pass'd,  
For grief with heavy wing hath shaded  
The hopes too bright to last ;

~~~~~  
The world, which morning's mantle  
clouded

Shines forth with purer rays !

But the heart ne'er feels, in sorrow  
shrouded

The light of other days.

• The leaf which autumn tempests  
wither,

The birds which then take wing  
When winter's winds are past, come  
hither

To welcome back the spring :

The very ivy on the ruin,

In gloom full life displays ;

But the heart alone sees no renewing  
The light of other days.

---

AM I NOT FONDLY THINE OWN ?

THOU, thou, reign'st in this bosom,

There, there, hast thou thy throne ;

Thou, thou, knowest that I love thee,—

Am I not fondly thine own ?

Yes, yes, yes, yes, am I not fondly  
thine own ?

Then, then, e'en as I love thee,

Say, say, wilt thou love me ?

~~~~~  
Thoughts, thoughts, tender and true,  
love,

Say wilt thou cherish for me ?  
Yes, yes, yes, yes, say wilt thou cherish  
for me ?

Speak, speak, love, I implore thee,  
Say, say, hope shall be thine,  
Thou, thou, know'st that I love thee,  
Say but that thou wilt be mine !  
Yes, yes, yes, yes, but say that thou  
wilt be mine ?

---

OCH! NORAH DEAR.

Och ! Norah dear ! I'm waiting here,  
I'm watching still for you, love ;  
And, while you sleep, the flow'rets  
weep,  
All shrined in tears of dew, love.  
The silv'ry moon, its bright rays soon  
Behind the hills will fade love ;  
But better there her beauties bear,  
For thou her beams would shade,  
love.

Och ! Norah dear ! &c.

Och ! Norah dear ! I'm waiting here,  
The stars look cold and blue, love ;

~~~~~  
Their twinkling rays have come to gaze  
To see how bright are you, love.  
The breeze that brings such balmy  
things  
From all that's bright and fair, love,  
It sighs to sip from thy sweet lip  
The perfume that lies there, love.

---

## THE CARRIER DOVE

FLY away to my native land, sweet  
dove,  
Fly away to my native land,  
And bear these lines to my lady, love,  
That I've traced with a feeble hand.  
She marvels much at my long delay,  
A rumor of death she has heard,  
Or she thinks, perhaps, that I falsely  
stay,  
Then fly to her bower, sweet bird.

Oh, fly to the bower, and say the chain,  
Of the tyrant is o'er me now,  
That I never shall mount my steed  
again  
With helmet upon my brow !  
No friend to my lattice a solace brings,  
Except when your voice is heard,

~~~~~  
When you beat the bars with your  
snowy wings,  
Then fly to her bower, sweet bird.

I shall miss thy visit at dawn, sweet  
dove,  
I shall miss thy visit at eve,  
But bring me a line from my lady, love,  
And then I shall cease to grieve.  
I am here in a dungeon to waste away  
youth,  
I can fall by the conqueror's sword,  
But I cannot endure she should doubt  
my truth,  
Then fly to her bower, sweet bird.

---

#### THE MALTESE BOAT SONG.

SEE, brothers see, how the night comes  
on,  
Slowly sinks the setting sun,  
Hark, how the solemn vesper's sound  
Sweetly falls upon the ear ;  
Then haste let us work till the day-  
light is o'er,  
And fold our nets as we row to the  
shore,  
Our toil of labour being o'er ,

~~~~~  
How sweet the boatman's welcome  
home,  
Home, home, home, the boatman's  
welcome home  
Sweet, oh sweet the boatman's wel-  
come home.

See how the tints of daylight die,  
Soon we'll hear the tender sigh ;  
For when the toil of labour's o'er,  
We shall meet our friends on shore.

---

#### THE HAUNTED SPRING.

GAILY through the mountain glen;  
The hunter's horn did ring  
As the milk-white doe escaped, his  
bow,  
Down by the haunted spring.  
Again his silver horn he wound,  
'Twas echo answered back,  
For neither groom nor baying hound,  
Was on the hunter's track.

In vain he sought the milk-white doe,  
That made him stray, and 'scap'd his  
bow  
For, save himself, no living thing  
Was by the silent, haunted spring.

~~~~~  
The purple heath-bells blooming fair,  
Their fragrance round did fling,  
As the hunter lay, at close of day,  
Beside the haunted spring.

A lady fair, in robe of white,  
To greet the hunter came,  
She kissed a cup with jewels bright  
And pledged him by his name.  
"Oh! lady fair," the hunter cried,  
"Be thou my love, my blooming bride,  
A bride that well might grace a king,  
Fair lady of the haunted spring."

In the fountain fair she stooped,  
And forth she drew a ring;  
And that bold knight, his faith did  
plight,  
Beside the haunted spring.  
But since that day, his chase did stray,  
The hunter ne'er was seen;  
And legends tell, he now doth dwell  
Within the hills so green.  
But still the milk-white doe appears,  
And wakes the peasant's evening fears,  
While distant bugles faintly ring,  
Around the lonely haunted spring.



THE SPRING TIME OF YEAR IS  
COMING.

THE spring time of year is coming,  
coming,  
Birds are singing blithe and gay,  
Insects, they are humming, humming,  
And all the world is May, love,  
And all the world is May, love.  
The glorious sun is brighter,  
The balmy air is lighter ;  
E'en woman when we meet her,  
In this sweet time is sweeter.  
The spring time, &c.

The gale is gently swelling, swelling,  
With fragrance from the balmy  
grove,  
And youthful swains are telling, telling,  
Their happy tales of love, love,  
Their happy tales of love, love.  
Spring makes the pulse with pleasure  
beat ;  
Spring makes the heart with rapture  
thrill,  
Each maiden hastes her lover to meet,  
With hope and joy his heart to fill  
The spring time, &c.

## GAILY THE TROUBADOUR.

GAILY the Troubadour touched his  
guitar,  
When he was hastening home from the  
war,  
Singing, 'from Palestine hither I come,  
Lady love, lady love, welcome me  
home."

She for the Troubadour, hopelessly  
wept,  
Sadly she thought of him while others  
slept,  
Singing "in search of thee would I  
might roam,  
Troubadour, Troubadour, come to my  
home."

Hark ! 'twas the Troubadour, breathing  
her name,  
Under the battlement softly he came,  
Singing "from Palestine, hither I come,  
Lady love, lady love, welcome me  
home."



## THE CHARMING WOMAN.

MISS MYRTLE is going to marry,  
And a number of hearts she will  
break !

There's Lord George, Tom Brown and  
Sir Harry

Are dying of love for her sake !

'Tis a match that we all must approve—  
Let the gossips say all that they can .  
For indeed, she's a charming woman,  
And he's a most fortunate man !

Yes, indeed, she's a charming woman,  
And she reads both Latin and Greek,  
And I'm told she solved a problem

In Euclid before she could speak.

Had she been but a daughter of mine,  
I'd have taught her to read and to  
sew,

But her mother (a charming woman !)  
Could'nt think of such trifles, you  
know.

Oh, she's really a charming woman !  
But I think she's a little too thin ;  
And no wonder such very late hours  
Should ruin her beautiful skin

~~~~~  
It may be a fancy of mine,  
But her voice has a rather sharp  
tone—  
And I'm told that these charming  
women,  
Are apt to have wills of their own !

She sings like a Bulfinch or Linnet,  
And she talks like an Archbishop,  
too ;  
She can play you a rubber and win  
it,—  
If she's got nothing better to do !  
She can chatter of poor laws and tithes,  
And the value of labor and land—  
'Tis a pity when charming women,  
Talk of things they don't understand !

I am told that she hasn't a penny,  
Yet her gowns would make Maradan  
stare ;  
And I fear that her bills must be many—  
But you know that's her husband's  
affair !  
Such husband's are very uncommon,  
So regardless of prudence and pelf ;  
But they say such a charming woman,  
Is a fortune you know in herself !

~~~~~  
She has brothers and sisters by dozens,  
And charming people, they say,  
And she's several tall Irish cousins,  
Whom she loves—in a sisterly way.  
Oh, young men if you take my advice,  
You would find it an excellent plan—  
Don't marry a charming woman,  
If you are a sensible man !

---

THE LORDS OF CREATION, MEN WE  
CALL.

THE lords of creation, men we call,  
And they think they rule the whole ;  
But they're much mistaken after all,  
For they're under woman's control.  
As ever since the world began,  
It has always been the way,  
For did not Adam, the very first man,  
The very first woman obey, obey,  
obey  
The very first woman obey ?

Ye lords who at present, hear my song,  
I know you will quickly say ;  
" Our sizes more large, our nerves  
more strong,  
Shall the stronger the weaker obey ! "

~~~~~  
But think not tho' these words we hear,  
We shall e'er mind the thing you  
say ;  
For as long as a woman's possessed of  
a tear  
Your power will vanish away.

But should there be so strange a wight  
As not to be moved by a tear,  
Though much astonished at the sight,  
We shall still have no cause to fear ;  
Then let them please themselves  
awhile,  
Upon their fancied sway,  
For as long as a woman's possessed of  
a smile  
She will certainly have her own way

Now ladies, since I've made it plain,  
That the thing is really so,  
We'll even let them hold the rein,  
But we'll show them the way to go ,  
As ever since the world began,  
It has always been the way,  
And we'll manage it so that the very  
last man  
Shall the very last woman obey.

## NED OF THE HILL.

DARK is the evening and silent the hour ;  
Who is the minstrel by yonder lone tow'r ?  
His harp all so tenderly touching with skill,  
Oh, who should it be but Ned of the Hill !  
Who, sings " Lady love, come to me now,  
Come and live merrily under the bough,  
And I'll pillow thy head,  
Where the fairies tread,  
If thou wilt but wed with Ned of the Hill !"

Ned of the Hill has no castle nor hall,  
Nor spearmen nor bowmen to come at his  
call ;  
But one little archer, of exquisite skill,  
Has shot a bright shaft for Ned of the Hill,  
Who sings, " Lady love, come to me now,  
Come and live merrily under the bough,  
And I'll pillow thy head,  
Where the fairies tread,  
If thou wilt but wed with Ned of the Hill !"

'Tis hard to escape from that fair lady's  
bower,  
For high is the window, and guarded the  
tower,  
" But there's always a *way* where there is  
a *will*,"  
So Ellen is off with Ned of the Hill !

~~~~~  
Who sings, "Lady love, thou art mine  
now!"

We will live merrily under the bough,  
And I'll pillow thy head,  
Where the fairies tread,  
For Ellen is bride to Ned of the Hill!"

---

### THE LAND OF THE WEST.

Oh! come to the West, love—oh! come  
there with me;  
'Tis a sweet land of verdure that springs  
from the sea,  
Where fair Plenty smiles from her emerald throne!  
Oh, come to the West, and I'll make thee  
my own!  
I'll guard thee, I'll tend thee, I'll love thee  
the best,  
And you'll say there's no land like the land  
of the West!

The South has 'ts roses and bright skies  
of blue,  
But ours are more sweet with love's own  
changeeful hue—  
Half sunshine, half tears,—like the girl I  
love best,  
Oh! what is the South to the beautiful  
West!



~~~~~  
Then come to the West, and the rose on  
my mouth  
Will be sweeter to me than the flow'rs of  
the South !  
The North has its snow-tow'rs of dazzling  
array,  
All sparkling with gems in the ne'er-set-  
ting day ;  
There the Storm-King may dwell in the  
halls he loves best,  
But the soft-breathing Zephyr he plays in  
the West.  
Then come there with me, where no cold  
wind doth blow !  
And thy neck will seem fairer to me than  
the snow !

The sun in the gorgeous East chaseth the  
night  
When he riseth, refreshed, in his glory  
and might,  
But where doth he go when he seeks his  
sweet rest ?  
Oh ! doth he not haste to the beautiful  
West ?  
Then come there with me ; 'Tis the land  
I love best,  
'Tis the land of my sires.—'tis my own  
darling West !

## WIDOW MACHREE.

WIDOW *machree*, it's no wonder you frown,

Och hone ! widow machree ;

Faith, it ruins your looks, that same dirty  
black gown,

Och hone ! widow machree.

How altered your air,

With that close cap you wear—

'Tis destroying your hair

Which should be flowing free :

Be no longer a churl

Of its black silken curl,

Och hone ! widow machree !

Widow machree, now the summer is come,

Och hone ! widow machree ;

When everything smiles, should a beauty  
look glum ?

Och hone ! widow machree.

See the birds go in pairs,

And the rabbits and hares—

Why even the bears.

Now in couples agree ;

And the mute little fish,

Though they can't spake, they wish,

Och hone ! widow machree.

Widow machree, and when winter comes  
in,

Och hone ! widow machree.

~~~~~  
To be poking the fire all alone is a sin.

Och hone! widow machree.

Sure the shovel and tongs

To each other belongs,

And the kettle sings songs

Full of family glee.

While alone with your cup,

Like a hermit *you* sup,

Och hone! widow machree.

And how do you know, with the comforts

I've towld,

Och hone! widow machree.

But you're keeping some poor fellow out  
in the cowl,

Och hone! widow machree.

With such sins on your head

Sure your peace would be fled,

Could you sleep in your bed,

Without thinking to see

Some ghost or some sprite,

That would wake you each night,

Crying, "Och hone! widow machree."

Then take my advice, darling widow machree,

Och hone! widow machree.

And with my advice, faith I wish you'd  
take me,

Och hone! widow machree.

~~~~~

You'd have me to desire  
 'Then to stir up the fire ;  
 And sure Hope is no liar  
     In whispering to me,  
 That the ghosts would depart,  
 When you'd me near your heart,  
     Och hone ! widow machree.

---

### THE BOWLD SOJER BOY

Oh there's not a trade that's going  
 Worth showing,  
 Or knowing,  
 Like that from glory growing,  
     For a bowld sojer boy ;  
 Where right or left we go,  
 Sure you know,  
 Friend or foe  
 Will have the hand or toe,  
     From a bowld sojer boy !  
 There's not a town we march thro',  
 But the ladies, looking arch thro'  
 The window-panes, will search thro'  
     The ranks to find their joy !  
 While up the street,  
 Each girl you meet,  
 With look so sly,  
 Will cry.  
 " My eye,  
 Oh, isn't he a darling, the bowld sojer boy ?"

~~~~~

But when we get the route,  
 How the pout  
 And the shout  
 While to the right about  
     Goes the bowld sojer boy.  
 Oh, 'tis then that ladies fair  
 In despair  
 Tear their hair,  
 But "the devil-a-one I care,"  
     Says the bowld sojer boy!  
 For the world is all before us,  
 Where the landladies adore us,  
 And ne'er refuse to score us,  
     But chalk us up with joy:  
 We taste her tap,  
 We tear her cap—  
 "Oh, that's the chap  
 For me!"  
 Says she;  
 "Oh, isn't he a darling, the bowld sojer boy!"

"Then come along with me,  
 Gramachree,  
 And you'll see,  
 How happy you will be  
     With your bowld sojer boy;  
 Faith! if you're up to fun,  
 With me run;  
 'Twill be done  
 In the snapping of a gun,"  
     Says the bowld sojer boy.

~~~~~  
" And 'tis then that, without scandal,  
Myself will proudly dandle  
The little farthing candle  
    Of our mutual flame, my joy !  
May his light shine,  
As bright as mine,  
Till in the line  
He'll blaze,  
And raise  
The glory of his corps, like a bowld sojer  
    boy !"

---

## MEET ME BY MOONLIGHT ALONE

### A PARODY

MEET me by moonlight alone,  
And I'll give you a lick of a flail,  
Or a blow of a lump of a stone,  
That will settle your nob I'll go bail ;  
You must promise me sure to be there,  
For tho' dearly my whiskey I prize,  
I'd give a gallon for my share,  
To blacken a tithe proctor's eyes ;  
Oh ! meet me by moonlight alone,  
Meet me by moonlight alone.

Daylight may do for the gay,  
Or them that does'nt wish to be free,  
But the night is the rale time of day,  
For the boy that's ill-trated like me ;

~~~~~  
 Oh! remember, be sure to be there!  
 For by St. Peter above that's our queen,  
 I'll break every bone in your head,  
 'Till your face isn't fit to be seen,  
 Meet by moonlight, &c.

---

## THE DONNYBROOK JIG.

Oh, 'twas Dermot O'Nolan M'Figg,  
 That could properly handle a twig;  
 He went to the fair,  
 And kicked up a dust there,  
 In dancing the Donnybrook jig,  
 With his  
 Oh! my blessing to Dermot M'Figg.

When he came to the midst of the fair,  
 He was all in a *paugh* of fresh air,  
 For the fair very soon,  
 Was as full as the moon,  
 Such mobs upon mobs as was there,  
 Oh, rare!  
 So more luck to sweet Donnybrook fair.

The souls they came pouring in fast,  
 To dance while the leather would last,  
 For the Thomas-street brogue  
 Was there in much vogue,  
 And oft with a brogue a joke passed,  
 Quite fast,  
 While the *dash* and the whiskey did last.

~~~~~  
But Dermot, his mind on love bent,  
In search of his sweetheart he went,  
    Peeped in here and there,  
    As he walked through the fair,  
And took a small drop in each tent as he  
    went,  
Och ! on whiskey'd love he was bent.

And who should he spy in a jig,  
With a meal man, so tall and so big,  
    But his own darling Kate,  
    So gay and so nate—  
Faith, her partner he hit him a dig,  
                                The pig,  
He beat the meal out of his wig.

Then Dermot, with conquest elate,  
Drew a stool near his beautiful Kate :  
    Arrah, Katty ! says he,  
    My own cushlamachree !  
Sure, the world for beauty, you beat,  
                                Complete,  
So we'll just take a dance while we wait

The piper to keep him tune,  
Struck up a gay lilt very soon,  
    Until an arch wag  
    Cut a hole in his bag,  
And at once put an end to the tune,  
                                Too soon,  
Och the music flew up to the moon.



~~~~~  
To the fiddler, says Dermot M'Figg,  
If you'll please to play "Shelah na gig,"  
    We'll shake a loose toe,  
    While you humour the bow,  
To be sure you won't warm the wig  
                            Of M'Figg,  
While he's dancing a tight Irish jig.

The meal man he looked very shy,  
While a great big tear stood in his eye,  
    He cried L——d how I'm kilt,  
    All alone for that jilt,  
With her may the devil fly high  
                            In the sky,  
For I'm murder'd and don't know for why

Oh! says Dermot, and he in the dance,  
Whilst a step towards his foe did advance,  
    By the Father of men,  
    Say but that word again,  
And I'll soon knock you back in a trance  
                            To your dance,  
For with me you'd have but a small chance.

But says Katty, the darlint, says she,  
If you'll only just listen to me,  
    It's myself that will show,  
    That he can't be your foe,  
Though he fought for his cousin, that's me,  
                            Says she,  
For, sure, Billy's related to me.

~~~~~  
For my own cousin-jarmin, Anne Wild,  
Stood for Biddy Mulroony's first child,  
And Biddy's step-son,  
Sure he married Bess Dunn,  
Who was gossip to Jenny, as mild  
A child,  
As ever at mother's breast smiled.

And may be you don't know Jane Brown,  
Who served goats' whey in sweet Dundrum  
town,  
'Twas her uncle's half-brother  
That married my mother,  
And bought me this new yellow gown,  
To go down,  
Where the marriage was held in Milltown.  
Oh then how the girls did look,  
When the clergyman opened his book,  
Till young Nelly Shine,  
Tipt Dermot a sign,  
Faith he soon popped her into a nook  
Near the brook  
And there he fell kissing the cook.

For a while she began for to cry,  
Was poor girl so undone as I,  
When the ladies came round,  
Caught them both on the ground,  
Their fingers they clapped to their eyes,  
So sly  
We're courting, said she, don't be shy.

~~~~~  
 By the powers! then says Dermot, 'tis  
     plain,  
 Like the son of that rapsallion Cain,  
     My best friend I have kilt,  
     Though no blood there is spilt,  
 And the devil a harm did I mean,  
                     That's plain,  
 But by me he'll be ne'er kilt again.

Then the meal man forgave him the blow,  
 That laid him a sprawling so low,  
     And being quite gay,  
     Asked them both to the play,  
 But Katty, being bashful, said no,  
                     No, no,  
 Yet he treated them all to the show.

---

### THE DARLIN' OULD STICK.

AIR—*Teddy O'Toole.*

My name is bold Morgan M'Carthy, from  
     Trim,  
 My relations all died, except one brother  
     Jim,  
 He's gone a sojering out to *Cow bull*  
     (Cabool)  
 I dare say he's laid low with a *knick* in the  
     skull;  
     But let him be dead or be living  
     A prayer for his corpse I'll be giving

To send him soon home or to heaven,  
For he left me this darlin' ould stick.

If that stick had a tongue, it could tell you  
some tales,  
How it battered the countenances of the  
O'Neills,  
It made bits of skulls fly about in the air,  
And it's been the promoter of fun at each  
fair,  
For I swear by th' toe-nail of Moses !  
It has often broke bridges of noses,  
Of the faction that dare to oppose us—  
It's the darlin' *kippeen* of a stick.

The last time I used it, 'twas at Patrick's  
day,  
Larry Fegan and I got into a *shilley*  
We went on a spree to the fair at Athboy,  
Where I danced, and when done, I kissed  
Kate M'Evoy.  
Then her sweetheart went out for his  
cousin  
And by *Jabers* ! he brought in a dozen ;  
A *doldhrum* they would have knocked us in,  
If I hadn't the *taste* of a stick !

'War,' was the word, when the faction  
came in,  
And to pummice us well, they peeled off  
in their skin ;

~~~~~  
Like a Hercules there I stood for the attack,  
And the first that came up, I sent down on  
his back ;

Then I shoved out the eye of Pat Clancy,  
(For he once humbugged sister Nancy)  
In the meantime poor Kate took a fancy,  
To myself and a bit of a stick.

I *smathered* her sweetheart until he was  
black,

She then tipped me the wink—we were  
off in a crack—

We went to a house t'other end of the  
town,

And we cheered up our spirits, by letting  
some down.

When I got her snug into a corner,  
And the whiskey beginning to warm her  
She told me her sweetheart was an  
informer

Oh, 'twas then I said prayers for my stick.

We got *whiskificated* to such a degree,  
For support my poor Kate had to lean  
against me ;

I promised to see her safe to her abode,  
By the *tarnal* we fell clean in the mud, on  
the road ;

We were roused by the magistrate's  
order,

Before we could get a toe further—

~~~~~  
Surrounded by peelers for murther  
Was myself and my innocent stick.

When the trial came on, Katy swore to  
the fact,  
That before I set-too, I was decently  
whacked  
And the judge had a little more feeling  
than sense,  
He said what I done was in my own  
defence;  
But one chap swore again me, named  
Carey,  
(Though that night he was in Tipperary)  
He'd swear—a coal-porter was a canary '  
To transport myself and my stick.

When I was acquitted I leaped from the  
dock,  
And the gay fellows all round me did flock;  
I'd a pain in my shoulder, I shook hands so  
often,  
For the boys all immagined I'd see my  
own coffin.  
I went and bought a gold ring, sirs,  
And Kate to the priest I did bring, sirs,  
So next night you come, I will sing, sirs,  
The adventures of me and my stick.

## WILLIAM REILY'S COURTSHIP.

TWAS on a pleasant morning, all in the  
bloom of spring,  
When as the cheerful songsters in concert  
sweet did sing,  
The primrose and the daisy bespangled  
every lawn,  
In an arbour, I espied my dear Coolen  
Bawn.

I stood awhile amazed, quite struck with  
surprise,  
On her with rapture gazed, while from her  
bright eyes,  
She shot such killing glances, my heart  
away was drawn,  
She ravish'd all my senses, my fair Coolen  
Bawn.

I tremblingly addressed her, hail, matchless  
fair maid,  
You have with grief oppress'd me, and  
I am much afraid,  
Except you cure my anguish, which now  
is in its dawn,  
You'll cause my sad overthrow, my sweet  
Coolen Bawn.

Then with a gentle smile she replied unto  
me,  
I cannot tyrannize, dear Willie, over thee ;

~~~~~  
My father he is wealthy, and gives severe  
command,  
If you but gain his favor, I'll be your  
Coolen Bawn.

In rapture I embraced her, we swore  
eternal love,  
And nought should separate us, except the  
power above ;  
I hired with her father, and left my friends  
and land,  
That with pleasure I might gaze on my  
fair Coolen Bawn.

I served him a twelvemonth, right faithfully  
and just,  
Although not used to labor, was true to my  
trust ;  
I valued not my wages, I would not it  
demand,  
For I could live for ages with my Coolen  
Bawn.

One morning, as her father and I walked  
out alone,  
I asked him for his daughter, saying, sir, it  
is well known,  
I have a well stock'd farm, five hundred  
pounds in hand,  
Which I'll share with your daughter my  
fair Coolen Bawn.



~~~~~  
Her father full of anger, most scornfully  
did frown,  
Saying, here are your wages, now, sir,  
depart the town.  
Increasing still his anger, he bid me quick  
begone,  
For none but a rich squire shall wed my  
Coolen Bawn.

I went unto his daughter, and told her my  
sad tale,  
Oppress'd with grief and anguish, we both  
did weep and wail :  
She said, my dearest Reily, the thought -  
can't withstand,  
That in sorrow you should leave me, your  
dear Coolen Bawn.

A horse I did get ready, in the silent night,  
Having no other remedy, we quickly took  
our flight,  
The horse he chanced to stumble, and  
threw both along;  
Confused, and sorely bruised, me and my  
dear Coolen Bawn.

Again we quickly mounted, and swiftly  
rode away,  
O'er hills and lofty mountains, we travell'd  
night and day.

~~~~~  
Her father swift pursued us, with his well  
chosen band,  
And I was overtaken, with my fair Coolen  
Bawn.

Committed straight to prison, there to  
lament and wail,  
And utter my complaints to a dark and  
dismal jail,  
Loaded with heavy irons, 'till my trial  
shall come on,  
But I'll bear their utmost malice, for my  
dear Coolen Bawn.

If it should please kind fortune once more  
to set me free,  
For well I know my charmer is constant  
unto me,  
Spite of her father's anger, his cruelty and  
scorn,  
I hope to wed my heart's delight, my dear  
Coolen Bawn.

---

#### REILY'S TRIAL.

Come, rise up, William Reily, and come  
along with me,  
I mean for to go with you, and leave this  
country ;  
I'll forsake my father's dwelling, his houses  
and rich land,  
And go along with you, love, your dear  
Coolen Bawn.

~~~~~  
~~~~~  
Over lofty hills and mountains, along the  
lonesome dales,  
Through shady groves and fountains, rich  
meadows and sweet vales,  
We climb'd the rugged woods, and rid o'er  
silent lawn,  
But I was overtaken with my dear Coolen  
Bawn.

They hurried me to prison, my hands and  
feet they bound,  
Confin'd me like a murderer, with chains  
unto the ground ;  
But this hard, cruel treatment, most cheer-  
fully I'll stand,  
Ten thousand deaths I'd suffer, for my  
dearest Coolen Bawn.

In came the jailor's son, and to Reily he  
did say,  
Rise up, unhappy Reily, you must appear  
to day,  
Proud Squire Falliard's anger and power  
to withstand,  
I fear you'll suffer sorely, for your dear  
Coolen Bawn.

This is the news, young Reily, last night I  
heard of thee :  
The lady's oath will hang you, or else will  
set you free.

~~~~~  
If that is true, said Reily, some hopes  
begin to dawn,  
For I never can be injured by my dear  
Coolen Bawn.

The lady she is sensible, and her tender  
youth,  
If Reily has deluded her, she will declare  
the truth ;  
Then, like a spotless angel, before them  
she did stand,  
You are welcome here, said Reily, my  
dear Coolen Bawn.

Next spoke the noble Fox, who stood  
attentive by,  
Gentlemen of the jury, for justice we  
reply,  
To hang a man for love, is foul murder,  
you may see,  
So save the life of Reily, and banish'd let  
him be.

Then spoke the lovely lady, with tears  
in her eyes,  
The fault is not sweet Reily's, on me alone  
it lies ;  
I made him leave his home, sirs, and go  
along with me,  
I love him to distraction, such is my  
destiny.

~~~~~  
The noble lord reply'd, we may let the  
prisoner go,  
The lady hath quite clear'd him, the jury  
well doth know,  
She has releas'd young Reily, the bill must  
be withdrawn,  
Then set at large the lover of the fair  
Coolen Bawn.

But stop, my lord, he stole her bright  
jewels and nice rings,  
Gold watch, and diamond buckles, with  
many costly things:  
I gave them to my daughter;—they cost a  
thousand pound,  
When Reily was first taken, those things  
with him were found.

She said, my lord, I gave them in token  
of true love,  
He never stole my jewels, I swear by all  
above;  
If you have got them, Reily, pray send  
them home to me;  
I will, my generous lady, with my thanks  
said he.

There is a ring amongst them, I wish for  
you to wear,  
'Tis set with costly diamonds, and plaited  
with my hair;

~~~~~  
As a token of true friendship, wear it on  
your right hand,  
Think of my broken heart, love, when in a  
foreign land.

— —

### CAROLINE OF EDINBURGH TOWN.

Come, all you young men and maidens,  
attend unto my rhyme,  
It's of a young maiden who was scarcely in  
her prime ;  
She beat the blushing roses and admired  
by all around,  
Was lovely young Caroline of Edinburgh  
Town.

Young Henry was a Highland man, a  
courting to her came,  
And when her parents came to know, they  
did not like the same ;  
Young Henry was offended, and unto her  
did say,  
Arise, my dearest Caroline, and with me  
run away.

We will both go to London, love, and there  
we'll wed with speed,  
And then lovely Caroline shall have happi-  
ness indeed.

~~~~~  
Now enticed by young Henry, she put on  
her other gown,  
And away went Caroline of Edinburgh  
Town.

Over hills and lofty mountains together  
they did roam,  
In time arrived in London, far from her  
happy home ;  
She said, my dearest Henry, may never  
on me frown,  
Or you'll break the heart of Caroline, of  
Edinburgh Town.

They had not been in London more than  
half a year,  
When, hard-hearted Henry proved too  
severe ;  
Said Henry, I will go to sea, your friends  
did on me frown,  
So beg your way, without delay, to Edin-  
burgh Town.

The fleet is fitting out at Spithead, drop-  
ping down,  
And I will join that fleet, to fight for king  
and crown ;  
The gallant tars may win the wars, or in  
the water drown  
Yet I never will return to Edinburgh Town.

~~~~~  
Then many a day she pass'd away in  
sorrow and despair,  
Her cheeks, though once like roses, were  
grown like lilies fair;  
She cried, where is my Henry, and often  
did she swoon,  
Crying, sad's the day I ran away from  
Edinburgh Town.

Oppress'd with grief, without relief, the  
damsel she did go  
Into the wood, to eat such food as on the  
bushes grow;  
Some strangers they did pity her, and  
some did on her frown,  
And some did say, what made you stray  
from Edinburgh Town?

Beneath a lofty spreading oak, this maid  
sat down to cry;  
And watching of the gallant ships, as they  
were passing by,  
She gave three shrieks for Henry, then  
plunged her body down,  
And away floated Caroline, of Edinburgh  
Town.

A note, likewise her bonnet, she left upon  
the shore,  
And in the note a lock of hair, with the  
words, "I am no more;"



~~~~~  
But fast asleep, I'm in the deep, fish are  
watching round,  
Once comely young Caroline, of Edinburgh  
Town.

Come, all you tender parents, ne'er try to  
part true love,  
You're sure to see, in some degree the  
ruin it will prove,;  
Likewise young men and maidens, ne'er  
on your lovers frown,  
Think of the fate of Caroline, of Edin-  
burgh town.

---

## TEDDY O'NEALE

I'VE come to the cabin he danced his wild  
jigs in,  
As neat a mud palace as ever was seen ;  
And, consid'ring it served to keep poultry  
and pigs in,  
I'm sure it was always most elegant clean.  
But now all about it seems lonely and  
dreary,  
All sad and all silent, no piper, no reel ;  
Not even the sun, through the casement, is  
cheery,  
Since I miss the dear darling boy, Teddy  
O'Neale.

I dreamt but last night—oh! bad luck to  
my dreaming,

I'd die if I thought 'twould come truly  
to pass—

But I dreamt, while tears down my pillow  
were streaming,

That Teddy was courting another fair lass;  
Oh! didn't I wake with a weeping and  
wailing,

The grief of that thought was too deep  
to conceal;

My mother cried—"Norah, child, what is  
your ailing?"

And all I could utter was—"Teddy  
O'Neale."

Shall I never forget when the big ship was  
ready,

And the moment was come when my  
love must depart;

How I sobb'd, like a spalpeen, "Good bye  
to you Teddy,"

With drops on my cheek and a stone at  
my heart.

He says 'tis to better his fortune he's roving,  
But what would be gold to the joy I  
should feel

If I saw him come back to me, honest and  
loving,

Still poor, but my own darling, Teddy  
O'Neale

## LOVE AND LIQUOR.

Oh sure 'twould amaze yiz  
How one Mither Theseus  
Desarted a lovely young lady of owld,  
On a dissolute island,  
All lovely and silent,  
She sobb'd herself sick as she sat in the  
cowld.

Oh you'd think she was kilt,  
As she roar'd, with the quilt  
Wrapped round her in haste as she jump'd  
out of bed,  
And ran down to the coast,  
Where she look'd like a ghost,  
Though 'twas he was departed—the vaga-  
bone fled.

And she cried, Well-a day !  
Sure my heart it is gray ;  
They're deceivers, them sojers that goes  
on half pay !

While abusing the villain,  
Came riding postilion,  
A nate little boy on the back of a baste,  
Big enough, faith to ate him,  
But he leather'd and bate him,  
And the baste to unsate him ne'er struggled  
the laste ;  
And an iligant car  
He was drawing—by gar

~~~~~  
It was finer by far than a Lord Mayor's  
state coach.

And the chap that was in it,  
He sang like a linnet,  
With a nate kag of whiskey beside him to  
broach.

And he tipp'd now and then,  
Just a matther o' ten  
Or twelve tumblers o' punch to his bowld  
sarving men.

They were dressed in green livery,  
But seemed rather shivery,  
For 't was only a thrifle o' leaves that they  
wore,

But they caper'd away,  
Like the sweeps on May-day,  
And shouted and tippled the tumblers  
galore !

A print of their masther  
Is often in plaster-  
o' Paris, put over the door of a tap ;  
A fine chubby fellow,  
Ripe, rosy and mellow,  
Like a peach that is ready to drop in your  
lap.

Hurrah, for brave Bacchus,  
A bottle to crack us,  
He's a friend of the people, like bow'd  
Caius Gracchus !

~~~~~  
Now Bacchus perceiving  
The lady was grieving,  
He spoke to her civil, and tipp'd her a wink;  
And the more that she fretted,  
He soother'd and petted,  
And gave her a glass her own health just  
to dhrink;  
Her pulse it beat quicker,  
The thrifle of liquor  
Enliven'd her sinking heart's cockles, I  
think  
So the moral is plain,  
That if love gives you pain,  
There's nothing can cure it like taking to  
dhrink.

---

## THE FAIRY BOY.

A MOTHER came, when stars were paling,  
Wailing round a lonely spring,  
Thus she cried while tears were falling,  
Calling on the Fairy King:  
"Why, with spells my child caressing,  
Courting him with fairy joy,  
Why destroy a mother's blessing,  
Wherefore steal my baby boy?  
"O'er the mountain, thro' the wild wood,  
Where his childhood loved to play,  
Where the flow'rs are freshly springing,  
There I wander, day by day;

There I wander, growing fonder  
 Of the child that made my joy  
 On the echoes wildly calling  
 To restore my fairy boy.

"But in vain my plaintive calling,  
 Tears are falling all in vain,  
 He now sports with fairy pleasure,  
 He's the treasure of their train!  
 Fare thee well! my child, for ever,  
 In this world I've lost my joy,  
 But in the *next* we ne'er shall sever,  
 There I'll find my angel boy."

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# SONGS OF IRELAND, THIRD PART.



LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.





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## MAID OF ATHENS.

MAID of Athens, ere we part,  
Give, Oh give, me back my heart ;  
Or, since that has left my breast,  
Keep it now, and take the rest :  
Hear my vow, before I go—  
My love, my life, I love thee !

By those tresses unconfined,  
Wooed by each Ægean wind ;  
By those lids, whose jetty fringe  
Kiss thy soft cheek's blooming tinge  
By those wild eyes, like the roe—  
My dearest life, I love thee !

By that lip I long to taste ;  
By that zone-encircled waist ;  
By all the token-flowers that tell  
What words can never speak so well ;  
By love's alternate joy and woe—  
I vow, dear girl, I love thee !

Maid of Athens, I am gone ;  
Think of me, sweet, when alone :  
Though I fly to Islambol,  
Athens holds my heart and soul :  
Can I cease to love thee ?—No :  
My dearest life, I love thee !



## GEMS OF SONG.

---

### THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

Our bugles sang truce—for the night-  
cloud had lour'd,  
And the sentinel stars set their watch  
in the sky ;  
And thousands had sunk on the ground  
overpower'd  
The weary to sleep, and the wound-  
ded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet  
of straw,  
By the wolf-scaring fagot that guar-  
ded the slain.  
At the dead of the night a sweet vision  
I saw,  
And thrice ere the morning I dreamt  
it again.

~~~~~  
Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,

Far, far, I had roam'd on a desolate track :

'Twas Autumn,—and sunshine arose  
on the way

To the home of my fathers, that  
welcomed me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed  
so oft

In life's morning march, when my  
bosom was young ;

I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,

And knew the sweet strain that the  
corn-reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and  
fondly I swore

From my home and my weeping  
friends never to part :

My little ones kiss'd me a thousand  
times o'er,

And my wife sobb'd aloud in her  
fullness of heart.



~~~~~  
Stay, stay with us,—rest, thou art  
weary and worn ;  
And fain was their war-broken soldier  
to stay :  
But sorrow return'd with the dawning  
of morn,  
And the voice in my dreaming ear  
melted away.

---

## YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

YE mariners of England !  
That guard our native seas,  
Whose flag has braved, a thousand  
years,  
The battle and the breeze !  
Your glorious standard launch again  
To match another foe !  
And sweep through the deep,  
While the stormy tempests blow ;  
While the battle rages loud and long  
And the stormy tempests blow.

The spirits of your fathers  
Shall start from every wave !—  
For the deck it was their field of  
fame,  
An Ocean was their grave !

~~~~~  
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,  
Your manly hearts shall glow,  
As ye sweep through the deep,  
While the stormy tempests blow ;  
While the battle rages loud and long,  
And the stormy tempests blow.

Britannia needs no bulwark,  
No towers along the steep ;  
Her march is o'er the mountain  
waves,

Her home is on the deep.  
With thunders from her native oak,  
She quells the floods below,—  
As they roar on the shore,  
When the stormy tempests blow ;  
When the battle rages loud and long,  
And the stormy tempests blow.

The meteor flag of England  
Shall yet terrific burn,  
Till danger's troubled night depart,  
And the star of peace return.  
Then, then, ye ocean-warriors !  
Our song and feast shall flow  
To the fame of your name,  
When the storm has ceased to blow  
When the fiery fight is heard no more,  
And the storm has ceased to blow.

## THE BRIDE'S FAREWELL.

**FAREWELL, mother ! tears are streaming**  
Down thy pale and tender cheek,  
I in gems and roses gleaming,  
Scarce this sad farewell may speak.  
**Farewell, mother ! now I leave thee,**  
(Hopes and fears my bosom swell,)   
**One to trust who may deceive me ;**  
**Farewell, mother ! fare thee well.**

**Farewell, father ! thou art smiling—**  
Yet there's sadness on thy brow,  
Winning me from that beguiling  
Tenderness to which I go.  
**Farewell, father ! thou didst bless me**  
Ere my lips thy name could tell ;  
**He may wound ! who can caress me ,**  
**Father, guardian ! fare thee well !**

**Farewell, sister ! thou art twining**  
Round me in affection deep ;  
**Wishing joy, but ne'er divining**  
Why a blessed bride should weep.  
**Farewell, brave and gentle brother !**  
Thou'rt more dear than words can tell  
**Father ! mother ! sister ! brother !**  
**All belov'd ones ! fare ye well !**

'TWERE VAIN TO TELL THEE ALL  
I FEEL.

'TWERE vain to tell thee all I feel,  
Or, say for thee I'd die—  
Or, say for thee I'd die ;  
I find that words will but conceal,  
What my soul would wish to sigh ;  
Ah ! well-a-day, the sweetest melody,  
Could never, never, say one half my  
love for thee.

Then let me silently reveal  
What my soul would wish to sigh !

Thou'st often called my voice a bird's,  
Whose music like a spell—  
Whose music like a spell ;  
Could change to rapture e'en the words,  
Of our slow and sad farewell.  
But ah ! well-a-day, the sweetest melody,  
Could never, never, say one half my  
love for thee.

Then let me silently reveal,  
What my soul would wish to sigh !



WHEN THY BOSOM HEAVES THE  
SIGH.

WHEN thy bosom heaves the sigh,  
When the tear o'erflows thine eye,  
May sweet hope afford relief,  
Cheer thy heart and calm thy grief.

So the tender flower appears,  
Drooping wet with morning tears,  
Till the sunbeam's genial ray  
Chase the heavy dew away.

---

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER

A CHIEFTAIN, to the Highlands bound,  
Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry !  
And I'll give thee a silver pound,  
To row us o'er the ferry."—

"Now who be ye, would cross Loch  
gyle,  
This dark and stormy water ?"  
"Oh, I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,  
And this lord Ullin's daughter.

"And fast before her father's men  
Three days we've fled together,

~~~~~  
For should he find us in the glen,  
My blood would stain the heather.

“His horsemen hard behind us ride;  
Should they our steps discover,  
Then who will cheer my bonny bride  
When they have slain her lover?”

Out spoke the hardy Highland wight,  
“I’ll go, my chief—I’m ready :  
It is not for your silver bright,  
But for your winsome lady :

“And by my word ! the bonny bird  
In danger shall not tarry ;  
So, though the waves are raging white,  
I’ll row you o’er the ferry.”

By this the storm grew loud apace,  
The water-wraith was shrieking ;  
And in the scowl of heaven each face  
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,  
And as the night grew drearer,  
Adown the glen rode armed men,  
Their trampling sounded nearer.

“O haste thee, haste !” the lady cried,  
Though tempests round us gather ;

I'll meet the raging of the skies,  
But not an angry father."

The boat has left a stormy land,  
A stormy sea before her,—  
When, oh ! too strong for human hand,  
The tempest gather'd o'er her.

And still they row'd amidst the roar  
Of waters fast prevailing ;  
Lord Ullin reach'd that fatal shore :  
His wrath was changed to wailing

For sore dismay'd, through storm and  
shade,  
His child he did discover :  
One lovely hand she stretch'd for aid,  
And one was round her lover.

"Come back ! come back !" he cried,  
in grief,

"Across this stormy water ;  
And I'll forgive your Highland chief,  
My daughter !—O my daughter !"—

'Twas vain : the loud waves lash'd the  
shore,

Return or aid preventing :  
The waters wild went o'er his child,  
And he was left lamenting.

## GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

God save our gracious Queen,  
Long live our noble Queen,  
God save the Queen !

Send her victorious,  
Happy and glorious,  
Long to reign over us,  
God save the Queen !

O Lord, our God, arise,  
Scatter her enemies,  
And make them fall !  
Confound their politics,  
Frustrate their knavish tricks,  
On her our hopes we fix,  
God save us all !

Thy choicest gifts in store,  
Deign on our Queen to pour,  
Long may she reign :  
May she defend our laws,  
And ever give us cause,  
To sing with heart-applause,  
God save the Queen !

O Lord, her Consort bless,  
Grant him in happiness,  
With her to reign !



~~~~~  
In virtues great and strong,  
• May ALBERT's name be long,  
The theme of Britain's song,  
God save the Queen!

Oh! whilst the nation hails,  
Our true-born prince of Wales,  
May it be seen,  
On Brunswick's royal line,  
That still thy light divine,  
Its radiance sheds benign,  
God save the Queen!

---

AWAY, AWAY, TO THE MOUNTAIN'S  
BROW.

AWAY, away, to the mountain's brow,  
Where the trees are gently waving;  
Away, away, to the mountain's brow,  
Where the stream is gently laving;  
And beauty, my love, on thy cheek  
shall dwell,  
Like the rose as it opens to the day;  
While the zephyr that breathes through  
the flow'ry dell  
Shakes the sparkling dew-drops  
away.

~~~~~  
Away, away, to the mountain's brow,  
Where the trees are gently waving,  
Away, away, &c.

Away, away, to the rocky glen,  
Where the deer are wildly bounding ;  
And the hills shall echo in gladness  
again,  
To the hunter's bugle sounding ;  
While beauty, my love, on thy cheek  
shall dwell,  
Like the rose as it opes to the day ;  
While the zephyr that breathes through  
the flow'ry dell  
Shakes the sparkling dew-drops  
away.

Away, away, &c.

---

OH, I SHOULD LIKE TO MARRY

Oh, I should like to marry,  
If that I could find  
Any handsome fellow  
Suited to my mind !  
Oh, I should like him dashing !  
Oh, I should like him gay !  
The leader of the fashion,  
And dandy of the day !  
Oh, I should like, &c.

Oh, I should like his hair,  
As Truefit's wigs, divine;  
The sort of thing each fair  
Would envy being mine!  
He mustn't be too short,  
He mustn't be too burly;  
But slim, and tall, and straight,  
Moustache and whiskers curly.  
Oh, I should like, &c

His cab, too, he must drive,  
With a tiny tiger dear;  
And a phaeton, and a Brougham,  
And ten thousand pounds-a-year.  
He mustn't wish to have  
All things just his own way;  
He must mope when I am grave,  
And be gay when I am gay.  
Oh, I should like, &c.

I'm sure he'll never grumble,  
But live a life of ease,  
That is, on one condition—  
I'm to do whate'er I please!  
Now isn't this good-natured?  
And don't you all agree  
This little tiny privilege  
Is not too much for me?  
Oh, I should like, &c.

## THE OAK AND THE IVY.

In the depth of the forest an old oak  
grew,  
The pride of the greenwood there,  
O'er its branches the ivy her mantle  
threw,  
When the forest boughs were bare ;  
She clung like a bride  
To his sturdy side,  
And her shining leaves so green  
Made him blythe and gay  
Through the live-long day  
In the midst of a winter scene.  
Oh, long may the oak and the ivy  
stand  
The pride and the boast of our native  
land !

Oh, the oak of the forest told me true,  
And I echo the tale in song,  
That the ivy its branches made fair to  
view,  
While the oak made the ivy strong .  
'Twas a union good,  
In the old deep wood—  
Had each for itself grown there,

~~~~~  
The plant alone  
Had no beauty shown,  
And the boughs of the tree been  
bare !  
Then long may the oak and the ivy  
stand  
The pride and the boast of our native  
land !

May we copy the oak and the ivy  
green,  
And, like Britons, go hand in hand ;  
As firm as the oaks, may our sons be  
seen,  
In the cause of their native land.  
May our daughters fair,  
Like the ivy, share  
The arms of the parent tree :  
While we all unite,  
In our strength and might,  
For our homes and our liberty—  
As long as the oak and the ivy stand  
The pride and the boast of our native  
land !



## THE WHITE SQUALL.

THE sea was bright, and the bark rode  
    well,  
The breeze bore the tone of the vesper  
    bell ;  
'Twas a gallant bark, with a crew as  
    brave  
As ever launched on the heaving wave :  
She shone in the light of declining day,  
And each sail was set, and each heart  
    was gay.

They near'd the land wherein beauty  
    smiles—  
The sunny shores of the Grecian isles ;  
All thought of home, of that welcome  
    dear  
That soon should greet each wanderer's  
    ear :  
And in fancy joined the social throng,  
In the festive dance and the joyous  
    song.

A white cloud glides through the azure  
    sky—  
What means that wild despairing  
    cry ?—

~~~~~  
Farewell the visioned scenes of home !  
That cry is "Help !" where no help  
can come.—

For the white squall rides on the surging wave,  
And the bark is gulfed in an ocean's grave !

---

## MY NORMANDY

HOPE whispers me, when summer comes,

And genial verdure crowns the plain,  
That I shall see my native land,

And greet my birth-place once again ;  
Where first in infancy I drew

The breath of life so pure and free ;  
In dreams 'tis present to my view—

My Normandy ! my Normandy !

I've seen the shores of Italy,

And Venice with its gondoliers,  
And Switzerland, the brave and free,  
Which boasts such hardy mountaineers ;

I've seen all these, yet wander on,

In hope my long-loved home to see,  
For I would ever gaze upon

My Normandy ! my Normandy !

~~~~~  
 It seems to me a dream of life  
     Since youth's bright smiles have  
         pass'd away,  
 And ev'ry form I loved on earth  
     By time's rude hand hath met decay.  
 Still let me live to dream of all  
     The sunny smiles I loved to see,  
 As when in youth I gazed upon  
     My Normandy ! my Normandy !

---

### THE DAYS WHEN I WAS COURTED.

AIR.—*The days when we went gipsying.*

Oh, the days when I was courted,  
     some fifty years ago,  
 The men they were as different as fire  
     is from snow !  
 It was not *then* a sacrifice to say a  
     word or two ;  
 They always yielded us the point for  
     those pretty words, " Oh, do !"  
                             In the days, &c.

Oh, then the men could love the girls  
     in earnest—not in fun ;  
 But now they think of nought but self,  
     their horse, their dog, or gun ;



~~~~~  
Their coat, their club, and a streaming  
head of hair ;  
Of gambling debts, and all those things  
men call "*petites affaires*."  
Oh, the days, &c.

Oh, then a man would wed a girl, for  
better or for worse ;  
But now he only marries for the money  
in her purse :  
Ugly or old, it matters not, so she his  
pockets fill—  
Gold only makes men tolerate the  
matrimonial pill.  
Oh, the days, &c.

Then, if an invite we have sent, to bid  
them to a rout,  
We ne'er received the fashionable " We  
never do go out :"  
But always had a quick reply, in a  
pretty billet doux—  
" How happy I shall be to come, in the  
hope of seeing you !"  
Oh, the days, &c.

Now, if an invite we may send, for  
party, ball, or rout,

~~~~~  
Down goes the note, with "What a  
bore it is to be ask'd out :  
I know she only wishes to catch me  
for her beau—  
I've been so much of late the ton, I  
really cannot go."

Oh, the days, &c.

Oh, the days when I was courted, some  
fifty years ago !  
It was not then as it is now—each lass  
she had her beau ;  
The *ladies* then were importuned, as,  
with a tender glance,  
And gentle pressure of the hand, they  
led them forth to dance.

Oh, the days, &c.

Now, if a ball they enter, at the door  
they take their stand,  
And think how many there will sigh  
for the honour of their hand ;  
And if the faces do not please their  
rude, unflinching glance,  
They turn to coxcombs like themselves  
with " We really cannot dance."

Oh, the days, &c

~~~~~  
Men tell the girls, they look best by  
candle or fire lights ;  
But they may tell them for their pains,  
men always look great frights ;  
For, in spite of pencil'd eyebrows,  
stays, perfume, and washing-ball,  
Men never look even passable, in any  
light at all.

Oh, the days, &c.

What think you of the compound of  
puppy, bear, and ape?—  
Men are so metamorphosed, they're  
scarce in human shape,  
That, when I hear they're dead, I  
hope it is no sin  
To say, that now they've quit the  
world, they're better out than in.

Oh, the days, &c

---

### BOATMAN DANCE.

OR, GO HOME WID DE GALS IN DE MORNIN  
I DON'T like a nigger,  
I'll be dogged if I do,  
Kase his feet am so big  
Dat he can't war a shoe.  
Oh, 'tis a quart at the bottom,  
An a gill at de top,

~~~~~  
An its stan back gals,  
Kase its all I got.  
An its dance de boatmen dance.  
Oh, dance de boatmen dance,  
We'll dance all night,  
Till broad day-light,  
And go home wid de gals in de  
mornin.

Oh, I jump into a boat,  
Wid my hog an I go,  
Away down de Ohio,  
Nigger cum into my boat,  
An he steal my shoat,  
But I chuck him in de river,  
By de heel ob his coat.  
An its dance de boatmen dance,  
An dance de boatman, dance,  
We'll dance all night,  
Till broad day-light,  
An go home wid de gals in de  
mornin.

Oh, I does hate a nigger,  
Tho' its colour ob my skin,  
But de blood ob dis nigger,  
Am all white to de chin,  
I war coloured by de smoke,  
In de boat war I war bórned,

~~~~~  
And de gals say my gizzard,  
Am as white as de corn.

Dance de boatmen, &c.

I can row down de ribber,  
De darkest night dat shine,  
Wid a half a dozen corn,  
An a bushel ob swine.

If de fog am so thick,  
I've to cut it like de ice,  
I can land by de white  
Ob de gals dark eyes.

An its dance de boatman dance, &c

Dars a gal in Cincinnati,  
Tried to gib me de slip,  
But I hold fast as tar rope  
By her gum elastic lip.

She tried to dislocate it,  
But I pull her to my heel,  
An I tow her down de ribber,  
Like a hoss corpse a keel.

Den its dance de boatmen dance, &c

A steamer load o' whiskey,  
One day elapsed her flue,  
She blowed up all de spirits,  
An made de water blue.

De ole Ohio staggered,

~~~~~  
Like a salted water snake,  
It made de fishes dance as if  
Dey cotch de bowel ache.  
Dance de boatmen dance, &c.

---

## NIAGARA.

Roar, raging torrent, and thou mighty  
river,  
Dash thy wild waves on the valley  
below,  
From the dark mountains, and shadow  
for ever  
The deep rocky bed where the wide  
rapids flow.  
The green sunny glade and the smooth-  
flowing fountain  
Brighten the home of the coward and  
slave,  
But the flood and the forest, the rock  
and the mountain  
Rear on their bosom the free and the  
brave.

While pours thy broad wave, like a  
torrent from heaven.  
Each son thou shalt rear, in the  
battle's wild shock,

~~~~~  
When the death-speaking blast of the  
trumpet is given,  
Shall charge like thy waters, or  
stand like thy rock.  
Though his roof be the cloud, and the  
ground be his pillow,  
Though he stride the rough moun-  
tain, or toss on the foam,  
He will strike bold and true, on the  
field or the billow,  
In triumph, Columbia, for God and  
his home.

---

## MY FATHER LAND.

I HEAR them speak of my father land,  
And feel like a mountain child,  
When they tell of the gallant yager  
band,  
And the chamois bounding wild.  
Of the snow-capp'd hills to heaven that  
soar  
Where the avalanches fall,  
And the chalet's joys when the chase  
is o'er,  
And the Ranz-des-vaches they call.  
And when the tear would dim my eyes,  
I raise the Alpin lay;

~~~~~  
In the rapid's roar I drown my sighs,  
And dance sad thoughts away !  
La, la, la, &c.

O'er the mighty Hudson's banks I roam,  
Through our giant forests stray,  
And breathe a sigh for that mountain  
home,  
And the joys so far away !  
In thought, at eve, I join each sport,  
And the pastor's blessing share,  
With the maidens in their kirtles short,  
And their golden-bodkin'd hair.  
And when the tear, &c.

---

### THE IVY GREEN.

Oh, a darling plant is the Ivy green,  
That crawls on the broken wall  
Of the ruin'd abbey or fort, I ween,  
Or the baron's dismantled hall !  
How bleak so e'er the convent isle,  
Or dark the castle keep,  
He fervently hugs the mould'ring pile,  
Though all around him sleep.  
Creeping where bold hearts have  
been,  
A fine old plant is the Ivy green.



~~~~~  
Though pensive he dwells in the  
gloomy wreck

Of the monk's or chieftain's tower,  
Yet, smiling in verdure, he'll fondly  
deck

The joyous and festive bower.  
He clings to the church, and the tombs  
we adore,

Whose spirits are gather'd above ;  
The squire's proud mansion, the cottager's door,

He circles in friendship and love.

Creeping where no strife is seen,  
A fine old plant is the Ivy green.  
Since Time first began his stealthy  
career,

How many his victims have been !  
But the ivy yet lives without sorrow  
or fear,

And is still ever hearty and green.  
The warrior shall perish, his fortress  
shall fall,

And the beauty relinquish her  
charms ;

But the ivy will triumph over them all.  
And flourish in ruins and storms.

Creeping on to times unseen,  
A fine old plant is the Ivy green.

~~~~~  
**THE ORIGINAL AND GENUINE LUCY  
LONG.**

Now attention if you please,  
I'll sing you a little song,  
It's all about a nigger girl,  
Her name is Lucy Long,  
But take your time Miss Lucy,  
Miss Lucy, Lucy Long ;  
You're the darling of this nigger,  
Take your time Miss Lucy Long.

O, she's a handsome creature,  
As ever there could be,  
She is a perfect beauty,  
She is berry much like me.  
But take your time, &c.

Her teeth look like tobacco pipes,  
Her skin as bright as soot,  
Her eyes just look like two coach  
lamps,  
Like a pickaxe is her foot.  
So take your time, &c

She leaves a strong impression,  
Wherever she does go ;  
Her footsteps mark the gravel,  
As easily as snow.  
But take your time, &c.

Talk about your Taglioni,  
And say she jumps so high :  
Miss Lucy jumps a five bar gate,  
And makes a nigger fly.  
But take your time, &c.

In every thing she's clever,  
As I to you can show,  
She plays upon de fiddle,  
While I play the old banjo.  
But take your time, &c.

She's active as an earthquake,  
Her heart does never fail,  
One day she chased a big rackoon  
And caught him by the tail.  
But take your time, &c.

The black eyes of him lady,  
Are praised by English lover,  
If black's so berry handsome,  
My Lucy's black all over.  
So take your time, &c

Now, soon we're going to marry,  
Oh, what a happy day,  
But mind you, this old darkey,  
Won't let her have her way.  
But take your time, &c

~~~~~  
If she prove a scolding wife,  
By the hole in my old hat,  
I'll trade her away for victuals,  
And see how she likes that.  
So take your time, &c.

I fear I tire your patience,  
And so I finish my song,  
If you wish, I'll come some other  
night  
And sing of Lucy Long.  
But take your time, &c.

---

WE WONT GO HOME TILL MORNING  
THE jolly old sun! where goes he at  
night?  
And what does he do when he's out o'  
sight,  
(Insinuation scorning ;)  
We don't mean to say that he tipples  
apace ;  
We only know he's a very red face  
When he gets up in the morning!  
So here we are as merry as grigs,  
And here we'll stay, an' it pleases the  
pigs,  
Old Time and his dry glass scorning.

~~~~~  
The jolly old sun he shall hear us sing,  
Till this whirligig world to its centre  
doth ring,  
And we won't go home till morning!

Then, there's the stars—those twinkling  
dogs,  
Perch'd up there 'mid the clouds and  
the fogs,  
(Bless 'em, they're always a—wink-  
ing!)  
Among them we see, without any  
doubt,  
Some of 'em sometimes tumble about—  
Oh, they're sly little chaps, I'm  
thinking!

Sc here we are as merry as grigs,  
And here we'll stay, an' it pleases the  
pigs,  
Old Time and his dry glass scorning.  
The queer little stars they shall hear  
us sing,  
Till this whirligig world to its centre  
doth ring,  
And we won't go home till morning!

Then, the lady-moon creeping at night,  
Mincing along her way so bright,

~~~~~  
While the dew on the mountain is  
sleeping ;  
But the funny old maid, 'twixt me and  
you,  
She's marvellous fond o' the mountain-  
dew,  
And sips it when nobody's peeping.  
Since the sun and the moon and the  
stars agree  
There's nothing like fun and jollity,  
Such opinions we won't be scorning ,  
But here we'll sit as merry as grigs,  
And here we'll *stay*, an' it please the  
pigs,  
And we won't go home till morning !

---

### THE BUCKET.

How dear to this heart are the scenes  
of my childhood,  
When fond recollection recalls them  
to view—  
The orchard, the meadow, the deep-  
tangled wildwood,  
And every loved spot which my  
infancy knew ;  
The wide-spreading pond, and the mill  
which stood by it

~~~~~  
The bridge, and the rock where the  
  cataract fell,  
The cot of my father, the dairy-house  
  nigh it,  
  And e'en the rude bucket that hung  
    in the well.  
The old oaken bucket—the iron-bound  
  bucket—  
The moss-covered bucket, which hung  
  in the well.

That moss-covered vessel I hail as a  
  treasure,  
  For often, at noon, when return'd  
    from the field,  
I found it the source of an exquisite  
  pleasure,  
  The purest and sweetest that nature  
    can yield ;  
How ardent I seized it, with hands that  
  were glowing,  
  And quick to the white-pebbled  
    bottom it fell,  
Then soon, with the emblem of truth  
  overflowing,  
  And dripping with coolness, it rose  
    from the well—

~~~~~  
The old oaken bucket—the iron-bound  
bucket—

The moss-covered bucket arose from  
the well.

How sweet from the green mossy brim  
to receive it,

As poised on the cord, it inclined to  
my lips ;

Not a full-blushing goblet could tempt  
me to leave it,

Though filled with the nectar that  
Jupiter sips.

And now far removed from the loved  
situation,

The tear of regret will intrusively  
swell,

As fancy revisits my father's plantation,  
And sighs for the bucket which  
hangs in his well—

The old oaken bucket—the iron-bound  
bucket—

The moss-covered bucket, which hangs  
in his well.





## LONG TIME AGO.

ON the lake were drooped the willow  
Long time ago !  
Where the rock threw back the billow  
Brighter than snow—  
Dwelt a maid beloved and cherished  
By high and low ;  
But with autumn's leaf she perished,  
Long time ago !

Rock, and tree, and flowing water,  
Long time ago,—  
Bird, and bee, and blossom taught her  
Love's spell to know—  
While to my fond words she listened,  
Murmuring low—  
Tenderly her dove-eyes glistened,  
Long time ago !

Mingled were our hearts forever !  
Long time ago !  
Can I now forget her?—never !  
No, lost one, no !  
To her grave these tears are given—  
Ever to flow !  
She's the star I missed from heaven  
Long time ago !

**MY LIFE IS LIKE THE SUMMER ROSE**

My life is like the summer rose,  
That opens to the morning sky,  
But ere the shades of evening close,  
Is scattered on the ground to die :  
But on that rose's humble bed  
The sweetest dews of night are shed,  
As if she wept such waste to see ;  
But none shall weep a tear for me.

My life is like the autumn leaf,  
That trembles in the moon's pale  
ray ;

Its hold is frail—its state is brief,  
Restless and soon to pass away :  
Yet, ere that leaf shall fall and fade,  
The parent tree shall mourn its shade,  
The winds bewail the leafless tree ;  
But none shall breathe a sigh for me.

My life is like the print that feet  
Have left on Tampa's distant strand ;  
Soon as the rising tide shall beat,  
This track shall vanish from the sand :  
Yet, as if grieving to efface  
All vestige of the human race,  
On that lone shore loud moans the sea ;  
But none shall e'er lament for me.



## WIND OF THE WINTER NIGHT

WIND of the winter night ! whence  
comest thou ?

And whither, oh ! whither, art wander-  
ing now ?

Sad, sad is thy voice on the desolate  
moor,

And mournful, oh ! mournful, thy howl  
at my door !

Say, where hast thou been on thy  
cloud-lifted car ?

Say, what hast thou seen on thy roam-  
ings afar ?

What sorrow impels thee, thou boister-  
ous blast,

Thus to mourn and complain as thou  
journeyest past ?

“ I have been where the snow on the  
chill mountain peak

Would have frozen the blood in the  
ruddiest cheek ;

And for many a dismal and desolate  
day,

No beam of the sunshine has brightened  
my way.

~~~~~  
"I have come from the deep, where  
the storm in its wrath  
Spread havoc and death on its pitiless  
path—

Where the billows arose, as the lightnings  
flew by,  
And hoisted their arms in the dun-  
colored sky.

"And I saw a frail vessel all torn by  
the wave,  
Drawn down, with her crew, to a  
fathomless grave;  
And I heard the loud creak of her keel,  
as I passed,  
And the flap of her sail, and the crash  
of her mast.

"But it smote on my ear like the  
tocsin of death,  
As she struggled and strove with the  
waters for breath.  
'Tis her requiem I tune, as I howl  
through the sky,  
And repent of the fury that caused her  
to die!"

## IRELAND.

ERIN, sweet Erin ! the halo of glory,  
That hangs on the brow of thy ev'ry  
green hill,  
As it falls on the page of thy fame-  
written story,  
Reflects a warm glow on thy loveli-  
ness still.

Oh ! well may thy children, to madness  
adore thee ;

Thy bards, to recount thy rich beau-  
ties despair ;

Where there is not a star that at mid-  
night shines o'er thee,

But twinkles with joy to stand senti-  
nel *there*.

Oh ! who that has heard the loud wail  
of thy sorrow,

But yearns, to the mourner, some  
balm to impart ;

Oh ! who that has shar'd thy wild  
mirth but would borrow

The charm that can kindle such joy  
at the heart :

And for Music ! oh, who that has once  
heard the numbers

~~~~~  
Set free to the winds by the magic  
of Moore,  
But exalts that the spell that encircled  
its slumbers,  
And chill'd the sweet Harp of his  
country, is o'er.

If it *be* but a fable, that far in thy  
mountains,  
Deep hidden by fairies, lie treasures  
untold—  
Oh ! 'tis but to appeal to thy heart's  
open fountain  
To find them o'erflowing with—  
better than gold.  
Land of brave sons, and of light-hearted  
daughters,  
Smooth may the stream of thy destiny  
be !  
“ First flow'r ” may'st thou bloom on  
the breast of the waters,  
“ First gem ” may'st thou shine on  
the home of the sea !



## MINUTE GUN AT SEA.

LET him who sighs in sadness here,  
Rejoice and know a friend is near ;  
What heavenly sounds are those I hear ?  
What being comes the gloom to cheer ?  
When in the storm on Albion's coast,  
The night-watch guards his weary post,  
From thoughts of danger free ;  
He marks some vessel's dusky form,  
And hears amid the howling storm,  
The minute gun at sea.

Swift on the shore a hardy few,  
The life-boat mann'd with a gallant  
crew,  
And dare the dang'rous wave ;  
Through the wild surf, they cleave  
their way,  
Lost in the foam nor know dismay,  
For they go the crew to save.  
But, oh, what raptures fill each breast,  
Of the hapless crew of the ship dis-  
tress'd !  
Then landed safe what joys to tell,  
Of all the dangers that befel.  
Then is heard no more,  
By the watch on shore,  
The minute gun at sea.

## THE MERMAID.

ONE Friday morning we set sail,  
It was not far from land,  
Where I espied a fair mermaid  
With a comb and glass in hand,  
The stormy winds they did blow,  
The raging winds do blow,  
While we poor sailors go up to  
the top  
And the land lubbers down  
below.

The boatswain at the helm stands,  
Steering his course right well,  
With tears a standing in his eyes,  
Saying how the seas do swell.

Then up spoke a man of our gallant  
ship,  
And a well spoken man was he,  
I have married a wife in fair New York  
town,  
And this night she a widow will be.

Then up spoke a boy of our gallant  
ship,  
And a well spoken boy was he,



I've a father and mother in fair Boston  
town,

And this night they will weep for me

Then up spoke the captain of our gal-  
lant ship,

And a valiant man was he,

For the want of a long boat we all shall  
be drown'd,

And sink to the bottom of the sea.

Now the moon shone bright and the  
stars gave light

And my mother is looking for me,

She may look, she may weep, with a  
watery eye,

She may look to the bottom of the  
sea.

Now three times around went our gal-  
lant ship,

And three times around went she,

And three times around went our gal-  
lant ship,

When she sunk to the bottom of the  
sea.



~~~~~  
SLEEP BABY SLEEP.

"THEN swift through the mists of the  
mournful night,  
To a fisherman's dwelling I hasten'd  
my flight,  
Where a mother was singing her infant  
to sleep,  
Whilst the storm unabated swept over  
the deep."

Sleep, baby, sleep! cry not so loud,  
For I would watch yon threat'ning  
cloud

That flings its shadow o'er the sea,  
And keeps thy father far from me.

The hour he nam'd, has long been past,  
And storm on storm is gathering fast :  
Omens of evil fill my heart  
And phantom forms before me start.  
Sleep baby, sleep, &c.

Hush, baby, hush ! is yon dim speck,  
A fragment of some fearful wreck ?  
Oh ! heav'n ! thy father cannot be,  
In that doom'd bark, in such a sea !  
Sleep baby, sleep, &c.

~~~~~  
 The taper in the window seat,  
 Burns blue and bears a winding sheet,  
 And now the forked light'ning flies,  
 By that red flash a mortal dies !  
     Sleep, baby, sleep ! 'tis almost day,  
     The howling wind has died away ;  
     The light that glimmers o'er the sea,  
     May guide thy father back to me.

---

 LOVE ON.

Love, love on, the soul *must* have a  
     shrine,  
     The rudest breast must find *some*  
     hallow'd spot.  
 The God who form'd us left no spark  
     divine  
     In him who dwells in earth yet  
     "loveth not."  
 Devotion's links compose a sacred  
     chain,  
     Of holy brightness and unmeasured  
     length,  
 The world with selfish rust, and reck-  
     less stain  
     May mar its beauty, but not touch  
     its strength.  
                     Love on, love on, &c

~~~~~  
Love on, love on; aye even though the  
heart,  
We fondly build on, proveth like the  
sand,  
Though one by one, Faith's corner  
stones depart,  
And even Hope's last pillar fails to  
stand;  
Though we may dread the lips we  
once believed,  
And know their falsehood shadows  
all our days,  
Who would not rather trust and be  
deceived  
Than own the mean cold spirit that  
betrays.

Love on, love on, &c.

Love on, love on, though we may live  
to see  
The dear face whiter than its circling  
shroud,  
Though dark and dense the gloom of  
death may be,  
Affection's glory yet shall pierce the  
cloud.  
The truest spell that heav'n can give  
to lure,

~~~~~  
The sweetest prospect mercy can  
bestow ;  
Is the blest thought, that bids the soul  
be sure,  
'Twill meet above the things it lov'd  
below.

Love on, love on, &c.

Love on, love on, creation breathes the  
words,  
Their mystic music ever dwells  
around  
The strain is echoed by unnumber'd  
chords  
And gentlest bosoms yield the fullest  
sound.  
As flowers keep springing tho' their  
dazzling bloom,  
Is oft put forth for worms to feed  
upon ;  
So hearts tho' deeply wrung by traitors  
and the tomb,  
Shall still be precious and shall still  
love on.

Love on, love on, &c



## RAMBLING BOYS OF PLEASURE

You rambling boys of pleasure,  
Give ear to these few lines I write,  
It is true I am a rover,  
And in roving take great delight.

I fix my mind on a fair maid,  
Tho' often times she does me slight,  
My mind is never easy,  
But when my darling is in my sight.

The second time I saw my love,  
I thought she really would be mine,  
But as the weather alters,  
The maid did change her mind.

Gold is the root of evil,  
Although it shines with glittering  
hue,  
Causes many a lad and lass to part,  
Let their hearts and minds be e'er  
so true.

There's one thing more I have to relate,  
Before that I do go away,  
In my own country where I was born,  
Cupid would not let me free.

~~~~~  
To leave my girl behind me,  
Oh dear, alas ! what must I do,  
Must I become a rover,  
And court some girl I never knew.

---

EVENING SONG TO THE VIRGIN  
AT SEA.

Ave sanctissima,  
We lift our souls to thee,  
Ora pro nobis,  
'Tis night-fall on the sea.

Watch us while shadows lie,  
Far o'er the water spread,  
Hear the heart's lonely sigh—  
Thine too hath bled.

Thou that hast looked on death,  
Aid us when death is near.  
Whisper of heaven to faith,  
Sweet mother, sweet mother hear

Ora pro nobis,  
The wave must rock our sleep,  
Ora mater ora,  
Star of the deep.

## THE GROVES OF BLARNEY.

THE Groves of Blarney they look so  
charming,

Down by the purlings of sweet silent  
brooks

All grac'd by posies that spontaneous  
grow there

And planted in order in the rocky  
nooks.

'Tis there the daisy and sweet carna-  
tion,

The blooming pink, and the rose so  
fair,

The daffydowndilly besides the lily,  
Flowers that scent the sweet open  
air.

'Tis lady Jeffrey's that owns that sta-  
tion,

Like Alexander, or like Helen fair,  
There's no commander in all the na-  
tion,

For regulation could with her com-  
pare.

Such walls around her that no nine  
pounder



~~~~~  
Could ever plunder her place of  
strength,  
'Till Oliver Cromwell he did her pun-  
well,  
Made breaches in all her battlements.

There is a cave where no daylight  
enters,  
But cats and badgers are for ever  
bred.  
And moss'd by nature makes it com-  
pleter,  
Than a coach and six or a downy  
bed.  
'Tis there the lake is well stored with  
fishes,  
And comely eels in the verdant mud  
Besides the leeches and the groves of  
beeches,  
Standing in order to guard the flood.

There are great walks there for recrea-  
tion,  
'Tis there the lover may hear the  
dove, or  
The gentle plover in the afternoon,  
There's Biddy Murphy the farme. .  
daughter,

~~~~~  
A washing prairies before the door,  
With Paddy O'Blarney from sweet  
Killarney,  
All blood relations of lord Donough-  
more.

There's statues gracing this noble man-  
sion,  
All heathen gods and goddesses so  
fair,  
Bold Neptune, Plutarch and Nicode-  
mus,  
All standing in the open air.  
So now to finish this bold narration,  
That my poor geneo could not en-  
twine,  
But were I a Homer, or Nebuchad-  
nezzar,  
In every feature I'd make it shine.

---

### THE DELIGHTS OF LOVE.

TUNE.—*Fanny Gray.*

Oh love they say's delightful, and when  
on a woman's lip  
Is sweeter than the nectar that the  
honey-bee can sip ;

~~~~~  
But love when felt as felt by me, a  
different thing is found,  
It's unpleasant to be lifted high and  
thrown upon the ground.

Oh how fondly and how truly I have  
lov'd no tongue can tell,  
And still by your permission on my  
folly wish to dwell.  
For jealousy we've yellow, for love  
"true blue" 'tis said,  
We've green for the forsaken, hut  
there's falsity in *red*.

The lass I lov'd, alas! was false, tho'  
fair as fair could be,  
And yet I fondly love her still, tho' her  
heart is cold to me.  
Forsaken, I look very green, thro' her  
falsity you know,  
Confound those regimentals *red* the  
cause of all my woe.

The favor'd youth was six foot high,  
he might be rather more,  
And mustachios like a kangaroo the  
long life-guardsman wore.

I never see a poplar, a lamp-post, or a  
pump,  
But I think upon my rival, and my  
heart goes thump-a-thump.

Whether sleeping or awake, breakfast,  
dinner, supper, tea ;  
Of the way I have been treated I'm  
reminded sure to be.  
A lobster once so relishing, in disgust  
away I *chucks*,  
And I never crack an egg but 'what I  
think upon his *ducks*.

All seasoning reminds me of the frippery  
he wears,  
And my carving-knife presents to me  
the sabre that he bears.  
The dog that guards my house at night,  
dispensed with he shall be,  
Confound all guards ! I hate all guards,  
she's guarded so from me.

I still possess one gift of hers, and that's  
a lock of hair,  
But if I told the colour you'd say falsity  
was there.

~~~~~  
She laughs with self-complacency at  
the havoc she has made,  
In town I'm quite unhappy, and I hate  
the greenwood shade.

There are many who would wager I  
my love shall soon forget,  
But I will not take the wager, since I  
cannot win a *Bet*.  
I feel that I must love her still, tho'  
mine she ne'er can be,  
Tho' it's weak I know to care for one,  
who cares no more for me.

---

#### GUARD HER AS A TREASURE

GUARD, oh, guard her as a treasure,  
She has giv'n her heart to thee ;  
And her love's unbounded measure,  
Shall thro' life thy solace be.  
It was *no* slight thing to sever,  
From the home of earlier youth ;  
And to trust her faith for ever,  
In thy constancy and truth.

If the gift be worth thy keeping,  
She will never mourn the day ;

~~~~~  
She will ne'er with woe or weeping,  
Grieve she gave her heart away.  
And 'tis thine the flow'r to cherish,  
For its germ of life's with thee ;  
And with cold neglect 'twill perish,  
That might and would a blessing be .

---

### FLOW ON THOU SHINING RIVER

Flow on, thou shining river,  
But ere thou reach the sea,  
Seek Ella's bower, and give her  
The wreaths I fling o'er thee ;  
And tell her thus, if she'll be mine,  
The current of our lives shall be,  
With joys along their course to shine,  
Like those sweet flowers on thee.

But if, in wand'ring thither,  
Thou find'st she mocks my pray'r.  
Then leave those wreaths to wither  
Upon the cold bank there ;  
And tell her thus, when youth is o'er,  
Her lone and lovely charms shall be  
Thrown upon life's weedy shore,  
Like those sweet flowers from thee

## LIFE OF THE BOLD BUCCANEER

TUNE.—*A Life on the Ocean Wave*

THE life of the bold Buccaneer,  
Is ever joyous and new,  
Upon the wave to steer  
With a jolly and daring crew.  
O'er the deep our narrow bark flies,  
Like a bird on the bounding air,  
We smuggle or win a prize,  
And sing as our spoils we share.  
The life of the bold Buccaneer,  
Is ever joyous and new,  
Upon the wave to steer,  
With a jolly and daring crew

No nation in peace we own,  
But make both friend and foe,  
Our daring labour crown,  
As around their coasts we go.  
But then when a war breaks forth,  
Bold privateers are we,  
We strike for the land of our birth,  
'Neath the starry flag of the free,  
Sing the life of the bold  
Buccaneer, &c.

THE MOTHER WHO HATH A CHILD  
AT SEA.

THERE's a cheek that's growing sadly  
white  
As the tokens of storms come on with  
the night,  
There's a form that's fixed at the lattice  
pane,  
To mark how the gloom gathers over  
the main,  
While the angry billows dash the shore,  
With loftier sweep and wilder roar,  
That cheek, that form, Oh ! whose can  
it be,  
But a mother who hath a child at sea.

The rushing whistle chills her blood,  
As the north wind hurries to scourge  
the flood,  
The icy shiver spreads o'er her heart,  
As the first red lines of light'ning start,  
The ocean boils, all mute she stands,  
With parted lips and tight clasp'd  
hands,  
Oh ! marvel not at her fear, for she  
Is a mother who hath a child at sea



~~~~~  
She presses her brow, she sinks and  
    kneels  
While the storm howls on and the  
    thunder peals ;  
She breathes not a word for her passion-  
    ate prayer,  
Is too fervent and deep for the lips to  
    bear.  
It is pour'd in the deep convulsive  
    sigh,  
In the straining glance of an upturn'd  
    eye,  
And a holier off'ring cannot be  
Than a mother's prayer for her child  
    at sea.

---

#### HURRAH FOR THE EMERALD ISLE.

THERE's a health to the friends that  
    are far,  
    There's a health to our friends that  
    are near,  
Here's to those who rank first in the  
    war,  
    Oh the brave hearts that never knew  
    fear !  
Here's to him who for freedom first  
    draws,

~~~~~  
And here's to the heart free from  
guile,  
The patriot friend to his home and his  
laws,  
Who stands by his own native isle.  
Then Hurrah for the Emerald Isle !

And here's to the bosom's bright glow,  
When the banner of liberty waves ;  
And here's may she conquer her foe,  
Ere the sons of her glory be slaves.  
Then here's to the friends all around,  
The emblem of Erin's rich soul,  
And oh ! may they ever, when wanted,  
be found  
To stand by their own native isle.  
Then Hurrah for the Emerald Isle !

---

SPARKLING AND BRIGHT.

SPARKLING and bright, in liquid light,  
Does the wine our goblets gleam in,  
With hue as red as the rosy bed,  
Which a bee would choose to dream  
in.  
Then drink to-night with hearts as  
light,  
To love as gay and fleeting,

~~~~~  
As bubbles that swim on the beek-  
er's brim,  
And break on the lips while meet-  
ing.

Oh ! if mirth might arrest the flight  
Of time, through life's dominions,  
We here awhile, would now beguile  
The grey beard of his pinions.  
Then drink to night with hearts as  
light,  
To love as gay and fleeting,  
As bubbles that swim on the beeker's  
brim,  
And break on the lips while meet-  
ing.

But since delight can't stop the wight,  
Nor fond regret delay him,  
Nor love himself, can hold the elf,  
Nor sober friendship stay him.  
Then drink to-night with hearts as  
light,  
To love as gay and fleeting,  
As bubbles that swim on the beeker's  
brim,  
And break on the lips while meet-  
ing.

## WE'RE A' NODDIN

We're a' noddin, nid, nid, noddin,  
And we're a' noddin at our house at  
hame ;

When the dame's awa' its the time to  
play,  
And lads love lasses and the lasses love  
lads too.

Kate sits in the nuke, with her laddie  
so true,  
And the carl tak' ye a,' for ye're a'  
noddin too.

And we're a' noddin, &c.

We're a' noddin, nid, nid, noddin,  
And we're a' noddin, at our house at  
hame ;

And how d'ye do, kimmer, and how  
d'ye thrive,

And how many bairns ha' ye? Kim-  
mer, I ha' five.

And are they a' at hame? Oh! na,  
na, na,

Twa others with Willie far awa.

And we're a' noddin, &c.

## THE BRAES OF BALQUH'THER.

LET us go, lassie, go  
To the braes of Balquhither,  
Where the blae-berries grow  
'Mong bonnie Highland heather;  
Where the deer and the rae,  
Lightly bounding together,  
Sport the lang summer day  
On the braes of Balquhither.

I will twine thee a bower,  
By the clear siller fountain,  
And I'll cover it o'er  
Wi' the flowers o' the mountain;  
I will range through the wilds,  
And the deep glens sae dreary,  
And return wi' their spoils  
To the bower o'er my dearie.

When the rude wintery win'  
Idly raves round our dwelling,  
And the roar of the linn  
On the night breeze is swelling,  
So merrily we'll sing  
As the storm rattles o'er us,  
Till the dear shealing ring  
Wi' the light lilting chorus.

~~~~~  
Now the summer is in prime  
Wi' the flowers richly blooming,  
And the wild mountain thyme,  
A' the moorland perfuming !  
To our dear native scenes,  
Let us journey together,  
Where glad innocence reigns  
'Mang the braes of Balquhither

---

### THE DRUNKARD'S WIFE

TUNE.—*The Soldier's Tear*

BEFORE the altar stood  
The bridegroom and the bride,  
With willing hands and blended hearts,  
The holy knot was tied :  
And when he spake the words  
So welcome and so dear,  
There glistened in her mild blue eye  
That test of love—a tear !

And thus they liv'd and lov'd—  
Their hours were never dull,  
And heav'n had crown'd their union  
sweet  
With pledges beautiful ;  
And as her charge increas'd,  
With each succeeding year

~~~~~  
The mother's heart rush'd to her eye,  
Which trembled with a tear.

But year has follow'd year—  
As wave succeeding wave—  
The once lov'd wife is joyless now,  
And he a drunken slave.  
Vice o'er him holds her sway,  
And from his dark career  
She tries to win him, and her eye—  
Her dimm'd eye drops a tear.

Her kindness pleads in vain—  
His heart is sear'd and hard,  
And tauntings loud, and cruel blows  
Are that fond wife's reward.  
He spurns her from his side,  
With looks and words severe,  
Yet for that ruffian's sake, her eye  
Is gushing with a tear.

That wife's a widow now ;  
The star of hope shall rise  
No more for her, her bosom lord  
Died as the drunkard dies !  
God help this bruis'd reed,  
Her load of woe to bear ;  
For none but thou can'st calm her soul,  
Who cannot shed a tear.

~~~~~  
I'M O'ER YOUNG TO MARRY YET

I'm o'er young, I'm o'er young, I'm  
o'er young to marry yet,  
I'm o'er young, 'twould be a sin to  
take me from my mammy yet.  
I'm o'er young, I'm o'er young, I'm  
o'er young to marry yet,  
I'm o'er young, 'twould be a sin to  
take me from my mammy yet ;  
I am my mammy's airn bairn, nor of  
my hame am weary yet ;  
And I would have you learn lads, that  
ye, for me must tarry yet ;  
For I'm o'er young, I'm o'er young, I'm  
o'er young to marry yet,  
I'm o'er young, 'twould be a sin to  
take me from my mammy yet.  
I'm o'er young, I'm o'er young, I'm  
o'er young to marry yet,  
I'm o'er young, 'twould be a sin to  
take me from my mammy yet,  
I'm o'er young, I'm o'er young, I'm  
o'er young to marry yet,  
I'm o'er young, 'twould be a sin to  
take me from my mammy yet ;  
I hae had my ain way none dare to  
contradict me yet,



~~~~~  
Soon to say I wad obey, in truth I dare  
not venture yet.

For I'm o'er young, I'm o'er young, I'm  
o'er young to marry yet,  
I'm o'er young, 'twould be a sin to  
take me from my mammy yet.

---

### COMIN' THROUGH THE RYE

Gin a body meet a body  
Comin' through the rye,  
Gin a body kiss a body,  
Need a body cry?  
Ilka body has a body,  
Ne'er a ane hae I;  
But a' the lads they lo'e me,  
And what the waur am I?

Gin a body meet a body  
Comin' fra the well,  
Gin a body kiss a body,  
Need a body tell?  
Ilka a body has a body, &c.

Gin a body meet a body  
Comin' frae the town,  
Gin a body kiss a body,  
Need a body frown?  
Ilka Jenny has her Jockey, &c.

## A PIRATE'S LIFE FOR ME.

TUNE.—*Some love to roam.*

I LOVE to ride o'er the foaming tide,  
Where the winds and waves play  
free,  
With a daring band, with a blade in  
hand,  
Oh, a pirate's life for me ;  
Our craft's broad sails, breast, breeze  
or gale  
And merrily forth she flies,  
To follow each bark, o'er waves so  
dark,  
And seek the glorious prize.  
Yoe ho ! yoe ho ! &c

Each gallant bark, we quickly mark,  
And we follow in her track,  
Though guns appear, as we bear near,  
We range up for attack.  
Our hot gun's blaze sweep shroud and  
stays,  
Amid death and horror's cries,  
Our boarding pikes ! she strikes,  
We merrily seize our prize.  
Yoe ho ! yoe ho ! &c.

## NORAH M'SHANE.

I'VE left Ballymornach a long way  
behind me,  
To better my fortune, I've crossed  
the big sea ;  
But I'm sadly alone, not a creature to  
mind me,  
And faith I'm as wretched as wretched  
can be ;  
I think of the buttermilk, fresh as the  
daisy,  
The beautiful hills and the emerald  
plain,  
And ah ! don't I oftentimes think myself  
crazy  
About that young black-eyed rogue -  
Norah M'Shane.

I sigh for the turf pile so cheerfully  
burning,  
When barefoot I trudg'd it from toil-  
ing afar,  
When I toss'd in the light the thirteen  
I'd been earning  
And whistl'd the anthem of " Erin  
go Bragh."

~~~~~  
In truth, I believe that I'm half broken  
hearted,  
To my country and love, I must get  
back again,  
For I've never been happy at all since  
I parted,  
From sweet Ballymornach and Norah  
M'Shane.

Oh! there's something so dear in the  
cot I was born in,  
Though the walls are but mud and  
the roof is but thatch,  
How familiar the grunt of the pigs in  
the morning,  
What music in lifting the rusty old  
latch.  
'Tis true I'd no money, but then I'd no  
sorrow,  
My pockets were light, but my head  
had no pain;  
And if I but live till the sun shine to  
morrow,  
I'll be off to dear Erin and Norah  
M'Shane.



THE GOOD OLD DAYS OF ADAM  
AND EVE.

I sing, I sing of good times older,  
When men and women were the bolder,  
When bills were short, and credit  
shorter,  
And when from malt they brewed their  
porter.

When lawyers were too proud to pillage,  
And this city was quite a village ;  
Christmas had its Christmas carols,  
And ladies sides were hooped like barrels.

Sing hey, sing ho ! I can but grieve,  
For the good old days of Adam and  
Eve.

When drinking ale made strong men  
stronger,  
And doctors made folks live the longer ;  
When our grand dads brewed gobs of  
porter,  
And thought it a sin to go to bed sober ;  
Then was the time for games and gambols,  
When all New York was covered with  
brambles .

Hedges and ditches and ponds of water,  
But now there's nothing but bricks and  
mortar

Sing hey, Sing ho ! I can but grieve,  
For the good old days of Adam and  
Eve.

When all young men they acted wise in,  
Getting up to see the lark rising ;  
And could, unless I'm much mistaken,  
Eat for breakfast eight pounds of bacon ;  
But now our Tom and Jerry's gay, sir,  
See larks by night and not by day, sir ;  
Get in rows, and have long parlies,  
And, to save their bacon floor the char-  
lies.

Sing hey, Sing ho ! I can but grieve,  
For the good old days of Adam and  
Eve.

When this very place that's now cov-  
er'd over  
Was a field of wheat or perhaps of  
clover ;  
Two or three trees for the cattle to  
get under,  
Out of the way of lightning and thun-  
der ;

~~~~~  
No sound was heard but the sweet  
birds singing,  
Except sometimes the cow bells ring-  
ing ;  
But now the birds far away have fled,  
sirs,  
And we are the birds *wat* sings instead,  
sir.

Sing hey, Sing ho ! I can but grieve,  
For the good old days of Adam and  
Eve.

But now the progress of civilization,  
Makes things so high you can't get  
nothing ;  
Meat is *riz* and I am told it will be *rizzer*,  
But 'tis as it is and it can't be no *tizzer*,  
Butter's high, and bread ain't low, sir,  
So people must eat po-ta-toes, sir,  
Coal's very high, but the wind is  
higher,  
So the poor have to cook without any  
fire.

Sing hey, Sing ho ! I can but grieve,  
For the good old days of Adam and  
Eve.

AWAY O'ER THE BLUE WAVES OF  
OCEAN.

AWAY o'er the blue waves of ocean,  
I go to my own native shores,  
Yet this bosom will glow with devotion,  
To the climes and the scenes it  
adores.

Round memory's shrine fondly lingers  
The joys that have twin'd their  
bright spell ;  
And the heart that vibrates to these  
fingers,  
Sighs in sadness the tones of farewell.

Where Italy's bright skies are shining,  
And France, sunny France, spreads  
her bloom,  
This heart will look back with repining,  
And its pleasures be saddened in  
gloom.

Deep thrilling emotions are breaking,  
While my thoughts on past images  
dwell ;  
And my voice at these visions are  
waking  
Breathes in sadness the notes of  
farewell



THE HEART OF THY NORAH IS  
BREAKING.

"THE world is at rest, but his watch  
Love is keeping,  
While lonely and sad I look on the  
sea ;  
A cold thrill of fear o'er my bosom is  
creeping,  
Oh, Dermot ! dear Dermot ! return  
soon to me !  
With trembling I list to the loud raving  
billow,  
And see the pale light from my lamp  
faintly burn ;  
Sweet slumber no more sheds a balm  
o'er my pillow,  
Oh, Dermot ! dear Dermot ! return  
soon to me,  
The heart of thy Norah is breaking  
for thee !"

In vain doth she watch, oft the gale  
madly chiding,  
Oft shrinking to hear the sea-birds'  
wild cry ;

~~~~~  
Her lover's wreck'd bark 'neath the  
    deep is abiding,  
    And, shroudless, his form on the  
    waters doth lie!  
Long nights did she mourn to the loud-  
    raving billow,  
    And watch the pale light from her  
    lamp faintly burn;  
And now, in despair, oft doth start  
    from her pillow,  
    And murmur, "Dear Dermot, return  
    soon to me,  
    The heart of thy Norah is breaking  
    for thee!"

---

BE DAYS OF DRINKING WINE FORGOT

TUNE.—*Auld Lang Syne.*

Be days of drinking wine forget,  
    Let water goblets shine;  
And from your memory ever blot  
    The days of drinking wine.  
Those days of drinking wine, my friend,  
    Those days of drinking wine--  
A temperance hour is worth a power  
    Of days of drinking wine.  
  
We all have quaff'd to days long past  
    Bright juices of the wine;

~~~~~  
But let us from our memories cast  
Those customs of "lang syne."  
Bad customs of lang syne, my friend,  
Bad customs of lang syne,  
Our temperance age must blot the  
page,  
Of customs of lang syne

We all can meet as friends should meet,  
We all together dine,  
Our bev'rage quaff from fountains sweet,  
And ne'er regret the wine.  
A temperance shrine, my friend, my  
friend,  
We're pledged at her fair shrine ;  
And hold her cause above all laws,  
Or customs of lang syne.

---

HURRAH FOR THE BONNETS OF  
BLUE.

HERE's a health to them that's awa,  
Here's a health to them that's awa,  
And wha winna wish guid luck to our  
cause,  
May never guid luck be their fa',  
Its guid to be merry and wise,  
Its guid to be honest and true,

~~~~~  
Its guid to support Caledonia's cause,  
And bide by the bonnets of blue.  
Hurrah for the bonnets of blue,  
Hurrah for the bonnets of blue,  
Its guid to support Caledonia's cause  
And bide by the bonnets of blue.

Here's a health to them that's awa,  
Here's a health to them that's awa,  
Here's a health to Charlie, the chief of  
the clan,  
Although that his band be sma'.  
Here's freedom to him that would read,  
Here's freedom to him that would  
write,  
There's nane ever feared that the truth  
should be heard,  
But they whom the truth would indite.  
Hurrah for the bonnets of blue,  
Hurrah for the bonnets of blue,  
Its guid to be wise, to be honest and  
true,  
And bide by the bonnets of blue.



## MAID OF LLANWELLYN.

I'VE no sheep on the mountain, nor  
boat on the lake,  
Nor coin in my coffer to keep me  
awake :  
Nor corn in my garner, nor fruit on the  
tree,  
Yet the maid of Llanwellyn smiles  
sweetly on me.

Rich Owen will tell you, with eyes  
full of scorn,  
Threadbare is my coat, and my hosen  
are torn :  
Scoff on, my rich Owen, for faint is thy  
glee  
While the maid of Llanwellyn smiles  
sweetly on me.

The farmer rides proudly to market  
and fair,  
And the clerk at the tavern still claims  
the great chair ;  
But of all our proud fellows the proud-  
est I'll be,  
While the maid of Llanwellyn smiles  
sweetly on me.

~~~~~

WHEN WAKES THE SUN AT EARLY  
DAWN.

WHEN wakes the sun at early dawn,  
Then, from his distant cottage home,  
I list to hear my lover's horn,  
Which seems to say I come !  
And as, from Alp to Alp, the sound,  
By echo wafted, steals to cheer ;  
Nearer and nearer each rebound,  
I bless and joy to hear.  
When wakes the sun, &c.  
Iyo ! Iyo !

When sunset tints our glaciers bright  
With rosy hues, then forth I rove,  
And whisper, in the waning light,  
The name of names I love.  
And still, as to the vales around,  
Farther and farther, less and less,  
Echo to echo, wafts the sound,  
Then echo's aid I bless.  
When wakes the sun, &c  
Iyo ! Iyo !



## ISABEL.

WAKE dearest, wake! and again united,  
We'll rove by yonder sea;  
And where our first vows of love were  
    plighted,  
Our last farewell shall be;  
There oft I've gaz'd on thy smiles de-  
    lighted,  
And there I'll part from thee.  
There oft I've gaz'd on thy smiles de-  
    lighted,  
And there I'll part from thee.  
Isabel! Isabel! Isabel!  
One look, though that look is in sorrow;  
Fare thee well! fare thee well.  
    fare thee well!  
Far hence I shall wander to-morrow.  
    Ah, me! ah, me!

Dark is my doom, and from thee I  
    sever,  
Whom I have lov'd alone;  
'Twere cruel to link thy fate for ever  
With sorrows like my own;  
Go smile on livelier friends, and never  
Lament me when I'm gone,

~~~~~  
Go smile on livelier friends, and never  
Lament me when I'm gone.

Isabel, Isabel, &c.

And when at length in these lovely  
bowers,

Some happier youth you see ;

And you cull for him spring's sweetest  
flowers,

And he sings of love to thee ;

When you laugh with him at these  
vanish'd hours,

Oh, tell him to love like me.

Isabel, Isabel, &c

---

#### METAMORA'S DEATH SONG.

TUNE.—*The days when we went Gipsying*

In the days when Philip's fathers lived,  
A long time ago,

Brave warriors roam'd the hunting  
grounds,

With arrow spear and bow,  
They led the chase from morn till  
night,

Through vale and forest green,  
And then no haughty pale faces,  
Upon their lands were seen ;



~~~~~  
But now they come to drive us back,  
Metamora will not go,  
He'll die where his brave fathers lived,  
A long time ago.

Then warriors free by rock and tree,  
Their noble pastimes led,  
And happy wives the feast prepared,  
'Neath happy wigwam's shed.  
Then free around the council fire,  
The words of truth they spoke,  
Then pass'd the calumet of peace,  
And hallow'd was the smoke ;  
Now white men drive their children  
far,  
Metamora will not go,  
He'll die where his brave fathers died,  
A long time ago.

---

AWAY! MY GALLANT PAGE, AWAY!

AWAY! my gallant page, away!  
The clarion sounds afar ;  
I see the victor's proud array  
Returning from the war.  
The heroes throng the shining strand,  
Thy valiant lord is there ;  
And thou shalt from his lady's hand  
The promised greeting bear ;

~~~~~  
Then gallop away, my young and  
brave,  
The welcome call obey,  
And merrily speed thy eager steed,  
My gallant boy, away !

Away, and meet my warrior love !  
The joyous shout is high  
O'er vale and mountain, dale and grove,  
And echo joins the cry.  
Oh ! say, that from his native tower  
I watch, o'er hill and plain,  
The triumphs of the happy hour  
That brings him home again.  
Then gallop away, &c.

---

### HIGHLAND MARY.

YE banks and braes and streams around,  
The castle of Montgomery ;  
Green be your woods, and fair your  
flowers,  
Your waters never drumlie,  
There simmer first unfaulds her robes,  
And there they longest tarry ;  
For there I took the last farewell,  
O' my sweet Highland Mary.

~~~~~  
How sweetly bloomed the gay green  
birk,

How rich the hawthorn's blossom,  
As underneath their fragrant shade,  
I clasped her to my bosom !  
The golden hours on angel's wings,  
Flew o'er me and my dearie ;  
For dear to me as light and life,  
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' monie a vow and locked embrace,  
Our parting was fu' tender,  
And pledging aft to meet again,  
We tore ourselves asunder.  
But oh ! fell death's untimely frost,  
That nipt my friend sae early,  
Now green's the sod, and cauld the  
clay,  
That wraps my Highland Mary.

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips,  
I oft hae kissed so fondly !  
I've los'd for aye the sparkling glance,  
That dwelt on me so kindly !  
Ah ! mouldering now in silent dust,  
The heart that lo'ed me dearly !  
But still within my bosom's core,  
Shall live my Highland Mary.

~~~~~  
BONNY BUNCH OF ROSES.

By the border of the ocean,  
One morning in the month of June,  
For to hear those warlike songsters,  
Their cheerful notes and sweetly tune,  
I overheard a female talking,  
Who seemed to be in grief and wo,  
Conversing with young Bonaparte,  
Concerning the bonny bunch of roses,  
oh.

Then up steps young Napoleon,  
And takes his mother by the hand,  
Saying mother dear have patience,  
Until I am able to command,  
Then I will take an army,  
Through tremendous dangers I will go,  
In spite of all the universe,  
I will conquer the bonny bunch of roses,  
oh.

The first time that I saw young Bona-  
parte,  
Down on his bended knees fell he,  
He asked the pardon of his father,  
Who granted it most mournfully,  
Dear son, he said, I'll take an army,  
And over the frozen Alps will go,

~~~~~  
Then I will conquer Moscow,  
And return to the bonny bunch of roses,  
oh.

He took five hundred thousand men,  
With kings likewise to bear his train,  
He was so well provided for,  
That he could sweep this world alone.  
But when he came to Moscow,  
He was overpowered by the driven  
snow,  
When Moscow was a blazing,  
So he lost his bonny bunch of roses, oh.

Oh son don't speak so venturesome,  
For in England are the hearts of oak,  
There is England, Ireland, Scotland,  
Their unity never was broke.  
Oh son think on thy father,  
On the isle of St. Helena, his body lies  
low,  
And you must soon follow after him,  
So beware of the bonny bunch of roses,  
oh.

Now do believe my dearest mother,  
Now I lie on my dying bed,  
If I had lived I would been clever,  
But now I droop my youthful head.

~~~~~  
 But whilst our bodies lie mould'ring,  
 And weeping willows over our bodies  
     grow,  
 The deeds of great Napoleon,  
 Shall sting the bonny bunch of roses,  
     oh.

---

O! 'TIS LOVE! 'TIS LOVE!

O! 'tis love! 'tis love! 'tis love!  
     From woman's bright eye glancing;  
 O! 'tis love! 'tis love! 'tis love!  
     Every heart entrancing.  
 What claims the monarch's duty?  
     What soothes the peasant's pain?  
 What melts the haughty beauty,  
     And conquers her disdain?  
                             O! 'tis love! &c

O! 'tis love! 'tis love! 'tis love!  
     The warrior doth inspire,  
 O! 'tis love! 'tis love! 'tis love!  
     That kindles soft desire.  
 On rocks or lonely mountains,  
     In palaces or vales,  
 In gay saloons near fountains,  
     'Tis love alone prevails,  
                             O! 'tis love. &c

## THE PILGRIM OF LOVE.

A HERMIT who dwells in the solitudes  
cross'd me

As wayworn and faint up the moun-  
tain I press'd ;

The aged man paus'd on his staff to  
accost me,

And proffered his cell as my man-  
sion of rest.

Ah ! nay, courteous father, onward I  
rove,

No rest but the grave for the pilgrim  
of love,

For the pilgrim of love, for the pilgrim  
of love,

No rest but the grave for the pilgrim  
of love

Yet tarry, my son, 'till the burning  
noon passes,

Let boughs of the lemon tree shelter  
thy head ;

The juice of ripe muscatel flow in my  
giasses,

And rushes fresh pull'd for siesta are  
spread.

~~~~~  
Ah! nay, courteous father, onward I  
rove,  
No rest but the grave for the pilgrim  
of love,  
For the pilgrim of love, for the pilgrim  
of love.  
No rest but the grave for the pilgrim  
of love.

---

## MY SISTER DEAR.

My sister dear, o'er this rude cheek,  
Oft I've felt the tear-drop stealing,  
When those mute looks have told the  
feeling,  
Heav'n denied thy tongue to speak;  
And thou hast comfort in that tear,  
Shed for thee, my sister dear.

And now, alas! I weep alone,  
By thee, my youth's dear friend, for-  
saken,  
'Mid thoughts that darkest fears  
awaken,  
Trembling for thy fate unknown;  
And vainly flows the bitter tear,  
Shed for thee, my sister dear.



## START NOT, FAIR LADY.

LIST thee, dear lady, oh, listen, I pray ;  
In life's early seasons, love is the lay,  
A young knight there came to his lady  
    love's bower,  
He touch'd his guitar, he sang of love's  
    power ;  
He was another's—ah ! there was the  
    sting.

Start not, fair lady, another I sing.

Unknown was the night, and no one  
    could say,  
From whence he had come, or whither  
    his way ;  
Disguise he assumed, he hovered  
    around,  
She was the charm that his bosom had  
    found ;  
E'en in her chamber his love notes  
    they ring.

Start not, fair lady, another I sing

Past vows are forgotten, 'tis seen in  
    her eyes,  
'Tis told in her blush, 'tis breath'd in  
    her sighs ;

~~~~~  
The young knight is urgent, love is the  
tale—

Love over reason too oft will prevail,  
Her thoughts are all his—to a brigand  
they cling.

Start not, fair lady, another I sing

---

YOUNG EDWARD THE GALLANT  
HUSSAR.

A DAMSEL possess'd of great beauty,  
She stood by her own father's gate  
The gallant hussars were on duty,  
To view them this maiden did wait.  
Their horses were capering and prancing,  
Their accoutrements shone like a star  
From the plains they were nearer  
advancing,  
She espied her young gallant hussar.

Their pellices were slung o'er their  
shoulders,  
So careless they seem'd for to ride;  
So warlike appeared those young  
soldiers,  
With glittering swords by their sides.

~~~~~  
To the barracks next morning so early,  
This damsel she went in her car,  
Because that she loved him sincerely—  
Young Edward, the gallant Hussar.

It was there she conversed with her  
soldier,  
These words they were heard for to  
say—

Said Jane "I've a heart none more  
bolder,

For to follow my laddy awa."

"Oh, fie?" said young Edward, "be  
steady,

And think of the dangers of war,  
When the trumpet sounds I must be  
ready,

So wed not your gallant Hussar."

"For twelve months on bread and cold  
water,

My parents confined me for you,  
Oh, hard-hearted friends to their daugh-  
ter,

Whose heart it is loyal and true,  
Unless they confine me for ever,  
Or banish me from you afar,

I will follow my soldier so clever,  
To wed with my gallant Hussar."

Said Edward, "your friends you must  
mind them,  
Or else you are for ever undone,  
They will leave you no portion behind  
them,

So pray do my company shun."  
She said, "if you will be true-hearted,  
I have gold of my uncle's in store,  
From this time no more we'll be parted,  
I will wed with my gallant Hussar "

As he gazed on each beautiful feature,  
The tears they did fall from each eye,  
"I will wed with this beautiful creature,  
To forsake cruel war he did cry."

So now they're united together,  
Friends think of them now they're  
afar,

Crying, "heaven bless them now and  
for ever,  
Young Jane and her gallant hussar."



## THE IRISH HARPER AND HIS DOG.

On the green banks of Shannon, when  
Shelah was nigh,  
No blithe Irish lad was so happy as I;  
No harp like my own could so cheerily  
play,  
And wherever I went was my poor  
dog, Tray.

When, at last, I was forced from my  
Shelah to part,  
She said, (while the sorrow was big at  
her heart,)  
“ Oh ! remember your Shelah when  
far, far away,  
And be kind, my dear Pat, to our poor  
dog, Tray.”

Poor dog ! he was faithful and kind, to  
be sure,  
And he constantly loved me, although  
I was poor.  
When the sour-looking folks sent me  
heartless away,  
I had always a friend in my poor dog,  
Tray.

~~~~~  
When the road was so dark, and the  
    night was so cold,  
And Pat and his dog were grown weary  
    and old,  
How snugly we slept in my old coat  
    of gray!—  
And he licked me for kindness—my  
    poor dog, Tray.

Though my wallet was scant, I remem-  
    ber'd his case,  
Nor refused my last crust to his pitiful  
    face,  
But he died at my feet on a cold  
    winter's day,  
And I play'd a sad lament for my poor  
    dog, Tray.

Where now shall I go—poor, forsaken,  
    and blind?  
Can I find one to guide me—so faithful  
    and kind—  
To my sweet native village—so far, far  
    away—  
I can never more return with my poor  
    dog, Tray.

## ARAB STEED.

O GIVE me but my Arab steed, a shield  
and falchion bright,  
And I will to the battle speed, to save  
him in the fight :

His noble crest I'll proudly wear, and  
gird his scarf around ;

But I must to the field repair, but I  
must to the field repair—

For hark ! the trumpets sound ! hark !  
hark ! hark ! the trumpets sound

O give me but my Arab steed,  
A shield and falchion bright,  
And I will to the battle speed,  
To save him in the fight.

Oh ! with my Arab steed I'll go, to  
brave the embattled plain :

Where warriors brave their valour  
show, and drain each noble vein ;

His brow, that oft the battle braves,  
with fadeless laurels crown'd,

Shall guide me where his falchion  
waves, shall guide me where, &c.

But hark ! the trumpets sound ! hark .  
hark ! hark ! the trumpets sound !

O give me but my Arab steed, &c.

## JESSIE, THE FLOWER O' DUMBLANE.

THE sun has gane down o'er the lofty  
Benlomond,  
And left the red clouds to preside  
o'er the scene,  
While lanely I stray in the calm simmer  
gloaming,  
To muse on sweet Jessie, the flower  
o' Dumblane.

How sweet is the brier wi' its soft  
faulding blossom,  
And sweet is the birk wi' its mantle  
o' green,  
Yet sweeter, an' fairer, and dear to my  
bosom,  
Is lovely young Jessie, the flower  
o' Dumblane,  
Is lovely young Jessie, is lovely  
young Jessie,  
Is lovely young Jessie, the flower o'  
Dumblane.

She's modest as ony, an' blythe as she's  
bonny,  
For guileless simplicity marks her  
its ain;



~~~~~  
An' far be the villain, divested o' feeling,  
Wha'd blight in its blossom the sweet  
flower o' Dumblane.

Sing on, thou sweet mavis, thy hymn  
to the e'ening,  
Thou'rt dear to the echoes o' Calder-  
wood glen,  
Sae dear to this bosom, sae artless and  
winning,  
Is charming young Jessie the flower  
o' Dumblane.

How lost were my days till I met wi'  
my Jessie,  
The sports o' the city seem'd foolish  
and vain  
I ne'er saw a nymph I would ca' my  
dear lassie,  
Till charm'd wi' sweet Jessie, the  
flower o' Dumblane.

Tho' mine were the station o' loftiest  
grandeur,  
Amidst its profusion I'd languish in  
pain,  
An reckon as naething the height o' its  
splendour,  
If wanting sweet Jessie, the flower  
o' Dumblane.

## THEY MET BUT ONCE.

THEY met but once, in youth's sweet  
hour,

And never since that day  
Hath absence, time, or grief had power  
To chase that dream away.

They've seen the suns of other skies,  
On other shores have sought delight ;  
But never more to bless their eyes  
Can come a dream so bright.

They met but once—a day was all  
Of love's young hopes they knew,  
And still their hearts that day recall  
As fresh as then it flew.

Sweet dream of youth!—oh ne'er  
again

Let either meet the brow  
They left so smooth and smiling then,  
Or see what it is now.

For, youth, the spell was only thine,  
From thee alone th' enchantment  
flows,  
That makes the world around thee shine  
With light thyself bestow.

~~~~~  
They met but once—oh, ne'er, again  
Let either meet the brow  
They left so smooth and smiling then  
Or see what it is now

---

## BONNIE DOON.

YE banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,  
How can ye bloom sae fresh and  
fair ?  
How can ye chaunt, ye little birds,  
And I sae weary, fu' o' care ?  
Thoul't break my heart, thou warbling  
bird,  
That wanton'st through the flowery  
thorn ;  
Thou mind'st me of departed joys,  
Departed, never to return.

Oft have I roved by bonnie Doon.  
To see the rose and woodbine twine—  
And ilka bird sang o' its love,  
And fondly sae did I o' mine :  
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,  
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree—  
And my fause lover staw my rose,  
But, ah ! he left the thorn wi' me

## THE BONNY BOAT.

SWIFTLY glides the bonny boat,  
Just parted from the shore,  
And to the fisher's chorus note,  
Soft moves the dripping oar.  
These toils are borne with happy cheer,  
And ever may they speed,  
That feeble age and helpmate dear,  
And tender bairnies feed,  
We cast our lines in Largo bay,  
Our nets are floating wide,  
Our bonny boat with yielding sway  
Rocks lightly on the tide;  
And happy prove our daily lot,  
Upon the summer sea,  
And blest on land, our kindly cot,  
Where all our treasures be.

The mermaid on her rock may sing,  
The witch may weave her charm,  
But water sprite nor eldrich thing  
The bonny boat can harm;  
It safely bears its scaly store  
Through many a stormy gale,  
While joyful shouts rise from the shore.  
Its homeward prow to hail.  
We cast our lines in Largo bay, &c

## JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO

JOHN ANDERSON, my jo, John,  
When we were first acquaint,  
Your locks were like the raven, John,  
Your bonnie brow was brent !  
But now your head's turn'd bald, John,  
Your locks are like the snow—  
Yet, blessings on your frosty pow,  
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,  
When nature first began  
To try her cannie hand, John,  
Her master-work was man ;  
And you amang them a,' John,  
Sae trig frae tap to toe,  
She proved to be nae journey-wark,  
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,  
Ye were my first conceit ;  
And ye need na think it strange, John,  
Though I ca' ye trim and neat :  
Though some folks say ye're auld,  
John,  
I never think ye so,  
But I think ye're aye the same to me,  
John Anderson, my jo.

~~~~~  
John Anderson, my jo, John,  
    We've seen our bairns' bairns,  
And yet, my dear John Anderson,  
    I'm happy in your arms ;  
And sae are ye in mine, John—  
    I'm sure ye'll ne'er say no—  
Though the days are gane that we have  
    seen,  
    John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,  
    What pleasure does it gie,  
To see so many sprouts, John,  
    Spring up 'tween you and me :  
And ilka lad and lass, John,  
    In our footsteps to go,  
Make perfect heaven here on earth,  
    John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,  
    Frae year to year we've past ;  
And soon that year maun come, John,  
    Will bring us to our last ;  
But let na' that affright us, John,  
    Our hearts were ne'er our foe,  
While in innocent delight we've lived,  
    John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,  
    We clamb the hill thegither,

~~~~~  
And monie a cantie day, John,  
    We've had wi' ane anither:  
Now we maun totter down, John,  
    But hand in hand we'll go,  
And we'll sleep thegither at the foot,  
    John Anderson, my jo.

---

## THE BLOOM IS ON THE RYE

My pretty Jane ! my pretty Jane !  
    Ah ! never, never look so shy ;  
But meet me, meet me in the evening,  
    While the bloom is on the rye.  
Spring is waning fast, my love,  
    The corn is in the ear ;  
The summer nights are coming, love,  
    The moon shines bright and clear :  
Then, pretty Jane ! my dearest Jane !  
    &c.

But name the day—the wedding day,  
    And I will buy the ring ;  
The lads and maids in favours white,  
    And village bells shall ring.  
    Spring is waning fast, my love, &c.



## BRUCE'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,  
Scots, wham Bruce has often led,  
Welcome to your gory bed,  
Or to glorious victory.  
Now's the day, and now's the hour ;  
See the front of battle lour !  
See approach proud Edward's power !  
Edward ! chains ! and slavery !

Wha will be a traitor knave ?  
Wha will fill a coward's grave ?  
Wha sae base as be a slave ?  
Traitor ! coward ! turn and flee  
Wha for Scotland's king and law,  
Freeman's sword will freely draw ?  
Freeman stand, or freeman fa'—  
Caledonians, on wi' me.

By oppression, woes, and pains,  
By your sons in servile chains,  
We will drain our dearest veins,  
But they shall be—shall be free  
Lay the proud usurpers low—  
Tyrants fall in every foe :  
Liberty's in every blow—  
Forward ! let us do or die !



## THE MISLETOE BOUGH

THE misletoe hung in the castle hall,  
The holly branch shone on the old oak  
wall,  
And the baron's retainers were blithe  
and gay,  
And keeping their Christmas holyday;  
The baron beheld with a father's pride,  
His beautiful child, young Lovell's  
bride.

While she with her bright eyes seem'd  
to be

The star of that goodly company.

Oh! the misletoe bough! Oh  
the misletoe bough!

"I'm weary of dancing now," she  
cried;

"Here tarry a moment—I'll hide, I'll  
hide:

And Lovell, be sure thou'rt the first  
to trace

The clue to my secret lurking place."

Away she ran, and her friends began  
Each tower to search, and each nook  
to scan;

~~~~~  
And young Lovell cried, "O where  
dost thou hide?"

I'm lonesome without thee, my own  
dear bride."

Oh, the misletoe bough:

They sought her that night and they  
sought her next day,

And they sought her in vain, when a  
week pass'd away:

In the highest—the lowest—the lone-  
liest spot,

Young Lovell sought wildly, but found  
her not,

And years flew by; and their grief, at  
last,

Was told as a sorrowful tale long past;  
And when Lovell appeared the children  
cried,

' See the old man weeps for his fairy  
bride."

Oh, the misletoe bough:

At length an oak chest that had long  
lain hid,

Was found in the castle—they raised  
the lid,

~~~~~  
And a skeleton form lay mouldering  
there,  
In the bridal wreath of the lady fair ;  
Oh, sad was her fate : in sportive jest  
She hid from her lord in the old oak  
chest ;  
It closed with a spring :—and her bri-  
dal bloom,  
Lay withering there in a lonely tomb '  
Oh, the misletoe bough.

---

## COME, OH ! COME WITH ME

COME, oh come with me, the moon is  
beaming ;  
Come, oh come with me, the stars are  
gleaming ;  
All around, above, with beauty teeming ;  
Moonlight hours are meet for love.  
Tra la la la la la la.

My skiff is on the shore, she's light and  
free ;  
To ply the feathered oar is joy to me ;  
And while we glide along, my song  
shall be,  
My dearest maid, I love but thee.  
Tra la la la la la la

## ROB ROY MACGREGOR.

*AIR—Duncan Gray.*

PARDON now the bold outlaw,  
Rob Roy Macgregor, O !  
Grant him mercy, gentles a',  
Rob Roy Macgregor, O !  
Let your hands and hearts agree  
Set the Highland laddie free,  
Make us sing with muckle glee,  
Rob Roy Macgregor O !

Long the state has doom'd his fa',  
Rob Roy Macgregor, O !  
Still he spurn'd the hateful law,  
Rob Roy Macgregor, O !  
Scots can for their country die ;  
Ne'er for Britain's foes they flee,  
A' that's past forget—forgi'e,  
Rob Roy Macgregor, O !

Scotland's fear and Scotland's pride,  
Rob Roy Macgregor O !  
Your award must now abide,  
Rob Roy Macgregor, O !  
Lang your favours hae been mine,  
Favors I will ne'er resign,  
Welcome then for auld lang syne,  
Rob Roy Macgregor, O !

## THE PIRATE'S SERENADE.

My boat's by the tower, my bark's in  
the bay,

And both must be gone ere the dawn  
of the day.

The moon's in her shroud, but to guide  
thee a-far,

On the deck of the Daring's a love  
lighted star.

Then wake lady, wake, I am waiting  
for thee,

And this night or never my bride thou  
shalt be.

Then wake lady, wake, I am waiting  
for thee,

And this night or never my bride thou  
shalt be.

Forgive my rough mood, unaccustomed  
to sue,

I woo not perhaps as your land lovers  
woo,

My voice has been turned to the notes  
of the gun,

That startle the deep, when the com  
bat's begun ;

~~~~~  
And heavy and hard is the grasp of  
that hand

Whose glove has been ever the guard  
of the band.

But think not of these and this moment  
be mine,

And the plume of the proudest shall  
lower to thine.

One hundred shall serve, the best of  
the brave,

And the Chief of a thousand shall kneel  
to thy slave,

And thou shalt reign Queen, and thine  
empire shall last,

Till the red flag by inches is torn from  
the mast.

Oh, islands there are on the face of the  
deep,

Where the leaves never fade and the  
skies never weep,

And there if thou wilt, our love bowers  
shall be

When we leave for the green-wood,  
our home on the sea.

And there thou shalt sing of the deeds  
that were done,

~~~~~  
When we loosed the last blast, and the  
last battle won,  
Ah! haste love, haste, for the fair  
breezes blow,  
And my ocean bird poises her pinions  
of snow.  
Now fast to the lattice these silken  
cords twine,  
They are meet for such feet and fingers  
as thine.  
The signal, my mates, ho! hurrah! for  
the sea,  
This night, and forever, my bride thou  
shalt be.

---

ALL BY THE SHADY GREENWOOD  
TREE.

ALL by the shady greenwood tree,  
The merry, merry archers roam;  
Jovial and bold, and ever free,  
They tread their woodland home;  
Roving beneath the moon's soft light,  
Or in the thick embowering shade,  
Listening the tale, with dear delight,  
Of a wandering sylvan maid.  
All by the shady, &c.

~~~~~  
•  
COME, COME, SOLDIERS COME !

COME, come, soldiers come !  
Hark ! 'tis the sound of the rolling drum  
Come, come, soldiers come,  
Hear ye the rolling drum.  
When duty calls we'll all obey,  
'Tis glory summons us away,  
And honour will our toils repay,  
Come, brother soldiers, come !  
Come, come, soldiers come !  
Hark ! 'tis the sound of the rolling  
drum.

Come, come, soldiers come,  
Hear ye the rolling drum.

With gallant hearts and ever, ever  
ready hand,  
For God and for his home and native  
land,  
The valiant, valiant soldier gladly will  
obey,  
The sacred call that summons him  
away.

Come, come, soldiers come,  
Hark 'tis the sound of the rolling drum  
Come, come, soldiers come,  
Hear ye the rolling drum.



~~~~~  
And when, and when the angry<sup>d</sup> strife  
of battles done,  
'Neath freedom's flag the glorious vic-  
tory's won  
Returning peace, returning peace all  
care beguiles,  
And beauty greets him with her sweet-  
est smiles.  
Come, come, soldiers come!  
Hark! 'tis the sound of the rolling  
drum.  
Come, come, soldiers come,  
Hear ye the rolling drum.

---

#### DRAW THE SWORD, SCOTLAND.

DRAW the sword, Scotland! Scotland!  
Scotland!  
O'er moor and o'er mountain hath  
pass'd the war sign;  
The pibroch is pealing, pealing, peal-  
ing,  
Who heeds not the summons is nae  
son o' thine.  
The clans they are gathering, gathering,  
gathering,  
The clans they are gathering, by  
loch and by lea:

~~~~~  
The banners they are flying, flying,  
flying,

The banners they are flying, that  
lead to victory.

Draw the sword, Scotland ! Scotland !  
Scotland !

Charge as ye have charged in days  
lang syne.

Sound to the onset ! onset ! onset !

He who but falters is nae son o' thine !

Sheathe the sword, Scotland ! Scotland !

Sheathe the sword, Scotland ! for  
dimmed is its shine.

Thy foemen are flying, flying, flying,  
And who kens nae mercy is nae son  
o' thine.

The struggle is over, over, over,

The struggle is over, the victory  
won :

There are tears for the fallen, fallen,  
fallen,

And glory for all who their duty have  
done.

Sheathe the sword, Scotland ! Scotland !  
Scotland !

With thy loved thistle new laurels  
entwine :

~~~~~  
Time ne'er shall part them, part them,  
part them,  
But hand down the garland to each  
son o' thine.

---

## THE HIGHLAND MINSTREL BOY.

I HAE wander'd mony a night in June,  
Along the banks of Clyde,  
Beneath a bright and bonnie moon,  
Wi' Mary at my side ;  
As summer was she to mine e'e,  
And to my heart a joy,  
And well she loo'd to roam wi' me,  
Her Highland minstrel boy.  
I hae wandered, &c.

Oh ! her presence could on every star  
New brilliancy confer,  
And I thought the flowers were sweeter  
far  
When they were seen with her.  
Her brow was calm as sleeping sea,  
Her glance was full o' joy,  
And oh ! her heart was true to me,  
Her Highland minstrel boy.  
Oh ! her presence, &c.

~~~~~  
I hae play'd to ladies fair and gay,  
In many a southron hall,  
But there is one far—far away,  
A world above them all.  
And now, though weary years have  
fled,  
I think, with mournful joy,  
Upon the day when Mary wed  
Her Highland minstrel boy.  
I hae play'd to ladies, &c

---

### HARK! THE CONVENT BELLS

HARK! the Convent bells are ringing.  
And the nuns are sweetly singing,  
Holy Father, hear our prayer;  
Holy Father hear our prayer.  
See the Novice comes to sever  
Every worldly tie for ever,  
Take, oh, take her to your care,  
Take, oh, take her to your care,  
Still radiant gleams are shining,  
Her jet black locks are twining,  
And her robes around her flowing,  
With sunny tints are glowing,  
But all earthly rays are dim,  
But all earthly rays are dim.  
Splendors brighter now invite her,

~~~~~  
While thus we chant, we chant our  
vesper hymn,  
While thus we chant, we chant our  
vesper hymn, our vesper hymn, &c

Now the lovely maid is kneeling,  
With uplifted eyes appealing,  
Holy Father, hear her prayer ;  
Holy Father hear her prayer.  
See the Abbess bending o'er her,  
Breathes the sacred vow before her,  
Take, oh, take her to your care,  
Take, oh, take her to your care,  
Her form no more possesses  
Those dark luxuriant tresses,  
The solemn words are spoken,  
Each earthly link is broken,  
But all earthly joys are dim,  
But all earthly rays are dim.  
Splendors brighter now invite her,  
While thus we chant, we chant our  
vesper hymn,  
While thus we chant, we chant our  
vesper hymn, our vesper hymn, &c.



## WE MET.

WE met! 'twas in a crowd, and I  
thought he would shun me ;  
He came ! I could not breathe, for his  
eye was upon me !  
He spoke ! his words were cold, and  
his smile was unalter'd ;  
I knew how much he felt, for his deep-  
toned voice falter'd.

I wore my bridal robe, and I rivalled  
its whiteness ;  
Bright gems were in my hair, how I  
hated their brightness !  
He call'd me by name, as the bride of  
another ;  
Oh ! thou hast been the cause of this  
anguish—my mother !

And once again we met, and a fair girl  
was near him ;  
He smil'd and whisper'd low, as I once  
used to hear him ;  
She leant upon his arm—once 'twas  
mine, and mine only !  
I wept !—for I deserv'd to feel wretched  
and lonely.

~~~~~  
And she will be his bride ! at the altar  
he'll give her  
The love that was too pure for a heart-  
less deceiver.  
The world may think me gay, for my  
feelings I smother ;  
Oh ! thou hast been the cause of this  
anguish—my mother !

---

• I HAVE COME FROM A HAPPY LAND.

I HAVE come from a happy land,  
Where care is unknown,  
I have parted a merry band,  
To make thee mine own.  
Haste, haste, fly with me,  
Where Love's banquet waits for thee ;  
Thine its sweets shall be,  
Thine, thine alone.

The summer has its heavy cloud,  
The rose-leaf will fall ;  
But in our home joy wears no shroud,  
Never does it pall,  
Each new morning ray,  
Leaves no sigh for yesterday,  
No smile pass'd away,  
Would we recall.

~~~~~  
Is trouble on thy youthful brow,  
Sorrow on thy soul?  
O heed them not who for thee now  
Wreath the midnight bowl.  
There you'll seek in vain  
For a balm to banish pain:  
Nought your lip can drain  
Will grief control.

But the touch of a gentle hand  
Trouble can remove,  
And pain will cease when lightly fanned  
By the breath of love.  
And when fond hearts beat,  
Together, sorrow must retreat,  
Touch'd by music meet  
For realms above.

Then hence to the happy land,  
Where care is unknown,  
And first in a merry band,  
I'll make thee mine own;  
Haste! haste! fly with me,  
For love's banquet waits for thee.  
Thine its sweets shall be,  
And thine alone.





## HOURS THERE WERE.

HOURS there were, to mem'ry dearer,  
Than the sun-bright scenes of day :  
Friends were dearer, joys were nearer,  
But alas, they've fled away.

Oh ! 'twas when the moonlight play-  
ing,

O'er the valley's silent grove,  
Told the blissful hour for straying,  
With my fond, my silent love.

Oft when ev'ning faded mildly,  
O'er the wave our bark would rove ;  
Then we've heard the night-bird wildly,  
Breathe his vesper tale of love.

Songs like his, my love would sing  
me,

Songs that warble round me yet ;

Ah ! but where does mem'ry bring  
me,

Scenes like those I must forget.

But in dreams let love be near me,  
With the joys that bloomed before ;  
Slumb'ring then 'twill sweetly cheer  
me,

Calm to live my pleasures o'er ;

~~~~~  
Then perhaps some hope may waken,  
In this heart deprest with care,  
And like flowers in vale forsaken,  
Live a lonely beauty there.

---

### THE CRACOVIAN MAID.

FAREWELL, farewell my peaceful vale,  
Where oft in infancy I've rovd,  
And listen'd to the joyous tale,  
Of those I dearly lov'd.  
The lattice porch with ivy clad,  
The rippling stream and flow'ry glade,  
In mem'ry now alone must glad,  
The poor Cracovian maid,  
The poor Cracovian maid,  
The poor Cracovian maid.

Farewell, farewell dear village church,  
Where oft in prayer I've joined the  
    throng,  
And chanted with a cheerful voice,  
My gratitude in song.  
The setting sun, the vesper bell,  
Have faded like a passing shade,  
And seems to sound a parting knell:  
To the poor Cracovian maid, &c.

PADDY CAREY'S FORTUNE, OR, IRISH  
PROMOTION.

'Twas at the town of nate Clogheen  
That Sergeant Snap met Paddy  
Carey,  
A claner boy was never seen,  
Brisk as a bee, light as a fairy,  
His brawny shoulders four feet square,  
His cheeks like thumping red potatoes,  
His legs would make a chairman stare,  
And Pat was lov'd by all the ladies.  
Old and young, grave or sad,  
Deaf and dumb, dull or mad,  
Waddling, twaddling, limping, squinting  
Light, brisk and airy,  
All the sweet faces at Limerick races,  
From Mullinavat to Magherafelt,  
At Paddy's beautiful name would melt.  
And sows would cry,  
And look so shy,  
Ogh! Cushlamachree, did you never  
see,  
The jolly boy, the darling joy, the  
ladies' toy!

~~~~~  
Nimble footed, black ey'd, rosy  
cheek'd,  
Curly-headed Paddy Carey!  
Ogh, sweet Paddy, beautiful Paddy  
nate little, tight little Paddy Carey  
His heart was made of Irish oak,  
Yet soft as streams from sweet Kil  
larney,  
His tongue was tipt with a bit of the  
brogue,  
But the deuce a bit at all of the  
blarney!  
Now Sergeant Snap, so sly and keen,  
While Pat was coaxing duck-legg'd  
Mary,  
A shilling slipt so neat and clean,  
By the powers he listed Paddy Carey!  
Tight and sound, strong and light,  
Cheeks so round, eyes so bright,  
Whistling, humming, drinking, drum  
ming,  
Light, tight and airy.  
All the sweet faces, &c  
The sows wept loud, the crowd was  
great,  
When waddling forth came widow  
Leary

~~~~~  
Tho' she was crippled in her gait,  
Her brawny arms clasp'd Paddy  
Carey.

Ogh! Pat, she cried, go buy the ring,  
Here's cash galore my darling honey,  
Says Pat, you sowl, I'll do that thing,  
And clapt his thumb upon her  
money!

Gimlet eye, sausage nose,  
Pat so sly, ogle throws,  
Leering, titt'ring, jeering, fritt'ring,  
Sweet widow Leary.

All the sweet faces, &c

When Pat had thus his fortune made,  
He press'd the lips of mistress Leary,  
And mounting straight a large cockade,  
In captain's boots struts Paddy Carey!  
He grateful prais'd her shape, her back,  
To others like a dromedary;  
Her eyes, that seem'd their strings to  
crack

Were Cupid's darts to Captain Carey  
Neat and sweet—no alloy,  
All complete—love and joy,  
Ranting, roaring, soft, adoring,  
Dear widow Leary!

~~~~~

All the sweet faces at Limerick races,  
 From Mullinavat to Magherafelt,  
 At Paddy's promotion sigh and melt,  
 The sows all cry, as the groom  
       struts by,  
 "Ogh, Cushlamachree, thou art lost  
       to me!"

The jolly boy! the darling boy!  
 The ladies' toy! the widow's joy!  
 Longsword girted—neat short skirted—  
       head cropt—whisker chopp'd,  
 Captain Carey!  
 O! sweet Paddy!  
 Beautiful Paddy!  
 White feather'd—boot leather'd—  
       Paddy Carey.

—

### LOVE'S RITORNELLA

HE.

GENTLE Zitella, whither away?  
 Love's ritornella, list while I play

SHE.

No, I have lingered too long on my road,  
 Night is advancing, the brigand's abroad  
 Lonely Zitella has too much to fear;  
 Love's ritornella she may not hear

~~~~~  
HE.

Charming Zitella, why shouldst thou  
care,  
Night is not darker than thy raven  
hair!  
And those bright eyes, if the brigand  
should see,  
Thou art the robber, the captive is he!  
Gentle Zitella, banish thy fear,  
Love's ritornella, tarry and hear

SHE.

Simple Zitella, beware, ah beware!  
List ye no ditty, grant ye no prayer

HE.

To your light footsteps let terror add  
wings!  
'Tis Massaroni himself who now sings!  
Gentle Zitella, banish thy fear!  
Love's ritornella, tarry and hear!

\      ———  
LONG, LONG AGO

TELL me the tales that to me were so  
dear,  
Long, long a-go, long, long a-go,  
Sing me the songs I delighted to hear,  
Long, long a-go, long a-go.

~~~~~  
Now you are come, all my grief is re-  
moved,  
Let me forget that so long you have  
lov'd,  
Let me believe that you love as you  
lov'd,  
Long, long a-go, long a-go.

Do you remember the path where we  
met,  
Long, long a-go, long, long a-go?  
Ah, yes, you told me you ne'er would  
forget,  
Long, long a-go, long a-go.  
Then to all others my smile you pre-  
ferred,  
Love when you spoke gave a charm to  
each word,  
Still my heart treasures the praises I  
heard,  
Long, long a-go, long a-go.

Tho' by your kindness my fond hopes  
were rais'd,  
Long, long a-go, long, long a-go.  
You, by more eloquent lips have been  
praised,  
Long, long a-go, long a-go



~~~~~  
But by long absence your truth has  
    been tried,  
Still to your accents I listen with pride,  
Blest as I was when I sat by your side,  
    Long, long a-go, long a-go

---

## THE KISS.

THE kiss, dear maid, thy lips have left,  
    Shall never part from mine,  
Till happier hours restore the gift  
    Untainted back to thine.  
The parting glance that fondly gleams,  
    An equal love may see,  
The tear that from the eyelid streams  
    Can weep no change in me.  
                    The kiss, &c

I ask no pledge to make me blest,  
    In gazing when alone ;  
No one memorial for a breast,  
    Whose thoughts were all thine own  
By day or night, in weal or woe,  
    That heart no longer free,  
Must bear the love 't cannot show,  
    And silent ache for thee.  
                    The kiss, &c.

---

**WITH HELMET ON HIS BROW.**

WITH helmet on his brow, and sabre  
on his thigh,  
The soldier mounts his gallant steed  
to conquer or to die ;  
His plume, like a pennon, streams on  
the wanton summer wind,  
In the path of glory still that white  
plume shalt thou find ;  
Then let the trumpet's blast to the bra-  
zen drum reply,  
" A soldier must with honour live, or at  
once with honour die."

O bright as his own good sword, a sol-  
dier's fame must be,  
And pure as the plume that floats  
above his helm, so white and free.  
No fear in his heart must dwell, but  
the dread that shame may throw  
One spot upon that blade so bright, one  
stain on that plume of snow ;  
Then let the trumpet's blast to the bra-  
zen drum reply,  
" A soldier must with honour live, or at  
once with honour die "

## I'VE BEEN ROAMING

I've been roaming, I've been roaming,  
Where the meadow dew is sweet,  
And I'm coming, and I'm coming,  
With its pearls upon my feet.

I've been roaming, I've been roaming,  
O'er the rose and lily fair,  
And I'm coming, and I'm coming,  
With the blossoms in my hair.

I've been roaming, I've been roaming,  
Where the meadow dew is sweet,  
And I'm coming, and I'm coming,  
With its pearls upon my feet.

I've been roaming, I've been roaming,  
Where the honey-suckle creeps,  
And I'm coming, and I'm coming,  
With its kisses on my lips.

I've been roaming, I've been roaming,  
Over hill and over plain,  
And I'm coming, and I'm coming,  
To my bower back again.

## SONG OF THE FREE.

From valley and mountain, from hill-  
top and glen,

What shouts through the air are  
rebounding ;

And echo is sending the sounds back  
again,

And loud thro' the air they are  
sounding,

And loud thro' the air they are sounding.

And if you ask what those joyous  
strains,

'Tis the, 'tis the songs of bondmen now  
bursting their chains.

And who through our nation is waging  
the fight,

What host from the battle is flying :

Our true-hearted freemen maintain the  
right,

And the monster intemp'rance is  
dying ;

And the monster intemp'rance is dying ;

And if you ask what you there be-  
hold,

'Tis the, 'tis the army of temp'rance,  
the free and the bold.

~~~~~  
Too long has the monster triumphantly  
    reigned,  
    Too long in his chains has enslaved us;  
To freedom awaking, no longer en-  
    chained,  
    The goddess of temp'rance has saved  
    us,  
The goddess of temp'rance has saved  
    us;  
    And if you ask what has made us  
    free,  
'Tis the, 'tis the pledge that gave us our  
    liberty.

From valley and mountain, from hill-  
    top and glen,  
    What shouts through the air are  
    rebounding;  
And echo is sending the sounds back  
    again,  
    And loud thro' the air they are  
    sounding,  
And loud thro' the air they are sounding  
    And if you ask what those joyous  
    strains,  
'Tis the, 'tis the songs of bondmen now  
    bursting their chains.

## A CANADIAN BOAT SONG.

FAINTLY as tolls the evening chime,  
Our voices keep tune, and our oars  
keep time

Soon as the woods on shore look dim,  
We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting  
hymn!

Row, brothers, row, the stream runs  
fast,  
The rapids are near and the daylight's  
past.

Why should we yet our sail unfurl?  
There is not a breath the blue wave to  
curl

But when the wind blows off the shore,  
Oh, sweetly, we'll rest our weary oar.  
Blow, breezes, blow, &c.

Utáwas tide! this trembling moon  
Shall see us float o'er thy surges soon.  
Saint of this green Isle! hear our  
prayer,  
Grant us cool heavens and favoring air!  
Blow, breezes, blow, &c

## CROOS-KEEN LAWN.

LET the farmer praise his grounds,  
As the huntsman does his hounds,  
And the shepherd his sweet-scented  
lawn,

While I more blest than they,  
Spend each happy night and day  
With my smiling little Croos-keen  
lawn, lawn, lawn,  
Oh, my smiling little Croos-keen  
lawn.

Leante ruma Croos-keen  
Sleante gar ma voor meh neen  
Agus gramachree ma cooleen ban, ban,  
ban,

Agus gramachree ma cooleen ban

In court with manly grace,  
Should Sir Toby plade his case,  
And the merits of his cause make  
known,

Without his cheerful glass,  
He'd be stupid as an ass,  
So he takes a little Croos-keen lawn  
Leante ruma, &c

Then fill your glasses high,  
Let's not part with lips so dry,

~~~~~  
 Though the lark should proclaim it  
     is dawn ;  
 But if we can't remain,  
 May we shortly meet again,  
     To fill another Croos-keen lawn.  
                     Leante ruma, &c

And when grim death appears,  
 After few but happy years,  
     And tells me my glass it is run,  
 I'll say, begone you slave,  
 For great Bacchus gives me lave  
     Just to fill another Croos-keen lawn  
                     Leante ruma, &c

---

### COME O'ER THE SEA.

AIR.—*Cuisthíh ma cree.*

Come o'er the sea,  
 Maiden ! with me,  
 Mine thro' sunshine, storm, and  
     snows !  
 Seasons may roll,  
 But the true soul  
     Burns the same, where'er it goes.  
 Let fate frown on, so we love and part  
     not ;  
 'Tis life where *thou* art, 'tis death  
     where thou art not.



~~~~~  
Then come o'er the sea,  
Maiden! with me,  
Come wherever the wild wind blows  
Seasons may roll,  
But the true soul  
Burns the same, where'er it goes.

Is not the sea  
Made for the free?  
Land, for courts and chains alone?  
Here we are slaves;  
But on the waves,  
Love and liberty's all our own!  
No eye to watch, and no tongue to  
wound us  
All earth forgot, and all Heav'n around  
us!

Then come o'er the sea,  
Maiden! with me,  
Come wherever the wild wind blows.  
Seasons may roll,  
But the true soul  
Burns the same, where'er it goes



## ANSWER TO HEART AND LUTE.

YOUR HEART AND LUTE ARE ALL  
THE STORE.

**YOUR heart and lute are all the store**

**You say you have for me ;**

**Then bring them, love, I ask no more,**

**Than those dear gems from thee.**

**A lute whose plaintive chords recall**

**The bliss of happier days ;**

**A heart so form'd to feel for all,**

**And chase all gloomy rays.**

**Your heart and lute are all the store**

**You say you have for me ;**

**Then bring them, love, I ask no more**

**Than those dear gems from thee**

**With such a lute how could you fail**

**To cheer each wand'rer's way,**

**When pouring forth some lover's tale,**

**Or minstrel's warlike lay ;**

**A thought of care can never rise**

**To break a spell like this ;**

**Where pleasure only now survives**

**In such enchanting bliss**

**Your heart and lute are all the store**

**You say you have for me ;**

**Then bring them, love, I ask no more**

**Than those dear gems from thee.**

## FROM MY DEAR NATIVE VILLAGE

AIR.—*Lough Sheeling*

FROM my dear native village a long  
time away,  
And I wish'd to review the lov'd haunts  
of my play,  
Where youth pass'd so fleeting, yet  
blissful the while,  
Ere the heart felt a pang from dark  
falsehood or guile.

As my steps were bent homeward, how  
memory flew  
O'er the scenes and the names that my  
infancy knew ;  
In fancy the brook ran its winding way  
still,  
And the sunbeams of noon falling bright  
on the hill.

At length the green hill blest my long-  
wishing eye,  
But its brook of soft murmurs was  
silent and dry,  
The wild-briar tangled where rose-trees  
had been,  
The village in ruins, and lonesome the  
green.

~~~~~  
My heart sunk within me, and fast  
    came my tears,  
And I thought of the days of my joy-  
    winged years;  
No friends came to greet me, no chil-  
    dren at play,  
For the proud and the rich drove the  
    humble away.

---

HAD I A HEART FOR FALSEHOOD  
FRAMED.

HAD I a heart for falsehood framed,  
    I ne'er could injure you ;  
For tho' your tongue no promise claim'd,  
    Your charms would make me true ,  
To you no soul shall bear deceit,  
    No stranger offer wrong,  
But friends in all the aged you'll meet,  
    And lovers in the young.

But when they learn that you have blest  
    Another with your heart,  
They'll bid aspiring passion rest,  
    And act a brother's part ;  
Then, lady, dread not here deceit,  
    Nor fear to suffer wrong,  
For friends in all the aged you'll meet,  
    And lovers in the young

## I'VE BEEN SHOPPING

*AIR.—I've been Roaming.*

I'VE been shopping, I've been shopping,  
To Mr. ——— in ——— street,  
And I'm hopping, and I'm hopping,  
With his shoes upon my feet.

I've been roaming, I've been roaming,  
For rose-oil and lily rare,  
And I'm coming, and I'm coming,  
With a bottle for my hair.

I've been roaming, I've been roaming,  
To the pastry cook's, old Phips,  
And I'm coming, and I'm coming,  
With some kisses for my lips.

I've been roaming, I've been roaming,  
Up ——— street, and down Park  
lane.

And I'm coming, and I'm coming,  
To my own house back again.

I've been roaming, I've been roaming,  
To Mr. ——— I do declare,  
And I'm coming, and I'm coming,  
With some curly locks bought there

I've been roaming, I've been roaming,  
Up ——— street, and every where,  
And I'm coming, and I'm coming,  
To my home, to fix my hair.

---

### ADIEU! ADIEU! MY NATIVE SHORE

ADIEU! adieu! my native shore  
Fades o'er the waters blue;  
The night-winds sigh, the breakers  
    roar,  
And shrieks the wild sea-mew  
Yon sun that sets upon the sea,  
We follow in his flight;  
Farewell, awhile, to him and thee  
My native land—good night!

With thee, my bark, I'll swiftly go  
Athwart the foaming brine;  
Nor care what land thou bear'st me  
    to—  
So not again to mine.  
Welcome, welcome, ye dark blue  
    waves,  
And, when ye fail my sight,  
Welcome, ye deserts and ye caves—  
My native land—good night!

## JUGGY DELANY.

AIR.—*Terry O'Rourke.*

WHEN I was a boy, in the town of  
Kilkenny,

I fell deep in love with sweet Juggy  
Delany ;

She'd a nate taper waste, like a cow in  
the middle,

And so sweetly she'd dance to a drum  
or a fiddle.

Singing, whack for ould Ireland ! the  
country for whiskey,

The girls are so fair, and the boys all  
so frisky :

For drinking, for fighting, or handling a  
flail,

O ! the boys of ould Ireland will never  
turn tail.

Now, the beauties of Juggy, to sing's  
my intention :

If you're dying in love, now, her charms  
I wont mention :

She'd a pair of black eyes, by my soul  
I'm no joker,

Like two holes that were burnt in a  
blanket by a poker.

Singing, whack for ould Ireland, &c.

• ~~~~~  
O! her cheeks, red as bricks, set me  
all in a bustle,  
And she'd open her mouth as she'd  
open a muscle :  
She'd a nate row of teeth,—she had  
two by my soul !  
And her tongue hung between, like a  
toad in a hole.  
Singing, whack for ould Ireland, &c.

Now, Juggy Delany has made me her  
wife ;  
Although two, we are one, all the rest  
of our life :  
We've a pair of fine daughters, as fresh  
as the morn,  
But what pleases me most, they're both  
Irishmen born.  
Singing, whack for ould Ireland, &c.

---

#### WHEN THRO' LIFE

•  
WHEN through life unblest we rove,  
Losing all that made life dear,  
Should some notes we used to love,  
In days of boyhood, meet our ear,  
Oh! how welcome breathes the strain !  
Waking thoughts that long have slept;



~~~~~  
Kindling former smiles again,  
In faded eyes that long have wept !

Like the gale that sighs along  
Beds of oriental flowers,  
Is the grateful breath of song,  
That once was heard in happier hours  
Fill'd with balm the gale sighs on,  
Tho' the flowers have sunk in death,  
So, when pleasure's dream is gone,  
Its memory lives in music's breath !

Music !—oh ! how faint, how weak,  
Language fades before thy spell !  
Why should feeling ever speak,  
When thou canst breathe her soul so  
well.

Friendship's balmy words may feign,  
Love's are even more false than they,  
Oh ! 'tis only music's strain,  
Can sweetly soothe, and not betray !

---

OUR FLAG.

Fling abroad its folds to the cooling  
breeze,  
Let it float at the mast-head high ;  
And gather around, all hearts resolv'd,  
To sustain it there or die :

~~~~~  
An emblem of peace and hope to the  
world,  
Unstained let it ever be ;  
And say to the world, where'er it  
waves,  
Our flag is the flag of the free !

That banner proclaims to the list'ning  
earth,  
That the reign of the tyrant is o'er,  
The galling chain of the monster rum,  
Shall enslave mankind no more :  
An emblem of hope to the poor and  
lost,  
O place it where all may see ;  
And shout with glad voice as you raise  
it high,  
Our flag is the flag of the free !

Then on high, on high let that banner  
wave,  
And lead us the foe to meet,  
Let it float in triumph o'er our heads  
Or be our winding sheet :  
And never, oh never be it furled,  
Till it wave over earth and sea ;  
And all mankind shall swell the shout,  
Our flag is the flag of the free !

## THE CORK LEG.

AIR. — *The King and the Countryman.*

I'LL tell you a story without any sham,  
In Holland lived Mynheer Von Flam,  
Who every morning said "I am  
The richest merchant in Rotterdam."

Ri tooral, &c.

One morning when he was as full as an  
egg,

A poor relation came to beg,  
He kick'd him out without broaching a  
keg,

But in kicking him out he broke his  
leg.

Ri tooral, &c.

A surgeon, the first in his vocation,  
Came, and he made a long oration,  
He wanted a limb for anatomization,  
So he finish'd the job by amputation.

Ri tooral, &c.

Says he, when the surgeon had done  
his work,

"By your sharp knife I lose one fork,  
But on two crutches I'll never stalk,  
F'or I'll have a beautiful leg of cork."

Ri tooral, &c.

~~~~~  
An artist in Rotterdam, it would seem,  
Had made cork legs his study and  
theme,  
Each joint was as strong as an iron  
beam,  
And the springs were a compound of  
clock-work and steam.

Ri tooral, &c.

The leg came home, and fitted right,  
Inspection the artist did invite,  
Its fine shape gave Mynheer delight,  
He fix'd it on, and he screw'd it tight  
Ri tooral, &c.

He walk'd through each square, and he  
pass'd each shop,  
Of speed he went at the utmost top,  
He went with a bounce, and a jump,  
and a hop,  
When he found his leg he could not  
stop.

Ri tooral, &c.

Horror and grief were in his face,  
The neighbours thought he was run-  
ning a race,

~~~~~  
He clung to a lamp-post to stop his pace  
But the leg kept on, nor gave up the  
chase.

Ri tooral, &c.

He call'd to some men with all his  
might,  
"O! stop my leg, or I'm murder'd  
quite."

But though they heard him aid invite,  
In less than a minute he was out of  
sight.

Ri tooral, &c.

He did his best to ease his pain,  
He went o'er hill, and field, and plain,  
He laid himself down, but all in vain,  
For the leg got up and was off again.

Ri tooral, &c

He walk'd of days and nights a score,  
Of Europe soon he made the tour,  
He died, and though he was no more,  
His leg kept on the same as before.

Ri tooral, &c

The leg-maker grumbles and loudly  
swears,  
That of his bill he'll increase the  
amount

But for all this the leg never cares,  
But still keeps up a running account  
Ri tooral, &c

I've told my story fairly and free,  
Of the funniest man I ever did see,  
He never was buried, though dead he  
be,  
And I am now singing his L E G.  
Ri tooral, &c

## THE TEA.

THE tea ! the tea ! the scalding tea !  
The black, the green, the best Bohea !  
Without a speck, above the bound  
It runneth the saucer's region round.  
It plays with the spoon, it steams my  
eyes,  
Or with the curdled sugar lies  
I'm at my tea ! I'm at my tea !  
I am as I would ever be—  
With the blue above, and the blue  
below,  
Since sky blue is the milk I know.  
If a dun should come with a bill for me,  
What matter ? what matter ? I should  
drink my tea !

~~~~~  
I love, O how I love to dip  
With tea the thirsty rosy lip,  
When table lamps besteam their moon,  
And the kettle sings its merry tune,  
And tells you how goeth the heat below,  
And why the hissing spout doth blow  
I coffee drank in the days of yore,  
But I love my Bohea more and more.  
And home return'd to her delicate test,  
Like a child that wanted the mother's  
breast.

And a mother she was, and a nurse to  
me,  
For I was nursed, was nursed upon fine  
Bohea !

The hobs were red, and cold the morn,  
In the breakfast hour, when I was  
born,  
And the wet-nurse bar'd her arms of  
skin,  
And the tea, O it warmed the doctor's  
chin ;  
And I in his face like a cherub smil'd,  
To welcome the tea—a new-born child.  
I have lived—who never tasted pap—  
Full fifty summers, a roving chap,

~~~~~  
With crowns to spend, and the power  
to think,  
And never have thought to change my  
drink ;  
And death, whenever he comes to me,  
Shall come, shall come, in a cup of  
fine green tea !     •

---

PADDY O'NEIL.

AIR.—*Irish Washerwoman.*

YE sons of Hibernia, who snug on dry  
land,  
Round a sparkling turf fire, with whis-  
key in hand,  
Ne'er think of the dangers attending  
the boys  
Who are fighting your battles through  
nonsense and noise ;  
To Dublin I went up, that damnable  
place,  
A spalpeen came up and he swore to  
my face,  
He call'd for the press-gang, they came  
without fail,  
And they neck and heels tied me, poor  
Paddy O'Neil.  
Tol loo, ral lal loo, &c



~~~~~  
Away to the tender they made me re-  
pair,  
Of tenderness devil a morsel was there,  
I roar'd and I curs'd, but it did not  
avail,  
In the cellar they cramm'd poor Paddy  
O'Neil;  
They call'd up all hands, hands and  
feet soon obey'd,  
I wish'd myself home, cutting turf with  
my spade.  
The first thing I saw made my courage  
to fail,  
'Twas a large floating castle for Paddy  
O'Neil.

Tol loo, ral lal loo, &c

I let go with my hands to hould fast by  
my toes,  
The ship took a rowl, and away my  
head goes.  
I fell in the water and splash'd like a  
whale,  
And with boat hooks they fish'd up  
poor Paddy O'Neil.  
For a bed they'd a sack hung as high  
as my chin,  
They call'd it a hammock, and bade  
me get in,

~~~~~  
I laid hould, took a leap, but my footing  
being frail,  
I swung me clean over, poor Paddy  
O'Neil.

Tol loo, ral lal loo, &c

Up hammocks, down chests, the boat-  
swain did bawl  
There's a French ship in sight, 'tunder  
an' oons, is that all?  
To a gun I was station'd they uncover'd  
her tail,  
And the leading strings gave to poor  
Paddy O'Neil.

The captain cries, "England and Ire-  
land, my boys,"  
When he mention'd ould Ireland, my  
heart made a noise;  
I clapp'd fire on her back, whilst I held  
by her tail,  
The damn'd devil flew out and threw  
Paddy O'Neil.

Tol loo, ral lal loo, &c.

So we leather'd away, by my soul!  
hob or nob,  
Till the Frenchman gave up what he  
thought a bad job;

~~~~~  
 To tie him behind—a strong cord w  
     did bring,  
 And we led him along like a pig in a  
     string.  
 Peace now is return'd, but should war  
     come again,  
 By the piper of Leinster, I'd venture  
     a-main;  
 Returning I'd tell you fine folks such a  
     tale,  
 That you'd laugh till you'd cry at poor  
     Paddy O'Neil.  
     Tol loo, ral lal loo, &c

---

### THE MISERIES OF SATURDAY

AIR.—*Auld Lang Syne.*

THERE is no peace about the house,  
     In kitchen, parlour, hall,  
 There is no comfort in the house,  
     On Saturday at all.  
 Where'er you turn, a noise assails  
     Of brushes, brooms, and mops;  
 Besides a host of pans and pails,  
     For various stinking slops.  
 Then there's rubbing, scrubbing, tear-  
     ing, swearing,  
     Sounding every way;

~~~~~  
Of all the days throughout the week  
The worst is Saturday.

Hark! is that dread thunder near,  
Or noisy drum and fife?  
O, no, the music that I hear,  
Is charwoman and wife!  
Both laughing, scolding, talking, singing  
Gad! there's such a din,  
That all Babel's workmen ringing,  
Conquer'd must give in—  
To their rubbing, scrubbing, tearing,  
swearing,  
Echoing every way;  
Of all the days within the week,  
The worst is Saturday!

In apron blue now comes your belle,  
And gown well stored with holes;  
For colour, it might passing well  
Claim kindred with the coals.  
Then she says, "You know, my dear,  
Some make their husbands rue,  
By taking their good clothes to wear,  
When any thing will do.  
For their scrubbing, rubbing, wearing,  
tearing."—

O, curse them all, I say;  
Of all the days throughout the week,  
The worst is Saturday.

~~~~~  
Begrin'd with dust, with dirt, and  
grease,  
She now sits down to dine ;  
At banyan day, of bread and cheese,  
You now must not repine ;  
Your goods and chattels, now displaced,  
All in confusion stand ;  
Some are broke, and some defaced,  
By each destructive hand,  
With their rubbing, scrubbing, tearing,  
swearing,  
Sounding every way ;  
Of all the days within the week,  
The worst is Saturday.

At length, thank fate, the warfare's  
o'er,  
But now, the peevish frump  
Insists that all across the floor  
We must hop, skip, and jump,  
For fear the milk-white boards should  
soil,  
Or furniture bewray :  
Ah ! wo to him that dares to spoil  
The work of Saturday,  
After rubbing, scrubbing, tearing, swear-  
ing,  
All the time away

~~~~~  
Of all the days that nake the week,  
The worst is Saturday.

Then, to avoid a din and noise,  
For rational delight,  
We haste to join some jolly boys  
On Saturday at night ;  
When we're met, a jovial set,  
We drive dull care away,  
In harmony, we soon forget  
The woes of Saturday,  
And their rubbing, scrubbing, tearing  
swearing,  
All the live-long day ;  
For the night of mirth will soon requite  
The woes of Saturday.

---

#### THE LOVING QUAKER.

*AIR—Oh dear, what can the matter be*

VERILY, ah ! how my heart keepeth  
bumping,  
A pendulum 'gainst my tough ribs loud-  
ly thumping,  
Or a mouse in a rat trap that's to and  
fro jumping ;  
'Tis truth now by yea and by nay.

~~~~~  
And it's umph! umph! what can the  
matter be,

Umph! umph! what can the matter  
be,—(*Twice.*)

Ephraim, thou'rt going astray.

Yea, marvellous 'twas, when mine eyes  
first went roving,

From meek sister Sarah toward's vanity  
moving,

I found a profane one it was I was  
loving ;

'Tis truth, &c.

'Twas folly's vain garment, the maid  
smiled so good in,

Yea, silk hose and pumps, on the pave-  
ment she stood in,

Which stirr'd up my zeal, as you stir  
up a pudding ;

'Tis truth, &c.

When I yea and nay ever pronounce to  
deceive her,

May I bow down my body to take off  
my beaver,

I would cherish the maiden for ever  
and ever,

By yea and nay, for thus much I  
own.

~~~~~  
And 'tis hump! hump! what can the  
matter be,  
I verily long to know what will the  
matter be,  
When she is bone of my bone.

---

O! WHEREFORE WEEP, MY SISTER  
DEAR.

O! WHEREFORE weep my sister dear,  
For truth and innocence are thine?  
O! cloud not with a falling tear  
A cheek where artless graces shine;  
Let other's weep, remorse who fear,  
But weep not thou, my sister dear

I love thee well, my sister fair,  
Thy bosom does my love return,  
Thy sorrows, then, O! let me share,  
I cannot bear to see thee mourn;  
Let others weep, reproof who fear,  
But weep not thou my sister dear.

My sister dear, O! smile once more,  
I love to see thy laughing eye:  
My comfort in thy smiles restore,  
And thine my music shall supply,  
Thy tuneful voice I love to hear,  
But weep no more, my sister dear



~~~~~

WILT THOU MEET ME THERE LOVE ?

WHERE as dewy twilight lingers  
O'er the balmy air, love ?  
Harps seem touch'd by fairy fingers,  
Wilt thou meet me there, love ?  
Where as dewy twilight lingers, &c

While the rapid swallow's flying,  
And each distant murmur dying,  
Leaves alone around us sighing,  
Wilt thou meet me there, love ?  
Where as dewy twilight lingers, &c

Where soft gales from beds of flowers,  
Fragrant incense bear, love,  
Sweet as eastern maidens' bowers,  
Wilt thou me there, love ?  
Where soft gales, from beds of flowers,  
&c.

While the bird of love is singing,  
Liquid notes around us flinging,  
Rapture to the full heart bringing,  
Wilt thou meet me there, love ?  
Where as the dewy twilight lingers, &c  
far

## I'M SADDEST WHEN I SING

You think I have a merry heart,  
Because my songs are gay,  
But oh ! they all were taught to me  
By friends now far away :  
The bird retains his silver note,  
Though bondage chains his wing ;  
His song is not a happy one,  
I'm saddest when I sing !

I heard them first in that sweet home  
I never more shall see,  
And now, each song of joy, has got  
A plaintive turn for me !  
Alas ! 'tis vain in winter time  
To mock the songs of spring,  
Each note recalls some withered leaf,  
I'm saddest when I'm sing !

Of all the friends I used to love,  
My harp remains alone,  
It's faithful voice still seem to be  
An echo of my own :  
My tears when I bend over it,  
Will fall upon its string,  
Yet those who hear me, little think  
I'm saddest when I'm sing !

~~~~~  
OH NO! WE NEVER MENTION HER

Oh, no! we never mention her,  
Her name is never heard ;  
My lips are now forbid to speak  
That once familiar word,  
From spot to spot they hurry me,  
To banish my regret ;  
And when they win a smile from me,  
They think that I forget.

They bid me seek in change of scene  
The charms that others see ;  
But were I in a foreign land,  
They'd find no change in me.  
'Tis true that I behold no more  
The valley where we met ;  
I do not see the hawthorn tree—  
But how can I forget !

They tell me she is happy now—  
The gayest of the gay ;  
They hint that she forgets me now,  
But I heed not what they say.  
Like me perhaps she struggles with  
Each feeling of regret ;  
But if she loves, as I have loved,  
She never can forget.

## SINCE I'VE BEEN IN THE ARMY

*AIR.—Who'll be King but Charley.*

I'M Paddy Whack, of Ballyhack,  
Not long ago turn'd soldier ;  
In grand attack, in storm or sack,  
None will than I be bolder.  
With spirits gay, I march away,  
I please each fair beholder ;  
And now they sing, "he's quite the  
thing,  
Och ! what a jovial soldier !"  
In Londonderry or London merry,  
Och ! faith ! ye girls, I charm ye ,  
And there ye come, at beat of drum,  
To see me in the army.  
Rub a dub dub, and pilli li loo,  
Whack ! fal de lal la, and trilli li  
loo.  
I laugh and sing like any thing  
Since I've been in the army.

The lots of girls my train unfurls  
Would form a pleasant party ;  
There's Kitty Lynch, a tidy wench,  
And Suke and Peg M'Carthy :  
Miss Judy Baggs, and Sally Maggs,  
And Martha Scraggs, all storm me

~~~~~  
And Molly Magee is after me,  
Since I've been in the army.  
The Sallies and Pollies, the Kitties and  
Dollies,  
In numbers would alarm ye ;  
E'en Mrs. White, who's lost her sight,  
Admires me in the army.  
Rub a dub dub, &c.

The roaring boys, who made a noise,  
And thwack'd me like the devil,  
Are now become, before me, dumb,  
Or else are very civil.  
There's Murphy Roake, who often  
broke  
My head, now daresn't dare me,  
But bows and quakes, and off he sneaks,  
Since I've been in the army.  
And if one neglect to pay me respect,  
Och ! another tips the blarney,  
With " whisht ! my friend, and don't  
offend,  
A gentleman of the army."  
Rub a dub dub, &c.

My arms are bright, my heart is light,  
Good-humour seems to warm me ;  
I've now become with every chum,  
A favourite in the army.

~~~~~  
If I go on as I've begun,  
My comrades all inform me,  
They soon shall see that I will be  
A general in the army.  
Delightful notion, to get promotion,  
Then, ladies, how I'll charm ye;  
For't's my belief, commander in chief  
I shall be in the army.  
Rub a dub dub, &c

---

## IS THERE A HEART.

Is there a heart that never lov'd,  
Nor felt a woman's sigh?  
Is there a man can mark unmov'd  
Dear woman's tearful eye?—  
O bear him to some distant shore,  
Or solitary cell,  
Where nought but savage monsters roar,  
And love near deign'd to dwell.  
For there's a charm in woman's eye,  
A language in her tear,  
A spell in every sacred sigh,  
To man—to virtue dear.  
And he who can resist her smiles,  
With brutes alone should live,  
Nor taste that joy which care beguiles—  
That joy her virtues give.

•

## THE MUSICAL WIFE.

AIR.—*O, no; we never mention her*

Mr wife is very musical,  
She tunes it over much,  
And teases me with what they call  
Her fingering and touch.  
She's instrumental to my pain,  
Her very Broadwood quakes,  
Her vocal efforts split my brain,  
I shiver when she shakes!  
She tells me with the greatest ease  
Her voice goes up to C!  
And proves it till her melodies  
Are maladies to me.  
She's 'Isabelling,' if I stir  
From where my books lie hid;  
Or, 'O! no, we never mention her,'—  
I wish she never did.  
Her newest tunes turn out to be  
The same as heard last year;  
Alas! there's no variety  
In variations here.  
I see her puff, I see her pant  
Through ditties wild and strange,  
I wish she'd change her notes, they  
want  
Some silver and some change.

## THE POACHERS.

WHEN I was bound apprentice in  
fam'd Northamptonshire,  
I served my master truly for almost  
seven year,  
Till I took up to poaching, as you shall  
• quickly hear—  
O, it is my delight of a shiny night in  
the season of the year. •

As me and my comrades were setting  
of a snare,  
The gamekeeper was a watching us—  
for him we did not care,  
For we can wrestle, fight, my boys,  
jump over any where,  
For it is my delight of a shiny night in  
the season of the year.

As me and my companions were setting  
four or five,  
And taking of them up again, we took  
the hare alive ;  
We popp'd him into the hag, my boys,  
and through the wood did steer,  
For it is my delight of a shiny night in  
the season of the year.



~~~~~  
We threw him over our shoulders, and  
wander'd through the town,  
Call'd into a neighbour's house and  
sold him for a crown ;  
We sold him for a crown, my boys, but  
I did not tell you where,  
For it is my delight of a shiny night in  
the season of the year.

Well, here's success to poaching, for I  
do think it fair,  
Bad luck to every gamekeeper that  
would not sell his deer ;  
Good luck to every gamekeeper that  
wants to buy a hare,  
For it is my delight of a shiny night in  
the season of the year.

---

#### MY BOYHOOD'S HOME.

My boyhood's home, I see thy hills,  
I see thy valley's changeful green,  
And manhood's eye a tear-drop fills,  
Tho' years have rolled since thee  
I've seen.

I come to thee from war's dread school,  
A warrior stern o'er thee to rule ;  
But while I gaze on each lov'd plain,  
I feel I am a boy again

To the war steed adieu—to the trumpet  
farewell—

To the pomp of the palace—the  
proud gilded dome ;

For the green scenes of childhood, I  
bid ye farewell ;

The soldier returns to his boyhood's  
home.

My boyhood's home, &c.

---

### THE GRAVE OF WASHINGTON

**DISTURB** not his slumbers, let Wash-  
ington sleep

'Neath the boughs of the willow that  
over him weep ;

His arm is unnerved, but his deeds  
remain bright,

As the stars in the dark vaulted heaven  
at night.

Oh ! wake not the hero, his battles are  
o'er,

Let him rest undisturbed on Potomac's  
fair shore—

On the river's green border so flowery  
drest,

With the hearts he loved fondly *let*  
*Washington rest.*

~~~~~  
 Awake not his slumbers, tread lightly  
 around,  
 'Tis the grave of the Freeman, 'tis  
*Liberty's* mould :  
 Thy name is immortal, our freedom ye  
 won,  
 Brave sire of Columbia, *our own Wash-*  
*ington.*  
 Oh ! wake not the hero, his battles are  
 o'er,  
 Let him rest, calmly rest, on his dear  
 native shore,  
 While the stars and the stripes of our  
 country shall wave, \*  
 O'er the land that can boast of a *Wash-*  
*ington's grave.*

---

### THE AMERICAN GIRL

TUNE.—*March to the Battle Field*

Our hearts are with our native land,  
 Our songs are for her glory ;  
 Her warrior's wreath is in our hand,  
 Our lips breathe out her story.  
 Her lofty hills and valleys green,  
 Are shining bright before us ;  
 And like a rainbow sign is seen  
 Her proud flag waving o'er us.

~~~~~  
And there are smiles upon our lips  
For those who meet her foemen,  
For glory's star knows no eclipse,  
When smiled upon by women.  
For those who brave the mighty deep,  
And scorn the threat of danger,  
We've smiles to cheer—and tears to  
weep  
For every ocean ranger.

Our hearts are with our native land,  
Our songs are for her freedom ;  
Our prayers are for the gallant band  
Who strike where honour leads them.  
We love the taintless air we breathe,  
'Tis freedom's endless power,  
We'll twine for him an endless wreath  
Who scorns a tyrant's power.

They tell of France's beauties fair,  
Of Italy's proud daughters ;  
Of Scotland's lassies—England's fair,  
And nymphs of Shannon's waters.  
We need not boast their haughty charms,  
Though lords around them hover,  
Our glory lies in freedom's arms—  
A Freeman for a lover !

## THE ROVER'S SONG.

TUNE.—*Bonny Boat.*

UP, rovers, up, with sword and sail,  
True pirates, we ne'er will lag,—  
Arouse, and to the wooing gale,  
Spread out our *blood red flag*.  
A gallant bark rides on our lee,  
With gold and merchandise ;  
Stand to your guns, and soon she'll be  
The gallant rover's prize.  
Then, rover's up, with sword and sail,  
The pirate's ne'er will lag,  
On deck and to the wooing gale,  
Spread forth our *blood red flag*.

See now, within gun-shot she draws,  
Blaze in upon her lee—  
She feels our light'ning, lads, huzza !  
Her mizzen swabs the sea.  
On, boarders, on, for victory,  
Free her decks we stride,  
Her treasures now our prize shall be,  
Her maids each rover's bride.  
Then, rovers, up, &c.

## THE STEAM ARM.

*Air.—The King and the Countryman*

O ! WONDERS sure will never cease,  
While works of art do so increase,  
No matter whether in war or peace,  
Men can do whatever they please.  
Ri tooral, &c.

A curious tale I can unfold  
To all of you, as I was told,  
About a soldier stout and bold,  
Whose wife, 'tis said, was an arrant  
scold  
Ri tooral, &c

At Waterloo he lost an arm,  
Which gave him pain and great alarm,  
But he soon got well, and grew quite  
calm,  
For a shilling a day was a sort of balm  
Ri tooral, &c.

The story goes, on every night,  
His wife would bang him left and right,  
So he determined out of spite,  
To have an arm, cost what it might.  
Ri tooral, &c.

~~~~~  
He went at once, strange it may seem,  
To have one made to work by steam,  
For a ray of a hope began to gleam,  
That force of arms would win her  
esteem.

Ri tooral, &c.

The limb was finish'd, and fix'd unto,  
His stump of a shoulder, neat and true,  
You'd have thought it there by nature  
grew,  
For it stuck to its place as tight as glue  
Ri tooral, &c.

He started home, and knock'd at the  
door,  
His wife her abuse began to pour,  
He turn'd a small peg, and before  
She'd time to think, she fell on the  
floor.

Ri tooral, &c.

With policemen soon the place was  
fill'd,  
But every one he nearly kill'd;  
For the soldier's arm had been so  
drill'd,  
That once in action it couldn't be  
still'd.

Ri tooral, &c.

~~~~~  
They took him at once before the  
mayor,  
His arm kept moving all the while  
there,  
The mayor cried, 'Shake your fist, if  
you dare,'  
Then the steam arm knock'd him out  
of his chair.

Ri tooral, &c

This raised in court a bit of a clamor,  
The arm going like an auctioneer's  
hammer,  
It fell in weight like a pavior's rammer,  
And many with fear began to stammer.

Ri tooral, &c.

He was lock'd in a cell, from doing  
harm,  
To satisfy them who had still a qualm,  
When all at once they had an alarm,  
Down fell the walls, and out popp'd  
the arm.

Ri tooral, &c.

He soon escaped, and reach'd his door,  
And knock'd by steam raps half a  
score,



~~~~~  
But as the arm in power grew more  
and more,  
Bricks, mortar, and wood soon strew'd  
the floor.

Ri tooral, &c.

With eagerness he stepp'd each stair,  
Popp'd into the room, his wife was  
there,  
"O come to my arms," she cried, "my  
dear,"  
When his steamer smash'd the crockery  
ware.

Ri tooral, &c.

He left his house at length outright,  
And wanders about just like a sprite,  
For he can't get asleep either day or  
night,  
And his arm keeps moving with a two-  
horse might.

Ri tooral, &c.



THE MORN UNBARS THE GATES OF  
LIGHT.

THE morn unbars the gates of light,  
The landscape smiles in beauty bright,  
The nightingales now swell their  
throats,

And on the wings of silence floats ;  
Hark ! the huntsman's horn so shrill,  
The woods around with echoes fill !  
Each sportsman mounts his panting  
steed,

And o'er the trembling earth they speed,  
The welkin resounds,  
The horns and the hounds,  
Tantara, tantara, &c.

The stag pursues his eager flight,  
The hunters keep their prey in sight,  
The staunch old pack, with wondrous  
speed,

Rush forward o'er each plain and  
mead ;  
Hark, hark ! the huntsman blows his  
horn !

The stag's at bay—his fate forlorn !  
The trembling tears steal from his eyes,  
And, lost in grief, the antler dies  
The welkin resounds, &c.

## SONG OF MARION'S MEN.

Our band is few, but true and tried—  
Our leader frank and bold ;  
The foeman trembles in his camp,  
When Marion's name is told.  
Our fortress is the good green wood,  
Our tent the cypress tree ;  
We know the forest round us,  
As seamen know the sea ;  
We know its walls of thorny vines,  
Its glades of ready grass,  
Its safe and silent islands  
Within the dark morass.

Woe to the heedless soldiery  
Who little think us near,  
On them shall light at midnight,  
A strange and sudden fear.  
When waking to their tents on fire,  
They grasp their arms in vain  
And they who stand to face us  
Are bent to earth again ;  
And they who fly in terror deem  
A mighty host behind,  
And hear the tramp of thousands  
Upon the hollow wind.

~~~~~  
Then sweet the hour that brings release  
From danger and from toil ;  
We walk the battle over,  
And share the battle's spoil.  
The woodland rings with laugh and  
shout,  
As if a hunt were up,  
And woodland flowers are gathered  
To crown the soldier's cup.  
With merry songs we mock the wind,  
That in the pine top grieves,  
And slumber long and sweetly  
On beds of oaken leaves.

Well known the fair and friendly  
moon,  
The band that Marion leads,  
The glitter of their rifles,  
The scampering of their steeds  
'Tis life our fiery barbs to guide  
Across the moonlight plain ;  
'Tis life to feel the night wind  
That lifts their tossing manes.  
A moment in the ravaged camp—  
A moment—and away,  
Back to the pathless forest,  
Before the peep of day.

~~~~~  
Grave men there are by broad Santee,  
Grave men with hoary hairs—  
Their hearts are all with Marion,  
For Marion are their prayers :  
The loveliest ladies greet our band  
With kindest welcoming—  
With smiles like those of summer,  
And tears like those of spring.  
For them we wear those trusty arms,  
And lay them down no more,  
Till we have driven the oppressor,  
For ever from our shore.

---

## THE LAST SHILLING

As pensive one night in my garret I sate,  
My last shilling produced on the  
table ;  
That adventure, cried I might a history  
relate,  
If to think and to speak it were able.  
Whether fancy or magic 'twas played  
me the freak,  
The face seemed with life to be  
filling ;  
And cried, instantly speaking, or seem-  
ing to speak,  
Pay attention to me—thy last shilling

I was once the last coin of the law &  
sad limb,  
Who in cheating was ne'er known to  
falter ;  
Till at length brought to justice, the  
law cheated him  
And he paid me to buy him a halter;  
A Jack tar, all his rhino but me at an  
end,  
With a pleasure so hearty and will-  
ing,  
Though hungry himself, to the poor  
distressed friend  
Wished it hundreds—and gave his  
last shilling.

'Twas the wife of his messmate, whose  
glis't'ning eye,  
With pleasure ran o'er as she view'd  
me ;  
She changed me for bread, as her child  
she heard cry,  
And at parting with tears she bedew-  
ed me.  
But I've other scenes known, riot lead-  
ing the way,  
Pale want their poor families chil-  
ling ;

~~~~~  
Where rakes in their revels, the piper  
to pay,—

Have spurned me—their best friend  
and last shilling.

Thou thyself hast been thoughtless—  
profligates bail

But to morrow all care shalt thou  
bury,

When my little history thou offerest  
for sale,

In the interim spend me and be  
merry.

Never, never cried I, thou'rt my Men-  
tor—my muse,

And, grateful, thy dictates fulfilling,  
I'll hoard thee in my heart—thus mean  
counsel refuse,

Till the lecture comes from the last  
shilling.

---

#### WHEN THE WIND BLOWS.

When the wind blows—then the mill  
goes,

Our hearts are light and merry ;

When the wind drops—then the mill  
stops,

We drink, and sing hey down derry

## THE PIRATE'S CALL.

TUNE.—*My bark is on the deep, love*

THERE's a prize upon the deep, boys,  
There's gold in the gathering gale,  
Then to your posts quick leap, boys,  
And nimbly spread all sail.  
Awake, awake, bold pirates, &c

See, see, she heavily ploughs, boys,  
With the weight of her costly freight,  
Pour in upon her bow, boys,  
We'll soon make her cargo light.  
Awake, Awake, &c.

Huzza! our broadsides tells, boys,  
Her flags and her mainmast lowers,  
And the wild despairing yell, boys,  
Proclaim that the victory's ours.  
Awake, awake, &c.

Quick, sound the bugle loud, boys,  
Board! hearties, bold and free,  
The ocean shall be their shroud, boys,  
And their bark our prize shall be.  
Then awake, &c.



---

**ADIEU! MY NATIVE LAND, ADIEU!**

**ADIEU**, my native land adieu,  
The vessel spreads her swelling sails;  
Perhaps I never more may view  
Your fertile fields, your flow'ry dales  
Delusive hope can charm no more,  
Far from the faithless maid I roam;  
Unfriended seek some foreign shore,  
Unpitied leave my native home.  
Adieu, my native, &c.

**Farewell**, dear village, oh, farewell,  
Soft on the gale thy murmur dies,  
I hear thy solemn evening bell,  
Thy spires yet glad my aching eyes.  
Though frequently falls the dazzling tear,  
I scorn to shrink from fate's decree;  
And think not, cruel maid, that e'er  
I'd heave another sigh for thee.  
Adieu, my native, &c.

**In vain** through shades of frowning night,  
Mine eyes thy rocky coast explore;  
Deep sinks the fiery orb of light,  
I view thy beacon now no more.  
**Rise!** billows, rise! blow hollow winds!  
Nor night, nor storms, nor death I  
fear;

~~~~~  
Unfriended bear me hence, to find,  
The peace which fate denies me  
here.

Adieu, my native, &c

---

### THE BRIDAL STAR.

His white plume o'er the mountain  
streams,  
My heart throbs with delight,  
His corslet in the sunshine beams,  
He comes my peerless knight.  
The banquet spread and music bring  
From holy land afar,  
His lady love shall welcome sing,  
And touch her gay guitar.

While songs of mirth and pastime  
strains,  
Are breathing soft around,  
Hail, vassals, hail, till yonder plains  
His welcome home resound ;  
I'll deck myself in all my best,  
And wear my Bridal Star :  
And now he's laid his lance at rest,  
I'll touch my gay guitar.  
The banquet spread, &c

## QUEEN OF THE MAY

You must wake and call me early, call  
me early, mother dear,  
To-morrow'll be the happiest time in  
all the glad New Year ;  
Of all the glad New Year, mother, the  
maddest, merriest day ;  
For I'm to be Queen of the May, mother,  
I'm to be Queen of the May.

“ There's many a black, black eye, they  
say, but none so bright as mine ;  
There's Margaret, and Mary, there's  
Kate and Caroline ;  
But none so fair as little Alice in all the  
land they say,  
So I'm to be Queen of the May, mother,  
I'm to be Queen of the May.

I'll sleep so sound all night, mother,  
that I shall never wake,  
If you do not call me loud, mother,  
when the day begins to break ;  
For I must gather knots of flowers, and  
buds, and garland's gay ;  
For I'm to be Queen of the May, mother,  
I'm to be Queen of the May.

~~~~~  
As I came up the valley, whom think  
ye I should see,  
But Robert leaning on the bridge, be-  
neath the hazel tree ;  
He thought of that sharp look, mother,  
I gave him yesterday,  
But I'm to be Queen of the May, mother,  
I'm to be Queen of the May.

He thought I was a ghost, mother, for  
I was all in white,  
And I ran by him without speaking,  
like a flash of light,  
They call me cruel hearted, but I care  
not what they say,  
For I'm to be Queen of the May, mother,  
I'm to be Queen of the May.

They say he's dying all for love, but  
that can never be,  
They say his heart is breaking, mother,  
what is that to me ;  
There's many a bolder lad will woo me  
any summer's day,  
And I'm to be Queen of the May, mother,  
I'm to be Queen of the May.

Little Effi shall go with me to-morrow  
to the green ;

~~~~~  
And you'll be there too, mother, to see  
me made the queen ;  
For the shepherd lads on every side,  
will come from far away,  
For I'm to be Queen of the May, mother,  
I'm to be Queen of the May.

So you must wake and call me early,  
call me early, mother dear ;  
To-morrow'll be the happiest time of  
all the glad New Year ;  
To-morrow'll be, of all the year, the  
maddest, merriest day,  
For I'm to be Queen of the May, mother,  
I'm to be Queen of the May.

All the valley, mother, will be fresh  
and green, and still,  
And the cowslip and the crowfoot are  
over all the hill,  
The rivulet in the flowery dale, will  
merrily glance and play,  
For I'm to be Queen of the May, mother,  
I'm to be Queen of the May.

The night winds come and go, mother,  
upon the meadow grass,  
And the happy stars above them, seem  
to brighten as they pass ;

~~~~~  
There will not be a drop of rain the  
whole of the live-long day,  
For I'm to be Queen of the May, mother,  
I'm to be Queen of the May.

---

IT'S LITTLE FOR GLORY I CARE.

It's little for glory I care ;  
Sure ambition is only a fable ;  
I'd as soon be myself as Lord Mayor,  
With lashings of drink on the table  
I like to lie down in the sun,  
And *drame* when my *faytures* is  
scorching,  
That when I'm too *ould* for more fun,  
Why, I'll marry a wife with a for-  
tune.

.

And, in winter, with bacon and eggs,  
And a place at the turf-fire basking,  
Sip my punch, as I roasted my legs,  
Oh ! the devil a more I'd be asking.  
For I haven't a *janius* for work—  
It was never the gift of the Brady's—  
But I'd make a most *illigant* Turk,  
For I'm fond of tobacco and ladies.



## CAMP SONG.

WHEN the battle is o'er and the sounds  
of fight

Have closed with the closing day,  
How happy, around the watch-fire's  
light,

To chat the long hours away ;  
To chat the long hours away, my boy,  
And talk of the days to come,  
Or a better still, and a purer joy,  
To think of our far off home.

How many a cheek will then grow  
pale

'That never felt a tear !

And many a stalwart heart will quail,  
That never quailed in fear !

And the breast that, like some mighty  
rock

Amid the foaming sea,  
Bore high against the battle's shock,  
Now heaves like infancy.

And those who knew each other not,  
Their hands together steal,  
Each think of some long hallowed spot  
And all like brother's feel :

~~~~~  
Such holy thoughts to all are given ;  
The lowliest has his part ;  
The love of home, like love of heaven,  
Is woven in our heart.

— —

## WOMAN'S HEART.

A YOUTHFUL knight, whose hopes were bent  
On glory's bright career,  
Arranged himself and forth he went,  
A dauntless cavalier ;  
Against each foe, upon each field,  
He bore a gallant part,  
But there was one who would not yield,  
Yes, one who would not yield,  
But there was one who would not yield,  
And that was woman's heart.

The noble youth still undismayed,  
Determined not to flee,  
Though if the truth be told, afraid,  
That he might vanquished be ;  
Ah, never be it said, he cried,  
I bore a recreant's part,  
And fighting still for what he sighed,  
He captured woman's heart.



~~~~~

THE PICQUETS ARE FAST RETREAT-  
ING, BOYS.

AIR.—*The Young May Moon.*

THE picquets are fast retreating, boys,  
The last tattoo is beating, boys;  
So let every man  
Finish his can,  
And drink to our next merry meeting,  
boys!

The colonel so gayly prancing, boys!  
Has a wonderful trick of advancing,  
boys!  
When he sings out so large,  
“Fix bayonets and charge,”  
He sets all the Frenchmen a-dancing,  
boys!

Let Mounseer look ever so big, my  
boys,  
Who cares for fighting a fig, my boys;  
When we play Garryowen,  
He'd rather go home:  
For somehow, he's no taste for a jig,  
my boys.

## LARRY M'HALE

*AIR — It's a bit of a thing, &c*

O ! LARRY M'HALE he had little to fear,  
And never could want when the  
crops didn't fail,  
He'd a house and demense, and eight  
hundred a year,  
And a heart for to spend it had Larry  
M'Hale !

The soul of a party,—the life of a feast,  
An illigant song he could sing, I'll  
be bail ;  
He would ride with the rector, and  
drink with the priest,  
O ! the broth of a boy was old Larry  
M'Hale.

Its little he cared for the judge or  
recorder,  
His house was as big and as strong  
as a jail ;  
With a cruel four pounder, he kept all  
in great order,  
He'd murder the country, would  
Larry M'Hale.

~~~~~  
He'd a blunderbuss, too; of horse pistols a pair;

But his favorite weapon was always a flail:

I wish you could see how he'd empty a fair,

For he handled it neatly, did Larry M'Hale.

His ancestors were kings, before Moses was born,

His mother descended from great Grana Uaile:

He laughed all the Blakes and the Frenchs to scorn;

They were mushrooms compared to old Larry M'Hale.

He sat down every day to a beautiful dinner,

With cousins and uncles enough for a tail;

And, though loaded with debt, O! the devil a thinner

Could law, or the sheriff, make Larry M'Hale.

With a larder supplied, and a cellar well stored,

None lived half so well, from Fair-Head to Kinsale,

~~~~~  
As he piously said, "I've a plentiful  
board,  
And the Lord he is good to old Larry  
M'Hale."

So fill up your glass, and a high bumper  
give him ;  
It's little we'd care for the tithes or  
repale ;  
For ould Erin would be a fine country  
to live in,  
If we only had plenty, like Larry  
M'Hale.

---

#### YOUNG NADIR

The young Nadir to love had dared,  
One whom his Sultan's favour shared,  
And knowing not the danger near ;  
Had ruin'd been, but in his ear,  
A spirit who ne'er warn'd in vain,  
In softest whisper, breathed the strain,  
Breathe the strain, &c.  
For your devoted life, thirsts the  
assassin's knife,  
Of those with studied care, who  
smile on you beware ;  
Beneath each flower you tread, a  
serpent hides its head, &c.

~~~~~  
I know not if the tale be true,  
But as they sang, I sing to you,  
I know not if the tale be true,  
But as they sang, I sing to you.  
La, la, tra, la, tra, la, la, tra, &c.

The youth who in his fond heart felt  
sure,  
All feeling, as his own were pure,  
Resolved not passion led away,  
That warning voice to disobey ;  
When bent on saving one so young,  
The spirit once more sweetly sung.  
For your devoted life, &c

---

#### PIRATE'S CHORUS.

EVER be happy and bright as thou art,  
Pride of the pirate's heart,  
Ever be happy and bright as thou art,  
Pride of the pirate's heart.  
Long be thy reign o'er land and main,  
By the glave, by the chart,  
Queen of the pirate's heart,  
Queen, ever be happy and bright as  
thou art,  
Pride of the pirate's heart, &c.

GIVE ME A COT IN THE VALLEY  
I LOVE.

GIVE me a cot in the valley I love,  
A tent in the greenwood, a home in the  
grove ;  
I care not how humble, for happy  
'twould be,  
If one faithful heart will but share it  
with me.  
Our haunts shall be nature's own beau-  
tiful bowers,  
Our gems shall be nature's own beau-  
tiful flowers ;  
All woo'd by the sunshine, and kissed  
by the gale,  
The proudest might envy our home in  
the vale.

Lov'st thou to listen to music's sweet  
voice,  
Then fly to the woods where the song  
birds rejoice—  
Or wouldst thou be free, to the forest  
repair,  
The stag in its freedom bounds merrily  
there.

~~~~~  
When summer has gone, and winter's  
    chill hours  
Have rifled the greenwood and blighted  
    the flowers—  
Tho' ice-pound the brook, and snow  
    clad the dale,  
The proudest might envy our home in  
    the vale.

---

MARY DRAPER.

AIR.—*Nancy Dawson.*

DON'T talk to me of London dames,  
Nor rave about your foreign flames,  
That never lived—except in drames,  
    Nor shone, except on paper ;  
I'll sing you 'bout a girl I knew,  
Who lived in Ballywhacmacrew,  
And, let me tell you, mighty few  
    Could equal Mary Draper.

Her cheeks were red, her eyes were blue,  
Her hair was brown of deepest hue,  
Her foot was small and neat to view  
    Her waist was slight and taper ;  
Her voice was music to your ear,  
A lovely brogue, so rich and clear,  
O, the like I ne'er again shall hear  
    As from sweet Mary Draper.

~~~~~  
She'd ride a wall, she'd drive a team,  
Or with a fly she'd whip a stream,  
Or maybe sing you "Rousseau's  
Dream,"

For nothing could escape her :  
I've seen her too—upon my word—  
At sixty yards bring down a bird,  
O! she charmed all the Forty-third '  
Did lovely Mary Draper.

And at the spring assizes ball,  
The junior bar would one and all  
For all her fav'rite dances call,  
And Harry Deane would caper ;  
Lord Clare would then forget his lore,  
King's counsel, voting law a bore,  
Were proud to figure on the floor,  
For love of Mary Draper.

The parson, priest, sub-sheriff too,  
Were all her slaves, and so would you,  
If you had only but one view  
Of such a face and shape, or  
Her pretty ankles—but, ohone,  
It's only west of old Athlone  
Such girls were found—and now they're  
gone ;  
So here's to Mary Draper.



---

**BAD LUCK TO THIS MARCHING.***AIR.—Paddy O'Carroll*

BAD luck to this marching,  
Pipeclaying and starching ;  
How neat one must be to be killed by  
the French !

I'm sick of parading,  
Through wet and cowld wading,  
Or standing all night to be shot in the  
trench.

To the tune o' a fife,  
They dispose of your life,  
You surrender your soul to some illi-  
gant lilt,  
Now I like Garryowen,  
When I hear it at home,  
But it's not half so sweet when you're  
going to be kilt.

Then though up late and early,  
Our pay comes so rarely,  
The devil a farthing we've ever to  
spare ;  
They say some disaster,  
Befel the paymaster ;  
On my conscience, I think that the  
money's not there.

~~~~~  
And, just think, what a blunder ;  
They won't let us plunder,  
While the people invite us to rob them,  
'tis clear ;  
Though there isn't a village,  
But cries, " Come and pillage."  
Yet we leave all the mutton behind for  
Mounseer.

Like a sailor that's nigh land,  
I long for that island  
Where even the kisses we steal if we  
please ;  
Where it is no disgrace,  
If you don't wash your face,  
And you've nothing to do but stand at  
your ease.  
With no sergeant t' abuse us,  
We fight to amuse us,  
Sure it's better beat Christian than  
kick a baboon ;  
How I'd dance like a fairy,  
To see ould Dunleary,  
And think twice ere I'd leave it to be a  
dragon .



## PADDY'S TRIP FROM DUBLIN.

'Twas business required I'd from Dublin be straying,  
I bargained the captain to sail pretty quick,  
But just at the moment the anchor was weighing,  
A spalpeen, he wanted to play me a trick.  
Says he, Paddy, go down stairs and fetch me some beer now ;  
Says I, by my shoul you're monstrously kind ;  
Then you'll sail away, and I'll look mighty queer now,  
When I come up to see myself all left behind.

With my tal de ral lal, &c.

A storm met the ship and did so dodge her,  
Says the Captain, We'll sink, or be all cast away ;  
Thinks I, never mind, 'cause I'm only a lodger,  
And my life is insured, so the office must pay.

~~~~~  
But a teaf who was sea-sick kicked up  
such a riot,  
Though I lay quite sea-sick and speech-  
less, poor elf,  
I could not help bawling, You spalpeen,  
be quiet ;  
Do you think that there's nobody dead  
but yourself !

Well, we got safe on shore, every son  
of his mother,  
There I found an old friend, Mr. Paddy  
M'Gee ;  
Och, Dermot, says he, is it you or your  
brother ?  
Says I, I've a mighty great notion it's  
me.  
Then I told him the bull we had made  
of our journey,  
But to bull making Irishmen always  
bear blame ;  
Says he, My good friend, though we've  
bulls in Hibernia,  
They've cuckolds in England, and  
that's all the same.



## BREWER'S CHORUS.

To work ever ready,  
With heart's light, steady,  
The town to regale,—  
Malt and hops now blending,  
Thirsty souls befriending,  
With our nut brown ale.

France has long been famous,  
For her wines, no doubt ;  
We prefer, I'm thinking,  
Ale or old brown stout.  
Some are fond of water,  
Tea and other slops ;  
Here's to merry England,  
The land of malt and hops.

---

THE NIGHT BEFORE LARRY WAS  
STRETCHED.

THE night before Larry was stretch'd  
The boys they all paid him a visit,  
And a bit in their sacks too they  
fetch'd,  
They sweated their duds till they  
riz it :  
For Larry was always the lad,  
When a friend was condemn'd to  
the squeezer,

~~~~~  
But he'd fence all the tugs that he  
had,  
To help a poor friend to the sneezer,  
And moisten his gab 'fore he died.

I'm sorry, now, Larry, says I,  
To see you in this situation ;  
'Pon my conscience, my lad, I don't  
lie,  
I'd rather it had been my own sta-  
tion.

Och hone ! 'tis all over, says he,  
For the neckcloth I'm forc'd to put  
on,  
And by this time to-morrow you'll see  
Your Larry will be dead as mutton,  
Bekays, why, my dear, my courage  
was good.

The boys they came crowding in fast,  
They drew all their stools round  
about him :  
Six glims round his trap case were  
plac'd,  
He couldn't be well wak'd without  
them.

I ax'd if he was fit for to die,  
Without having duly repented ?  
Says Larry that's all in my eye,

~~~~~  
It's only what gowmsmen invented,  
To get a fat bit for themselves.

The cards being call'd for, they play'd,  
'Till Larry found one of them  
cheated ;

He made a smart stroke at his head,  
(The boy being easily heated,)

Oh! by the holy, you teaf,

I'll scuttle your nob with my daddle:  
You cheat me because I'm in grief,  
But soon I'll demolish your noddle,  
And leave you your claret to drink.

Then in came the priest with his book,  
He spoke him so smooth and so civil ;  
Larry tipp'd him a Kilmainham look,  
And pitch'd his big wig to the devil.

Then stooping a little his head,

To get a sweet drop of the bottle,  
And pitiful sighing, he said,

Oh! the hemp will be soon round  
my throttle,  
And choke my poor windpipe to death.

So moving these last words he spoke,

We all vented our tears in a shower ;  
For my part I thought my heart broke,  
To see him cut down like a flower

~~~~~  
On his travels we watch'd him next  
day ;  
Oh, the hangman, I thought I could  
kill him,  
Not one word poor Larry did say,  
Nor chang'd he till he came to king  
William,  
Then, my dear, his color turned white.

When he came to the nubbing chit,  
He was tucked up so neat and so  
pretty ;  
The rumbler jogg'd off from his feet,  
And he died with his face to the  
city :  
He kick'd too—but that was all pride,  
For soon you might see 'twas all  
over ;  
Soon after the noose was untied,  
And at darkee we wak'd him in  
clover,  
And sent him to take a ground sweat





## LARRY O'LASH'EM.

I'M Larry O'Lash'em, was born at  
Killarney,  
Myself drove a noddy in Dublin  
sweet town,  
And got fares enough, 'cause I tipt the  
folks blarney,  
But myself was knocked up, 'cause  
I knocked a man down.  
So to London I drove to avoid the  
disaster,  
There to drive hackney-coaches  
engaged for the pelf;  
And honestly, out of my fares, paid my  
master  
Two-thirds, and kept only one-half  
for myself.  
With my tal de ral, &c.

I took up a buck, and because 'twas  
the fashion,  
He mounted the box and bade me  
get inside;  
And because I refused, he fell into a  
passion,  
So thinks I, while I'm walking, I  
may as well ride

I amused myself laughing to see how  
the hinder

Wheels after the fore ones most  
furiously paid,  
Till a wheel broke its leg, spilt the  
coach out of the window ;  
While my head and the pavement at  
nut-cracking played.

I next drove a couple one morn to get  
married,

The lady was sixty, the gemman a  
score ;  
For sake of her money the courtship  
he carried,  
But repenting, deserted her at the  
church door.

She swoounded away—so a pity 'twas  
thinking,

Allured by the rhino, myself inter-  
cedes  
And got married : soon after she died  
of hard drinking,  
And left me a widow forlorn in my  
weeds.

Having fingered the cash that was due  
by my marriage,

I set up for myself, now a bachelor  
made ;  
I purchased a fine bran new second-  
hand carriage,  
Became my own Jarvey, and drive a  
fine trade.  
And my coach and my horses, in case  
of invasion,  
I'll send to the troops, and I'll join  
in the strife ;  
And if I am kilt in defence of the nation,  
'Twill make me a hero the rest of  
my life.

---

## JOHN OF CASTLETON.

THE mighty John, of Castleton,  
He lov'd sweet Jenny dearly ;  
Good whiskey clear, old ale and beer,  
He lov'd as well, or nearly.  
With whiskey prim'd, his heart inclin'd,  
To love and feel more tender ;  
It gave him heart to play his part,  
And make the fair surrender.  
Let time pass as it may,  
Come fill your cups to overflowing  
And drink, drink and be gay,  
The bottle joy alone bestowing

~~~~~  
Now John, alas, to his sweet lass,  
One day inspir'd by love's alluring  
power ;  
He vow'd and swore he'd ne'er drink  
whiskey more,  
For her he'd renounce it from that  
hour.

Next day, 'tis said, the pair were wed  
But mark the cunning fellow,  
When morning came, tho' much to  
blame,  
He got confounded mellow.

His Jenny cried, but he replied,  
My oath I've kept, don't fear love ,  
Of whiskey I drank none ; don't cry,  
'Twas brandy, ale, and beer, love

A jolly boy will life enjoy,  
Like Bacchus live in story ;  
Should whiskey fail, or good old ale,  
Adieu to love and glory.  
Then drink with exultation,  
The army and nation.



## THE SWEET MOUNTAINEER

SWEET mountaineer, ah ! list, now,  
Thy love to thee is near ;  
Do not his vows resist now,  
But own to thee he's dear.  
So shall his aim be still unerring,  
Ah ! then deny him not such bliss ,  
To thee this earnest pray'r preferring,  
One balmy kiss.

---

## HEIGH FOR A PETTICOAT

OCH ! a petticoat, honey, 's an Irish  
man's joy,  
Go where he will his time merrily  
passes ;  
Search the world over, sure Paddy's  
the boy  
For banging the men, and for kissing  
the lasses.  
And if you but get a red coat to your back,  
In Russia, in Prussia, in France or  
in Flanders,  
All the pretty ma'amselles have a  
mighty neat knack  
Of cocking their chins at both men  
and commanders.

~~~~~  
~~~~~  
Then heigh for the petticoat, that is  
the joy,  
Go where I will my time merrily  
passes ;  
Search the world over, sure Paddy's  
the boy  
For banging the men, and for kissing  
the lasses.

When sweet Kitty Conner pierced me  
clean through the heart,  
And chose Teddy Blarney, a big  
man of honour,  
One moon-shiny night to give ease to  
my smart,  
I kicked Mr. Blarney, and kissed  
Mrs. Conner.  
And the little plump god, for his  
mother knew what,  
Was the son of old Mars, or he'd  
never alarm ye ;  
And if he'd be growing as tall as he's  
fat,  
You'd see Mr. Cupid brought up to  
the army.  
Then heigh for the petticoat, &c.

~~~~~

OH, JUDY, YOU DIVIL.

Oh, Judy, you divil, you bother me so,  
Oh, oh, oh, oh,  
Like a red-hot potato I'm all in a glow,  
Oh, oh, oh, oh,  
For though but one eye you have got  
in your head,  
By the hoky, its glances have kilt me  
quite dead ;  
Oh, Judy, you divil, you bother me  
so,

Oh, oh, oh, oh.

Your smile, my dear jewel's my joy  
and my pride,  
Though your mouth, to be sure, is a  
trifle too wide ;  
No poet alive could the beauties dis-  
close  
Of the illegant pimple that grows on  
your nose.

By my sowl you're a Venus in figure  
and face,  
You walk with such stately magnificent  
grace,  
And though one of your legs, dear, a  
wooden one be,

~~~~~  
It for beauty bates all that I ever did  
see.

Oh, don't you remember last Donny-  
brook fair ?  
The first time I saw you, dear Judy,  
• was there,  
And when you was insulted by Patrick  
O'Maily,  
Sure I bate out his brains with a twig  
of shillelah.

Don't you know what a snug little  
cabin I've got,  
In the midst of a bog—a most beautiful  
spot !  
An illegant garden, with praties a-grow-  
ing,  
All as fine as can be—sure, they only  
want sowing.

Oh, give yer consent then, and let us  
be married,  
To church in a noddy, och faith ! we'll  
be carried,  
And when we come home, so blithe  
and so frisky,  
Go to bed roaring drunk with swigging  
good whiskey.



THE PRAISE AND GLORY OF OULD  
IRELAND.

AIR.—*Na Guilloch y' Goulen*

OH ! once we were illigant people  
Though we now live in cabins of mud ;  
And the land that ye see from the  
    steeple  
Belonged to us all from the flood,  
My father was then king of Connaught,  
My grandunt viceroy of Tralee ;  
But the Sassnach came, and, signs on it !  
The devil an acre have we.

The least of us then were all earls,  
And jewels we wore without name ;  
We drank punch out of rubies and  
    pearls  
Mr. Petrie can tell you the same.—  
But, except some turf mould and pota-  
    toes,  
There's nothing our own we can  
    call :  
And the English—bad luck to them !  
    hate us,  
Because we've more fun than them  
    all !

~~~~~  
" My grandaunt was niece to St. Kevin,  
That's the reason my name's Mickey  
Free !

Priest's nieces—but sure he's in Heaven,  
ven,

And his failins is nothin to me,  
And we still might get on without  
doctors,

If they'd let the ould island alone,  
And if purple men, priests, and titne-  
proctors,

Were crammed down the great gun  
of Athlone.

---

#### DRINKING CHORUS.

Drown in the sparkling glass to-day,  
All gloomy thoughts of care and  
sorrow,

For who in time of war can say,  
That he will ever see the morrow

Fill up, drink down,

Fill up, drink down,

And grief in each goblet drown,

Fill up, drink down,

Fill up, drink down,

And grief in each goblet drown

## THE BANSHEE.

AIR.—*Come rest on this bosom.*

THE day was declining,  
The dark night drew near,  
And the old Lord grew sadder,  
And paler with fear.  
Come listen, my daughter,  
Come nearer—oh! near,  
It's the wind or the water  
That sighs in my ear.

Not the wind nor the water  
Now stirr'd the night air,  
But a warning far sadder—  
The banshee was there.  
Now rising, now swelling,  
On the night wind it bore  
One cadence, still telling,  
I want thee, Rossmore!

And then fast came his breath,  
And more fix'd grew his eye,  
And the shadow of death  
Told his hour was nigh.  
Ere the dawn of that morning  
The struggle was o'er,  
For when thrice came the warning—  
A corpse was Rossmore!

## THE GIRLS OF THE WEST

AIR.—*Teddy ye Gander*

YE may talk, if you please,  
Of the brown Portuguese,  
But, wherever you roam, wherever you  
    roam,  
You nothing will meet  
Half so lovely and sweet,  
As the girls at home, the girls at home  
Their eyes are not sloes,  
Nor so long is their nose,  
But, between me and you, between me  
    and you,  
They are just as alarming,  
And ten times more charming,  
With hazel and blue, with hazel and  
    blue.

They don't ogle a man,  
O'er the top of their fan,  
'Till his heart's in a flame, his heart's  
    in a flame,  
But though bashful and shy,  
They've a look in their eye,  
That just comes to the same, just comes  
    to the same.

No mantillas they sport,  
- But a petticoat short,  
Shows an ankle the best, an ankle the  
- best,  
And a leg ; but, O murther !  
I dare not go further,  
So here's to the West ; so here's to  
the West.

---

## THE GALLANT BAY

FROM this place I scarce got away,  
When on my brother's gallant bay  
I was thrown—the horse, with a neigh,  
Rush'd to the hottest of the fray.  
The danger, I may truly say,  
He seem'd to think was merely play ;  
In vain his course I tried to stay,  
The horse, not I, then led the way.  
His gallant hoofs, in fierce display,  
Did many a gallant foeman slay ;  
With joyous neigh he bore away,  
As 'twere a *fete* or gay May-day.

Now if I've gained, as they say,  
A battle, I'll not the braggart play ;  
For tho' the shot around me did stray,  
The beautiful bay 'twas gained the day

~~~~~  
Then in truth I frankly must say,  
If glory around me sheds her ray,  
Why the laurel gained in the fray,  
I yield to my brother's gallant bay.  
One thing, it seems, they can't gainsay,  
And that is we've beat the foe to-day;  
Therefore, in justice I will say,  
There's nought can repay that noble bay,  
But as I'm a Major made to-day,  
A General they must make the bay.

---

## WHO HAS NOT HEARD.

Who has not heard o'er vale and hill  
When twilight melts away,  
The nightingale's melodious thrill,  
Welcome the waking day;  
La, la, la, la, la, la,  
Each note of that enchanting song,  
La, la, la, la, la, la.  
On lip of echo float along,  
Who has not heard o'er vale and hill,  
When twilight melts away,  
The nightingale's melodious thrill,  
Welcome the waking day.  
  
But soon as dawn has thrown its light,  
Along the verdant plain,

~~~~~  
The songsters wait the coming night,  
To swell that note again ;  
La, la, la, la, la, la,  
And then till dawn once more draws  
nigh,  
La, la, la, la, la, la,  
She warbles forth her melody,  
La, la, la, la, la, la  
But soon as dawn has thrown its light,  
Along the verdant plain,  
The songsters wait the coming night,  
To swell the note again.  
But soon as morn, &c.

---

#### A TIGHT IRISH BOY.

O ! WHEN I was christened, 'twas on a  
fair day,  
And my own loving mother called  
me her dear joy,  
And that I was so, why, she always  
would say,  
I was a smiling, beguiling,  
Dutiful, beautiful, rattling, prattling,  
O ! botheration—a tight Irish boy.  
But when I grew up, I was always in  
love—  
Variety's pleasing and never can cloy.

~~~~~  
So true to ten thousand, I constantly  
prove,

O! I'm a sighing, dying,  
Kneeling, stealing, smiling, beguiling,  
Dutiful, beautiful, rattling, prattling,  
O! botheration—a tight Irish boy.

For war, love, or drinking, myself am  
the lad,

O! the world itself I go near to  
destroy ;

But a sup of the cratur soon makes my  
heart glad,

And then I'm a laughing, quaffing,  
Splashing, dashing, sighing, dying  
Kneeling, stealing, smiling, beguiling,  
Dutiful, beautiful, rattling, prattling,  
O! botheration—a tight Irish boy.

---

MR. FREE'S SONG.

AIR.—*Arrah, Catty, now, can't you be asy?*

Oh what stories I'll tell when my  
sodgering's o'er,

And the gallant fourteenth is disbanded,

Not a drill nor parade will I hear of no  
more,

When safely in Ireland I'm landed.



~~~~~  
With the blood that I spilt—the  
Frenchmen I kilt,  
I'll drive the young girl's half crazy ;  
And some cute one will cry, with the  
wink of her eye,  
Mister Free, now—' *why can't you  
be asy ?*

I'll tell how we routed the squadrons  
in fight,  
And destroyed them all at ' Talavera,'  
And then I'll just add, how we finished  
the night,  
In learning to dance the ' bolera ;'  
How by the moonshine, we drank raal  
wine,  
And rose next day fresh as a daisy ;  
Then some one will cry, with a look  
mighty sly,  
' Arrah, Mickey—*now can't you be asy ?*

I'll tell how the nights, with Sir  
Arthur we spent,  
Around a big fire in the air too,  
Or maybe enjoying ourselves in a tent,  
Exactly like Dounybrook fair too ;  
How he'd call out to me—' pass the  
wine, Mr. Free,  
For you're a man never is lazy !'

~~~~~  
Then some one will cry, with the wink  
of her eye,

‘Arrah, Mickey dear—*can’t you be  
asy?*’

I’ll tell, too, the long years in fighting  
we passed,

Till Mounseer asked Bony to lead  
him ;

And Sir Arthur, grown tired of glory at  
last,

Begged of one Mickey Free to  
succeed him.

‘But, acushla,’ says I, ‘the truth is  
I’m shy !

There’s a lady in Ballymacrazy !

And I swore on the ‘book’—he gave  
me a look,

And cried, Mickey—‘*now can’t you  
be asy?*’

---

#### IF TO THE KING.

If to the king I had to speak,

Think not my boldness should offend,

For I would say in language meek,

Your soldier, Toby, and your friend.

In your good cause I’ve fought like  
Hector,

And yet I’m but a Sergeant still ;

~~~~~  
Your Majesty's my sole protector,  
Promote me by your royal will

For indeed I am,  
A right loyal man,  
When engaged in the field,  
Sooner die than yield;  
In a night attack,  
I've a happy knack,  
For the way I'll explore,  
Tho' the shot may pour,  
Thus my claims I'd string,  
When before the king.

---

O! CHARLEY DEAR.

To live at home,  
And never roam,  
To pass his days in sighing;  
To wear sad looks,  
Read stupid books,  
And look half dead or dying:  
Not show his face,  
Nor join the chase,  
But dwell a hermit alway:  
Oh! Charley dear!  
To me 'tis clear,  
You're not the man for Galway!  
O! Charley dear, &c

## DE BANKS OB DE MISSISSIPPI.

WHEN de fish-worm walks up arter a  
shower,

An' de moon on de river shine,  
Our tubs we'll bring, for dats de hour,  
To bob for eels quite fine;

Oh, den we darkies meet again,

An' walk de mud so slippy,  
In de starry night when de eels do bite,  
On de banks ob de Mississippi.

On de banks ob de Missis-si-hi-hi-hi-  
hippi,

On de banks ob de Missis-sippy-hippy-  
hippy,

In de starry night when de eels do bite,  
On de banks ob de Mississippi.

If care should darken Dinah's brow,  
Like a cloud in a thunder shower,  
I'll try de banjo's soovin cord,

An' sing ob de luscious hour;  
When for a *fry* fast home we'll fly,  
With a tub of eels so slippy,

In de starry night, when de eels do bite,  
On de banks ob de Mississippi.

On de banks, &c.

## DANDY JIM, FROM CAROLINE

I've often heard it said ob late,  
Dat Souf Carolina was de state,  
Whar a handsome nigga's bound to  
shine,

Like Dandy Jim, from Caroline.

For my ole massa tole me so,  
I was the de best looking nigga in de  
country, O!

I look in de glass an found 'twas so,  
Just what massa tole me, O!

I drest myself from top to toe,  
And down to Dinah I did go,  
Wid pantaloons strapped down behind,  
Like Dandy Jim from Caroline.

For my ole massa, &c.

De bull dog cleared me out ob de yard,  
I tought I'd better leabe my card,  
I tied it fast to a piece ob twine,  
Signed "Dandy Jim from Caroline."

For my ole massa, &c.

She got my card an wrote me a letter,  
An ebery word she spelt de better,  
For ebery word an ebery line,  
Was Dandy Jim from Caroline,

For my ole massa, &c.

~~~~~  
Oh, beauty is but skin' deep,  
But wid Miss Dinah none complete,  
See changed her name from lubly  
Dine,  
To Mrs. Dandy Jim from Caroline.  
For my ole massa &c.

An ebery little nig she had,  
Was de berry image ob de dad,  
Dar heels stick out three feet behind,  
Like Dandy Jim from Caroline.  
For my ole massa, &c

I took dem all to church one day,  
And hab dem christened widout delay,  
De preacher christened eight or nine,  
Young Dandy Jims from Caroline.  
For my ole massa, &c.

An when de preacher took his text,  
He seemed to be berry much perplexed,  
For nothing cum across his mind,  
But Dandy Jims from Caroline.

For my ole massa tole me so,  
I was de best looking niggarr in de  
country, O.  
I look in de glass, and found 'twas so,  
Just what ole massa tole me, O!

~~~~~  
IN DE WILD RACKOON TRACK.TUNE.—*There's no home like my own*

IN de wild rackoon track,  
At de break ob de morn,  
'Tis de nigger's pride,  
By de riber's side,  
We am led on de track  
By de howl ob de coon.  
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,  
Dat ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,  
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,  
Howl to me when de coon I see,  
Make de heart ob dis nigga bound,  
I long to be climbing up dat tree,  
To pull de ole coon down.

I hab crossed de Mississippi,  
I hab kissed de black gals lippy,  
But de happiest time were in ole Caro  
lina,  
When dis nigga fall in lub wid a gal  
named Dinah. Ha, ha, &c.

Her lips war white, her eyes war brite,  
Her voice war berry clear,  
Her lips war big, she could sing like a pig,  
Her mouth stretched from ear to ear.  
Ha, ha, &c.

~~~~~  
DE BIG WHITE MOON AM SHINING.

AIR.—*The Young May Moon is beaming, Love.*

OH, de big white moon am shinin, lub,  
De big Tom cat is whinin, lub,

Come let us meet,

Down in Small Street,

Our arms each other twinin, lub.

Den get up, de heabens am bright, my  
dear,

Gist like your eye, so white, my dear.

For de best ob all way,

To be up before day,

Is to rise in de middle ob de night, my  
dear.

Now all de darkies am sleepin, lub,

An de watch from his box am peepin,  
lub,

While I watch for my load,

As de snake watch de toad.

Until you come down here creepin, lub.

Den git up, let us fly, my dear,

De moon am leabin de sky, my dear,

An if she goes down,

We'll cut dirt out town,

By de light of your big white eye, my  
dear.



## THE GUINEA MAID.

TUNE.—*The Alpine Maid.*

THERE lived in a place I forget,  
A gal like the colour of sut,—

La, la, la, la,

I went to her house to see if she was  
in,

She was down at the store a buying  
some gin.

La, la, la, &c.

A dashing young niggarr come by,  
De voice of dat black girl was nigh,—

La, la, la, la.

I went to her house which stands in de  
wood,

Miss Dinah I know keeps something  
dats good.

La, la, la, &c.

Her teeth is de colour of snow,  
Dat all of your darkies does know,—

La, la, la, la.

Her eyes like de diamond does brightly  
shine,

Dares none in dis place like my lovely  
Dine.

La, la, la, &c.

## LUCY NEALE

I was born in Alabama,  
My master's name was Meal,  
He used to own a yaller gal,  
Her name was Lucy Neale  
Oh! poor Lucy Neale,  
Oh! poor Lucy Neale,  
If I had her in my arms,  
How happy I would feel

She used to go out wid us,  
To pick cotton in de field,  
And dar is whar I fell in love,  
Wid my pretty Lucy Neale.  
Oh! poor Lucy Neale, &c

Miss Lucy she was handsome,  
From de head down to de heel,  
And all de niggas fell in love,  
Wid my pretty Lucy Neale.  
Oh! poor Lucy Neale, &c

De nigga's gave a ball,  
Miss Lucy danced a reel,  
And none dah could compare,  
Wid my pretty Lucy Neale,  
Oh! poor Lucy Neale, &c

I axed her would she have me,  
How glad she made me feel,  
When she gave to me her heart,  
My pretty Lucy Neale, &c

Miss Lucy had a baby,  
'Twas limber as an eel,  
It was de image of its dad,  
And looked like Lucy Neale,  
Oh ! poor Lucy Neale, &c

My massa he did sell me,  
Because he thought I'd steal,  
An that's the way he parted  
Me, and pretty Lucy Neale  
Oh ! poor Lucy Neale, &c

My boat it was a pine log,  
Widout eder rudder or keel,  
And I floated down de riber,  
A crying poor Lucy Neale.  
Oh ! poor Lucy Neale, &c.

Miss Lucy she was taken sick,  
She eat so much corn meal,  
The Doctor he did gib her up,  
Alas ! poor Lucy Neale.  
Oh ! poor Lucy Neale, &c.

One day I got a letter,  
And jet black was the seal,  
And de words dey did tell me,  
Ob de death ob Lucy Neale.  
And oh ! poor Lucy Neale,  
And oh ! poor Lucy Neale,  
When I had her in my arms  
How glad it did make me feel.

---

## ALABAMA JOE.

A NIGGER in Alabama lived,  
Dey used to call him Joe,  
Dis nigger lived to be so old,  
His head war white as snow.  
Dis nigga he war very rich,  
The poor one liked him well,  
Dey used to go to de Alabama house,  
Some stories for to tell.  
An strike de toe an heel, my lass,  
An strike de heel and toe,  
Miss Philis am a waiting  
For your Alabama Joe.

This old nigger built a church,  
A minister he hired,  
Who staid with them about four years,  
And quit cause he war tired.

~~~~~  
Their minister good salary got,  
As all these niggers know,  
De money it war paid to him,  
By Alabama Joe.

Dis made these niggers all feel bad,  
To think he sarved them so,  
But the one the shock fell worse upon  
Was Alabama Joe.

In a few years after dis,  
De good old nigger died,  
He left three niggers all he had,  
And Miss Phillisy, his bride.

His money he did will away  
To Phillisy his spouse,  
Which caused great disturbance  
At dis old nigger's house.  
Miss Phillisy had him buried,  
All under an old tree,  
And after dey had buried him  
De niggers had a spree.

A nigger in Virginia lived,  
Who heard of old Joe's death,  
And strait for Alabama steered,  
And never stopped for breath  
He quick made love to Phillisy,  
Who was a charming fair,

~~~~~  
Her eyes were bright as diamonds,  
And curly war her hair.

Dis niggar war a fisherman,  
A fisherman ob old,  
A fishing he did go one night,  
And caught a beautiful cold.  
Dis nigga lived in great harmony,  
And age did make him pine,  
For she was only twenty-three,  
And he war ninety-nine.

Dis story that I now relate,  
As a good old niggar said,  
He went one morning to their house,  
And found dis couple dead,  
Now Miss Phillisy she is dead.  
Old Joe he went before,  
Dar oder nigger hab gone too,  
We shall see them no more.



**HAPPY ARE WE, NIGGARS SO GAY.**

*AIR.—Maid of Cashmere.*

**HAPPY** are we niggars so gay,  
 Come let us sing, laugh while we play,  
 The serenader's favorite lay,  
 Come, let us sing, laugh while we play,  
     Music delicious,  
     Ah! den how sweet,  
 Your kind applause,  
     We all hope to meet,  
     Happy are we niggars so gay  
 Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, hah!  
     Laugh while we play.

**Madam Celeste** she has de mind,  
 To dance and act de pantomine,  
**Elsler de great** she has the face,  
 To dance de Cachuca vid de-coup-de grace  
     Dancing delicious,  
     To see such grace,  
     With well shaped ancles  
     And pretty face.  
 Happy are we, &c,      La, la, la.

**But we serenaders** with blackened face,  
 Have not altogether the mind or the grace,  
 Of these great dancers so greatly extolled,  
 But have de harmony wid music threefold.  
     Music delicious, &c.      Ha, ha, ha

## JENNY LIND.

AIR.—*Lucy Nea'*

FROM Sweden's northern city  
The sound of song was heard  
The charm of gushing melody  
The notes of a singing bird ;  
'Twas not low music on the gale,  
Nor bells upon the wind ;  
It was the voice of a " Nightingale,"  
Whose name is Jenny Lind.

Oh ! charming Jenny Lind,  
Sweet warbling Jenny Lind,  
Welcome to Old England's shores,  
And honor you shall find.

Now down into the Haymarket,  
This Nightingale has flew ;  
Oh ! what will Persiani then  
And Tamburini do ?  
Now Jenny's at the Opera,  
The Garden will be thinned,  
For the Queen and Albert's sure to go  
To hear sweet Jenny Lind.

Oh ! charming Jenny Lind,  
Magic Jenny Lind, &c.

Oh ! don't you know the Poet Man,  
And don't you know his name,  
Oh ! don't you know the *Hot Cross Bun*,  
That lives in Drury Lane ?



~~~~~  
He tried to catch this Nightingale  
(Lord how de nigger grinned)  
By putting salt upon her tail,  
But away flew Jenny Lind,  
    Charming Jenny Lind, &c.

Oh ! won't I pack up de old banjo,  
And screw de steam on tight,  
And now she has to England come,  
I'll grab her some fine night  
And to old Carolina go ;  
I'm darned if I ain't skinned,  
To show de free-born 'Mericans  
De lubly Jenny Lind.  
    So come long Jenny Lind,  
    My charming Jenny Lind,  
    Dis child shall play on de old banjo,  
    While you sing, Jenny Lind.

Oh ! if she wants a husband smart,  
Why I does want a wife ;  
I'll gib her my Ethiopian heart,  
And lub her all my life.  
Dere's many a prince and gen'alman  
Dat's whiter dan me skinned,  
Won't bear so true a heart as mine  
For lovely Jenny Lind.  
    Charming Jenny Lind, &c.

When I was down in Kentucky  
I saw a Venus ther<sup>e</sup>,

~~~~~  
But she to Madam Jenny Lind  
Was nothing to compare;  
Oh! lub, you've been de nigger's ruin,  
Since Modern Eve first sinned,  
And you have been my own undoin'  
Wicked Jenny Lind.

Oh! farewell Jenny Lind,  
Wicked Jenny Lind,  
I'll hang myself for your dear sake,  
And dangle in de wind.

---

### DE NIGHT'S WHEN WE WENT COON HUNTING.

*AIR.—In the days when we went Gipsying.*

In de nights when we went coon hunting,  
Down in massa's field,  
We do our best de coon to catch,  
Because we know he'll steal;  
But when at night we cotch de coon,  
We dance upon de green,  
We am de happiest niggers den,  
Dat eber yet was seen.

#### CHORUS

And dus we passed de pleasant time,  
Nor thought ob care or woe,  
An' we am de Serenaders,  
From away down below.

~~~~~  
De grass smell sweet de coon look neat,  
As in de grass he lay,  
He crouch himself up head an' feet,  
He's cunning as de day ;  
But when you hear de ole dogs bark,  
At first cum faint and low,  
Den ebery digger he will start,  
For a coon is nigh he'll know  
An' dus we pass, &c.

We fill our pipe full ebery nite,  
An take a todd to cheer  
Us 'fore we start by de moonlight  
For de coon we lub so dear  
Den ob de coon we're shure to tink,  
How happy we would be,  
If we only had him long wid us,  
Beneath de old gum tree  
An' dus we pass, &c.

---

### BRESS THAT LUBLY YALLER GAL.

Oh, bress dat lubly yaller gal,  
Dat de white folks call Miss Dinah,  
Oh, pity me ye niggas all,  
And tell me where I can find her.  
Oh, now she's gone and left you,  
For fear dat you would harm her  
To day after to-morrow,  
She's gone to Alabam a.

~~~~~  
Her hair is like de shining silk,  
She's big and round as rorus,  
She lives upon good mush and milk,  
And morus multicorus.  
Oh, now she's gone, &c.

Oh, since she's-gone and left me,  
My heart is filled wid sorrow,  
I'll find some oder yaller gal,  
And marry her to morrow.  
Oh, now she's gone, &c

---

### VIRGINIA'S LUBLY GROUND.

On old Virginia's lovely ground,  
Many an hour I lazed away ;  
In listening to de Banjo's sound,  
Dat come from de hut across de way  
Sweating I leaned on my old hoe,  
And gazed upon de cornfields fair ;  
Wondering why dey would not grow,  
Widout dis darkies hoe was dar,  
Oh ho oh ho on old Virginia's &c.

Oh how delightful 'tis to stand;  
Where silky tops and corn leaves meet  
Looking at de new hoe'd land,  
As it crumbles at our feet.  
To watch young Dinah as she trips,  
Her feet along de sparkling green ;

~~~~~  
And chased by Sam away she clips,  
De prettiest gals I eber seen.

Oh oh, &c.

To hear de sound ob de banjo sigh,  
As dis old darkey am going to sleep;  
While de pale moon am berry high,  
And through de rafters it does peep.  
And dat old hut whar Dinah dwells,  
I see it now as here I stand;  
While dat old banjo's music swells,  
And makes me bless Virginia's land.  
Oh ho, &c.

---

### BLACK EYED SUSYANNA.

Oh I'se been to the east, I'se been to the  
west,  
I'se been to Louisiana,  
But of all the gals that I love best,  
Is black eyed Susyanna.  
Oh she is black,—dats a fact,  
Oh she is black,—dats a fact,  
My black eyed Susyanna.

Oh I'se been to the east, I'se been to the  
west,  
I'se been to Louisiana,  
But of all the gals that I love best,  
Is black eyed Susyanna.

O I wrote a letter to my love,  
When I was in Alabama,  
And ebery line dat I did write,  
Was black eyed Susyanna.

I took them both to church one night,  
My Susey and Jemima,  
But the only one that took the shine.  
Was black eyed Susyanna.

---

### A LIFE BY THE GALLEY FIRE.

A LIFE by de galley fire,  
Where de coppers am boiling wild,  
Who would not dis life admire,  
Exactly suits dis child ;  
When into de galley I set,  
De good segars I smokes,  
Dar's many a kulored gal,  
In lub wid dis old cook.

A life by de galley fire,  
Where de coppers am boiling wild  
Who would not dis life admire,  
Exactly suits dis child ;  
It suits, it suits, it suits, it suits,  
Exactly suits dis child.

When in de caboose I go,  
De turkeys and gobblers look,  
For den dey all know,  
Full well dat I am de slaughter cook

~~~~~  
De turkeys look,  
De gobblers wink dar eye,  
For den dey know full well,  
Dat one of de flock must die.  
A life by de galley fire, &c

As through de streets I strut,  
Like a fish widout a fin,  
O, give me de ole caboose,  
Where I can lay back and grin ;  
And when de captain's done,  
De basket I controls,  
An de vittles I serve out,  
To de poor and hungry souls.

A life by de galley fire,  
Where de coppers am boiling wild,  
Who would not dis life admire,  
Exactly suits dis child -  
It suits, it suits, it suits, it suits,  
Exactly suits dis child

---

DE NIGGA GAL'S DREAM ; OR, I LOVED  
COON STILL DE SAME.

I *dreamed* dat I libed in hotel halls,  
Wid silvery pans at my side,  
And ob all de buck niggas dat sarved in  
dem walls,  
Dat I was de pet an' de pride.

I'd wittals ob all kinds, boiled an' roast,  
 An' dishes too many to name,  
 An' I also *dreamed* what charmed me most,  
 Dat I lobed *Coon* still de same.

I *dreamed* dat buck-niggas did sought my  
 hand,  
 Each night I set on dar knee,  
 An' wid busses dat no poor wench could  
 stand,  
 Dey *Spouted* dar hearts to me.

I *dreamed* dat one nigga hug me more  
 close,  
 Brought sassage and oder roast game,  
 But I also *dreamed* what charmed me  
 most,  
 Dat I lobed *Coon* still de same.  
 But I also *dreamed*, &c.

---

### GOOD LOOKING CUFF.

AIR.—*Dundy Jim of Caroline.*

DAR' dandy niggerin each place,  
 Wid beef-steak lips that wink wid grace ;  
 But none among de gals can shine,  
 Like good looking Cuff dres't so fine,  
 All color'd virgins, tell me, oh,  
 I'se de best lookin' nigger in de country, oh  
 I look'd in de glass an' found it so,  
 Just as the virgins tell me, oh.



I went one ebenin' to de ball,  
Wid lips combed out an' wool quite tall;  
De ladies' eyes like snow-balls shine,  
On good looking Cuff dres't so fine.  
All color'd virgins tell me, oh, &c.

Dey squat-sied to me an' advance,  
To foot it wid me in de dance,  
Yet none could toe but Ginger Dine,  
Wid good looking Cuff dres't so fine.  
All color'd virgins tell me, oh, &c.

An' when I cut de pigeon wing,  
I fan de ceilin' wid my fling;  
De ladies all fell in a swine,  
For good looking Cuff dres't so fine.  
All color'd virgins tell me, oh, &c.

De fiddler he so much admired,  
Like "Ole Bull" he got ginspired,  
An' ebry note he sawed in line,  
Said good looking Cuff dres't so fine.  
All color'd virgins tell me, oh, &c.

An' when I started to go home,  
De ladies sighed and tried to come,  
But none could go but Lasses Dine,  
Wid good looking Cuff dres't so fine.  
All color'd virgins tell me, oh, &c.

Den from my head each gal did pull  
A lock ob my fine silken wool,

~~~~~  
Dey plat it into letters dat shine  
Ob good looking Cuff dres't so fine.  
All color'd virgins tell me, oh &c

Next to a concert I did go,  
An' soon as I my figger show,  
An' ebery singer change each line,  
To good looking Cuff dres't so fine.  
All color'd virgins tell me, oh, &c.

Oh, music it hab charms we know,  
But beauty 'clipses all below,  
For de people turn from strains like bulgins  
To good looking Cuff dres't so fine.  
All color'd virgins tell me, oh, &c.

Dey say dat beauty's but skin deep,  
My skin's so thick 'twill always keep,  
And till I die I'll live and shine  
The good looking Cuff dres't so fine.  
All color'd virgins tell me, oh, &c.

---

OH, CARRY ME BACK TO OLE  
VIRGINNY.

On, de floating scow ob ole Virginny,  
I've worked from day to day,  
Raking among de oyster beds,  
To me it was but play;

~~~~~  
But now I'm old and feeble.

An' my bones are getting sore,  
Den carry me back to ole Virginny,  
To ole Virginny shore.

Den carry me back to ole Virginny  
To ole Virginny shore.

Oh, carry me back to ole Virginny,  
To ole Virginny shore.

Oh, I wish dat I was young again,  
Den, I'd lead a different life,  
I'd save my money and buy a farm,  
And take Dinah for my wife;  
But now old age, he holds me tight,  
And I cannot love any more,  
Oh, carry me back to ole Virginny,  
To Ole Virginny shore.

Den carry me back to old Virginny  
To old Virginny shore;

Oh, carry me back to old Virginny,  
To old Virginny shore.

When I am dead and gone to roost,  
Lay de old tambo by my side,  
Let de possum and coon to my funeral go,  
For dey are my only pride;  
Den in soft repose, I'll take my sleep  
An' I'll dream for ever more,  
Dat you're carrying me back  
Virginny  
To ole V. ~~inn~~ny shore.

. Den carry me back to ole Virginny,  
 To old Virginny shore;  
 Oh, carry me back to old Virginny  
 To old Virginny shore.

GIN OB OLE VIRGINNY.

AIR.—*Maggy Lauder.*

OH down in de tobacco state,  
 Dar is a color'd virgin,  
 Dat makes dis nigger's bosom beat,  
 Jis like a new kotch'd sturgeon:  
 Her grandad was a Prince ob part  
 Ob all de land ob Guinea,  
 An' she's de Princess ob my heart,  
 Sweet Jin ob ole Virginny.

CHORUS.

Sing ra a tal a da da!—ra a tal a da da,  
 Her eyes shine like a guinea,  
 Oh she's de Princess ob my heart;  
 Sweet Jin ob ole Virginny.

Her wool am soft as silk ob corn,  
 Hé'r breath is sweet as possum,  
 An' when she ope's her eyes at morn,  
 Dar like a bacca blossom;  
 Her lips am like de piney flower,  
 Her teeth all white and grinny;  
 Shine like hot corn at dinner hour  
 Sweet Jin ob ole Virginny  
 Sing ra a tal a da da, &c.



~~~~~  
 I've seen all darkies Souf and North,  
 An' creoles fair and yaller,  
 An' Injin squaws as red as earth,  
 An' white gals clar as taller ;  
 But white, or black, or brown, or red,  
 Or colors twice as many,  
 Dar's none runs in dis nigger's head,  
 Like Jin ob ole Virginny.  
 Sing ra tal a da da !—ra tal a da da !  
 I'd choose her 'fore all Guinea,  
 For she's de Princess ob dis heart.  
 Sweet Jin ob ole Virginny.

---

### ROMEO AND JULIET.

AIR.—*De Boatman Dance.*

OH ! she doth make the torch burn bright,  
 Her beauty hangs on the cheek of night,  
 Like a rich jewel in a nigger's ear,  
 'Too rich for use, and for earth too dear.  
 Dance, Juliet, dance,  
 Dance, Juliet, dance ;  
 Dance all night, and your balcony's height  
 I'll scale. my love, in the morning.  
 Oh ! oh ! and don't I know,  
 I'm in love with your oh ! heigh-ho !

CHORUS.

Oh ! oh ! and don't we know  
 Your in love with your oh ! heigh-ho

## DE NIGGA'S TEAR.

DE poor ole nigga turn'd  
To take him last farewell,  
Ob good young *manumission-frens*,  
Him home—and dinner bell,  
*Decrepit*—past all work,  
Aim tank'd de *oberseer*,  
Den, from him *sunken-sable-cheek*,  
Him wiped away de *tear*.  
Decrepit, &c.

Him den kneel'd on de *grave*  
Ob him *poor wife* and *chile*,  
Den—from him *place of birth*,  
Dey forced him, *wid a smile*,  
Him said, *dis poor old heart dey'll brake*,  
Dere's ONE me still REVERE!  
To rest, he lean'd upon him *hoe*,  
And wiped away de *tear*!  
Him said, &c.

Me tink me see de *spot*,  
In *life* me saw him last,  
Unconscious ob him '*proaching fate*,  
In *years*! him went *outcast*,  
Go search him 'mong de *WILDS*—  
Him *poor old bones* will '*pear*,  
Him once more *rested on him spade*,  
And wiped away de *tear*.  
Go search, &c.

NIGGA'S DESCRIPTION OF SHAK-  
SPEARE. MACBETH.

AIR.—*Lucy Long.*

OH! if 'twere done when 'tis done,  
Though the deed's a little wrong,  
'Twere well it were done quickly,  
But the double trust is strong;  
Oh! can this be a dagger  
Attendant on my will,  
A real Arkansas snagger,  
Which I have not, but see still  
I go, the bell invites me,  
But list not to its song,  
For, Duncan, you'll be summoned.  
Either up or down ere long.  
Then take your time, &c.

---

HAMLET.

AIR.—*Jim Crow.*

OH! 'tis consummation  
Devoutly to be wished  
To end your heart-ache by a sleep,  
When likely to be dish'd.  
Shuffle off your mortal coil,  
Do just so,  
Wheel about, and turn about,  
And jump Jim Crow.

~~~~~  
Oh! I've seen the guilty creatures  
A sitting at the play,  
That struck so to the soul, they did  
Their malefactions say.  
Shuffle off your mortal coil,  
And do just so,  
Show 'em that the play's the thing,  
And jump Jim Crow.

---

## SUSY BROWN.

I ONCE did court a yaller gal,  
Her name was Susy Brown,  
De white folks said my Susy,  
War de Belle of Lynchburg town.  
Den tune up dat ole fiddle,  
An let de banjo sound  
An I will sing dat good ole song  
About my Susy Brown.

Susy went to a ball one night,  
Along wid Sally Russle,  
She wore her alligator shoes,  
But den forgot her bussel.  
Den tune up, &c.

My Susy she is handsome,  
My Susy she is young,  
I nebber seed a yaller gal,  
Ar'd such a flattering tongue.  
Den tune up, &c



~~~~~  
For Susy I goes a claming,  
And when I make a haul,  
I treat dat sassy yaller gal,  
To ole Pat Williams' ball.

Den tune up, &c.

My Susy looms it berry tall,  
Wid udder like a cow,  
Sh'd give nine quarts easy,  
But white gals don't know how.

Den tune up, &c. •

---

#### DANIEL TUCKER'S WEDDING

Oh ! I should like to marry,  
Some colored gemman fine ;  
Yes, one dat play's de fiddle,  
Would 'zactly suit my mind.  
He must not be too common,  
Or knotty in his hair ;  
But like de mudder ob wenus,  
In beauty must compare.

Den tune up de fiddle,  
And let de banjo sound,  
Old Dan Tucker's married,  
De beauty ob de town.

Arter marriage wee'l go in business,  
As shure as you are born ;  
And you can sweep de chimblums,  
At night can sell hot corn,

I can renovate de coats lub,  
And help you in your task ;  
Fortune den smile on us,  
For eber too de last.

\* Den tune up, &c.

---

### DEAREST MAY.

Oh niggers come and listen, a story I'll  
relate,  
It happened in a valley in de ole Carolina  
State ;  
It was down in de meadow I used to make  
de hay,  
I always work de harder when I think on  
you dear May.  
Oh dearest May your lovelier dan de day,  
Your eyes so bright they shine at night,  
When de moon am gone away.

My massa gibe me holliday I wish he'd  
give me more,  
I thanked him very kindly as I shoved my  
boat from shore,  
And down de ribber paddled with a heart  
as light and free  
To the cottage of my lovely May, I longed  
so much to see.

Oh dearest May, &c.

~~~~~  
 On de bank ob de ribber where de trees  
 dey hang so low,

When de coon among de branches play,  
 and de mink he keeps below,

Oh dere is de spot, and May she look so sweet  
 Her eyes dey sparkle like de stars and her  
 lips am red as beet.

Oh dearest May, &c.

Beneath de shady old oak tree I sot for  
 many an hour,

As happy as de buzzard bird dat sports  
 among de flowers,

But dearest May I left her, and she cried  
 when both we parted,

I give her a long and farewell kiss, and  
 back to massa started.

Oh dearest May, &c.

### DE OLE VIRGINNY STATE.

Oh, we come from de mountains,

Ob ole Virginny State, *Repeat.*

We're a band ob darkies,

From de heel unto de pate,

With a band ob music,

Now go singin through each state.

We hab leff our darkey parents,

In ole Virginny State, *Repeat*

De y bid us good bye,

~~~~~

And we bid dem good bye-er ;  
We am true colored singers,  
We make de ole arth ring, sirs,  
We hab ten oder brothers,  
An' we've sisters one and toder, *Repeat*,  
Wid one fader and one moder  
In ole Virginny State.  
Wid all ob us togedder,  
We're a smashes woolley tribe,  
Oh, handsom bleatin black sheep,  
An our history we sing.

Yes, while de air am ringin,  
Wid our banjo and singin,  
We de news to you am bringin,  
From de ole Virginny State,  
We're de tribe ob Sambo,  
An dar seberal names we'll sing.

Cudjoe, Banjo, Pompey, Cæsar,  
Rawbone, Jawbone, Chuffee, Sneezer,  
Juba, Jumbo, Pete, an Egg-eye,  
And Twolips am our names,  
*Repeat.* We're the sons ob Dinah.  
Ob the tribe ob Sambo,  
And now we touch de banjo,  
And sing you our Virginia Song.

We're all real darkies,  
Our hair an lips am curled,  
And we hope to please you,  
An sing it through the world.

## THE JOLLY RAFTSMAN.

AIR.—*Come on come with me.*

Oh dis nigga war raised in Ole Wurginny,  
And my lub her name is Dine,  
She hab de sense to prefer dis nigga,  
'Fore Dandy Jim ob Caroline.

## CHORUS.

My raft is on de shore, an O! she light  
and free,  
To be a jolly raftsman is just the life for  
me,  
An as I pole along, our song shall be,  
Oh! darlin Dinah I love but thee.

Oh leave your mammy my deary lub,  
In New York we'll fry dem steaks;  
We'll feed de folks up to de hub,  
And you shall hurry up dem cakes.  
My raft is on de shore &c.

So good bye we bid to Ole Wurginny,  
Niggas we bid you all farewell;  
Our masters dey may go to Guinea,  
In Free States we will dwell.  
My raft is on de shore, &c.

## GET UP IN DE MORNING.

I took de banjo down to play,  
T'o give my lub a serenade,  
She was up rader late a making pies.  
When she went to bed she couldn't shut  
her eyes.

Get up in de morning, get up in de  
morning,  
Get up in de morning, before de broke  
ob day.

Sambo and Sal went a fishing one day,  
In de steamboat down de bay,  
Sal trowed de line and gub it a dip,  
And kotched ole Sambo in de lip.

Get up in de morning, &c.

I kotched de flounder. Sal kotched de shad,  
Wasn't ole Sal riptaring mad.  
She said mine was a porgy, hern was a  
whale,  
She beat me about de head wid de ole  
shad's tail.

Get up in de morning, &c.

We fished all night before de broke ob day,  
Den rode home on de load ob hay,  
Sall 'gin to sing, and I 'gin to play,  
Get up in de morning before de broke ob  
day.

Get up in de morning, &c.

## THE OLD PEE DEE.

IN Souf Carolina whar I was born  
I husk de wood, an chop de corn,  
A roasted ear to de house I bring,  
Den de driver kotch me an I sing.  
    Ring de hoop, sound de horn,  
    I neber seen de like since I was born,  
    Way down in the counteree,  
    Four or five miles from de ole Pee Dee.

Dey take me out on tater hill,  
An dey make me dance against my will,  
An dey make me dance on sharp toed  
    stones,  
While de oder nigga's laughs and groans,  
    ● Ring de hoop, &c.

In Souf Carolina de nigga's grow,  
If de white man will only plant his toe,  
Den dey water de ground wid bacca smoke,  
An out ob de dirt dar heads will poke.  
    Ring de hoop, &c.

Down on de bank I spied a ship,  
I slide down on my unda lip,  
I jumped aboard to cross de brink,  
Lord, how it make dis nigga's gizzard  
    wink.  
    Ring de hoop, &c.

~~~~~  
 A water snake set too one day,  
 Long wid a nine eyed lampara,  
 Dey bit till all dar flesh was gone,  
 And dey pick dar teeth wid dar own jaw  
 bone.

Ring de hoop, &c.

---

WAY DOWN SOUTH IN THE  
 ALABAMA.

Way down South in the Alabama,  
 Twar dar I left my ole aunt Hannah,  
 Ole Miss Squankum she war dare,  
 She wanted a lock ob dis child's hair.  
 Way down South in de Alabama,  
 Ou, ah! ou, ah!  
 Way down South in de Alabama,  
 Ou, ah! faddle um de day.

Before I left we danced two reels,  
 De holler ob her foot ywar back ob her  
 heels,  
 I played on de banjo till dey all begin to  
 sweat,  
 Knocked on de jaw bone, an bust de  
 claronet.

Way down South, &c.

Vinegar shoes and paper stockings,  
 Set to me Miss Polly Hopkins,



~~~~~  
My Misses dead, an' I'm a widder,  
All de way from Ravin riber.  
Way down South, &c.

Dandy Jim an ole Pete dare,  
Two best men in human natur,  
De puttiest ting in all creation,  
Is a little yaller gal in de wild gooss  
nation.

Way down South, &c.

Blow away ye gentle breezes,  
All among de cimmon treeses,  
Dare I'll set long wid de muses,  
Mendin' my ole boots and shoeses.

Way down South, &c.

---

JIM CRACK CORN! I DON'T CARE.

If you should go in summer time,  
To Souf Carolina sultra clime,  
And in de shade you chance to lie,  
You'll soon find but dat blue tail fly.  
Jim crack<sup>a</sup> corn I don't care!  
Jim crack corn! I don't care.  
For massa me gave away.

When I was young I used to wait,  
On massa's table and hand de plate,  
I'd pass the bottle when he dry,  
An brush away de blue tail fly.  
Jim crack, &c.

~~~~~

When ole massa take his sleep,  
 He bid dis nigga sight to keep,  
 And when he gows to shut his eye,  
 He tell me watch dat blue tail fly.

Jim crack, &c.

Ole massa ride in arternoon,  
 I follow arter wid a hickory broom,  
 De pony he is bery shy,  
 Kase he bitten by de blue tail fly.

Jim crack, &c.

De pony run dar jump an pitch,  
 He trowed ole massa in the ditch,  
 He died an de Jury all did cry,  
 Dat de verdict was de blue tail fly.

Jim crack, &c.

Ole massa's dead now let him rest,  
 Dey say all tings am for de best,  
 I nebber shall forget till the day I die,  
 Ole massa and de blue tail fly.

Jim crack, &c.

---

O WHAR IS DE SPOT DAT WE WAS  
 BORN ON?

*1st voice.* O whar is de spot dat we was  
 born on?

*2d voice.* Whar is de spot dat we was born  
 on?

*1st voice.* Whar, O Whar, is de spot we  
was born on?

*Full Chorus.* Way down in de Carolina  
State.

EVERY VOICE.

When we go back dar to hoe de corn,  
We lib in de house whar we was born;  
Sing to massa night and morn,  
Kase old massa's very great.  
By'-and-bye we'll go home to meet,  
By'-and-bye we'll go home to meet,  
By'-and-bye we'll go home to meet,  
Way down in de Carolina State.

*1st voice.* O dar libs farder, dar libs mudder

*2d voice.* Dar libs sister, dar libs brudder;

*1st voice.* Kase old massa he hab no other.

*Full Chorus.* To hoe de corn in Carolina  
State.

EVERY VOICE.

De nigga lubs home dar if massa don't  
cross him,

De cane brake grow and de corn stalk  
blossom;

Whar de coon and de little fat possum,  
Massa hunt's till de moon shine's late,  
By'-and-bye we'll go home to meet him,  
By'-and-bye we'll go home to meet him,  
By'-and-bye we'll go home to meet him,  
Way down in de Carolina State.

~~~~~  
**1st voice.** We used to hab de fun on de old  
plantation,

**2d voice.** We used to hab de fun on de old  
plantation,

**1st voice.** We used to hab de fun on de old  
plantation,

**All.** Way down in de Carolina State.

**EVERY VOICE.**

We dance and sing when de days worl  
ober,

Live like de coons in de fields ob clover,

Sing to massa kase hee's sober,

And hee's very rich and great.

By'-an-bye we'll go home to meet him,

By'-an-bye we'll go home to meet him,

By'-an-bye we'll go home to meet him,

Way down in de Carolina State.

---

**THE NEW ROADS OF ALABAMA.**

**Oh!** I lub a handsome gal,

Her name is Suseanna;

And she has trabbled all around

The roads of Alabama.

**CHORUS.**

Will you come will you come?

Now come dear Suseanna,

And trabble all around with me,

On the roads of Alabama.

I courted her for seven years,  
My lubly Suseanna,  
I started off to that shore,  
By the roads of Alabama,  
Will you come ? &c.

I arrived on that shore,  
With my lub Suseanna,  
And we are a going to spend our time  
On the roads of Alabama.  
Will you come ? &c.

Oh I lived so merrily,  
With my lub Suseanna ;  
She died in happiness and peace,  
On the roads of Alabama.  
Will you come ? &c.

Oh ! now 'tis sad to say farewell  
To my lub Suseanna ;  
But I must rest my troubled mind,  
In the roads of Alabama.  
Will you come ? &c



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## TOASTS AND SENTIMENTS.

---

**MERIT** to gain a heart, and sense to keep it.

**Money** to him that has spirit to use it.

**More friends** and less need of them.

**May** those who deceive us, be always deceived.

**May** the sword of justice be swayed by the hand of mercy.

**May** the brow of the brave never want a wreath of laurel.

**May** we be slaves to nothing but our duty, and friends to nothing but real merit.

**May** he that turns his back on his friend, fall into the hands of his enemy.

**May** honour be the commander when love takes the field.

**May** reason guide the helm, when passion blows the gale.

**May** those who would enslave, become slaves themselves.

**May** genius and merit never want a friend.

**May** the road of happiness be lighted by virtue.

**May** life last as long as it is worth wearing.

**May** we never murmur without a cause, and never have a cause to murmur.

**May** the eye that drops for the misfortunes of others, never shed a tear for its own.

**May** the lovers of the fair sex never want means to support and spirit to defend them.

~~~~~  
 May the tear of misery be dried by the hand  
 of commiseration.

May the voyage of life end in the haven of  
 happiness.

Provision to the unprovided.

Peace and honest friendship with all na-  
 tions ; entangling alliances with none.

Riches to the generous, and power to the  
 merciful.

Short shoes and long corns to the enemies  
 of freedom.

Success to the lover, and joy to the beloved.

The life we love, with whom we love.

The friend we love, and the woman we dare  
 trust.

The union of two fond hearts.

The lovers of honor, and honorable lovers.

The unity of hearts in the union of hands.

The love of liberty, and liberty in love.

The liberty of the press without licentious-  
 ness.

The virtuous fair, and the fair virtuous.

The road to honor through the plains of  
 virtue.

The hero of Saratoga—may his memory  
 animate the breast of every American.

The American's triumvirate, love, honor,  
 and liberty.

The memory of WASHINGTON.

May the example of the new world regen-  
 erate the old.

Wit without virulence, wine without ex-  
 cess, and wisdom without affectation.

What charms, arms, and disarms.

Home pleasant, and our friends at home.



~~~~~  
Your love for mine, and ours for that of the company.

May we never want a friend to cheer us, and a bottle to cheer him.

Champaign to our *real* friends, and real *pain* to our *sham* friends.

May our evening diversions bear our morning reflections.

May we never, by overleaping the bounds of prudence, trespass upon the bounty of friendship.

May those who fall by misfortune be lifted up by the hand of friendship.

May friendship draw the cork, and love the curtain.

As we travel through life, may we live well on the road.

May every honest man turn out a rogue.

May poverty always be a day's march behind us.

May we be happy, and our enemies know it.

May those we love be honest, and the land we live in free.

May honesty never be ashamed of an unfashionable garment.

May fortune fill the lap where charity guides the hand.

All we wish and all we want.

Ability to serve a friend, and honor to conceal it.

Absalom's end to the fomenters of public mischief.

Constancy in love, and sincerity in friendship.

Great men honest, and honest men great.

Friendship without interest, and love without deceit.

Honor and influence to the public-spirited patrons of trade.

Happy to meet, happy to part, and happy to meet again.

Health of body, peace of mind, and a guinea  
Independency, and a genteel sufficiency.

Life, love, and liberty.

Love to one, friendship to a few, good will to all.

Literature, like liberty, may it be cherished by every American.

Love without fear, and life without care.

Long life to him that has courage to lose it

May the single be married, and the married be happy.

May we kiss whom we please, and please whom we kiss.

May the honest heart never know distress.

May we never know sorrow but by name.

May we always be able to resist the assaults of prosperity and adversity.

May temptation never conquer virtue.

May we always have a friend, and know his value.

May those who love truly be always believed.

May we have in our arms what we love in our hearts.

His Excellency, Gov. — — Chief Ploughman of the State, he turns his furrows handsomely, and never looks back.

May American virtue shine when every other light is out.

The land we live in, and the land we left—  
may they who would break the kindred ties  
between them, *get a woody for their work.*

Tartans—The ancient garb of Honor and  
Chivalry; an emblematical index pointing to  
noble deeds of our ancestors.

Love of Country—The heart that is cold to  
its native land, will never be *warm* to that of  
its adoption.

The Fair—The only endurable Aristocracy  
—who elect without votes—govern without  
laws—decide without appeal—and are never  
in the wrong.

May the freedom of election be preserved,  
the trial by jury maintained, and the liberty  
of the press be secured to the latest posterity.

May the tree of liberty flourish round the  
globe, and every human being partake of its  
fruits.

A speedy union to every lad and lass.

Days of ease and nights of pleasure.

May the wings of Love never lose a feather.

When wine enlivens the heart, may friend-  
ship surround the table.

A speedy calm to the storms of life.

May the blossoms of friendship never be  
nipped by the frost of disappointment.

May the bark of friendship never founder  
on the rock of deceit.

May our friends always possess the three  
H's—Health, Honor, and Happiness.

All Fortune's daughters except the eldest  
—Mis-fortune.

Envy in an air-pump, without a passage to  
breathe through.

~~~~~  
 Here's to the mouth that can keep a secret.  
 Harmony all over the world. ●

May the wealth of rogues devolve on honest men.

May our injuries be written in sand, and our friendships in marble.

May we never want a bait when we fish for content.

May the rich be charitable, and the poor grateful.

May the journey through life be as sweet as it is short.

May care be a stranger to every honest heart.

The three greatest and best generals—General Peace, General Plenty, and General Satisfaction.

The American Navy—may it sail on a sea of glory, and, wafted by the gales of prosperity, always enter the port of victory.

May the tar who loses a member in defence of his country be *remembered* by it.

May the joys of the fair give pleasure to the heart.

May we act with reason when the bottle circulates.

The day and the occasion,—when the city, like the Roman matron, publicly displays the jewels, of which she is proud.

Education—The forming and preserving power, by which what is immortal in man, is made more worthy of an immortal destiny.

Public Schools—The best guarantees of social progress and general happiness.

The Teachers of all Schools—May they

more and more attract public regard, and be elevated in public esteem.

The great and universal school,—the World, of which Conscience is head master and monitor—May it relax none of its ancient discipline, but make unsparing use of rod, lash, and sting.

Phrenology—May our children abound in *bumps of discretion*, and be free from all *bumps of discipline*.

Virtue—and its best test—the delight which results from exercising it.

Moral and Religious principle—without which, “*the March of Mind*” is but “*the Rogue’s March*.”

Arts, Science, and Letters,—by which men become illustrious for wisdom, firm in virtue, happy in freedom.

Our Youth—May they learn that they only are qualified to command, who are trained to obey

Liberty alone preserved by discipline—since to shape our lives by the laws of the Commonwealth, is not slavery but safety.

Faneuil Hall—the Cradle of American Liberty—never so interesting as when the fathers excite, by rocking it, their children to virtue and glory.

Authors—May the great quantity of rags required to clothe their numerous offspring, not oblige the booksellers to go naked.

Book-dealers throughout the Union—Courtesy among the craft, friendship in trade, and a strict regard to each other’s rights and privileges.

Paper-makes—Jugglers who conjure *old shirts* into *new sheets*—*night-caps* into *fools-cap*—and what is discarded by the *body* into fit clothing for the *mind*—Let us take care these conjurers don't turn booksellers into bankrupts.

Printers—Let there be no useless *sorts*, none that give *bad impressions*, and may all *new founts* keep clear of the *Old Nick*.

The President of the United States—May his works bear stereotyping.

The American System—Success to that system which makes man read the most, and lays no *tariff* on the mind.

Literary Times—*Formerly*, the highest *poetical* attainments could but procure a threadbare attire—*latterly*, the dullest *prose* obtains a decent covering.

The agitations of Literature, which keep books from being stationery;—and if *controversy* must come, may we do *our* best to make it go off.

The Harmony of the Book Trade—The *writer*, the *printer*, and the *seller*, arranged with a delightful *accompaniment* by the *purchaser*.

The Ladies—The binders of our affections—the folders, the gatherers, and collaters of our enjoyments.

Every one of us—When his *Life* is *finished*, may its pages be well *justified*, and the *volume* show a *correct table of contents*.

The United States—*Locked up* in the *chase* of mutual interest, they may bid defiance to *their enemies*.



